AM
RS

Joseph Brown sc.

Mary Lady Jerningham

From the Portrait by Opie in the possession of Lord Stafford

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PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOL. I.

its tendency (if one may so generalize) is now towards epigrammatic condensation. For commentaries on passing events, for the trivial details which complete the picture, the searcher of a generation or two hence will turn rather to the files of the so-called Society Papers than to later Victorian private letters.

Yet again there are accumulations of correspondence which, however uninteresting to the public at large, and although written without any view to their preservation, have proved invaluable documents for such purposes as the compilation of family history, or the elucidation of some movement, some local interest, probably obscure enough at the time, but destined to acquire by the revolution of days a specific value sufficient to justify their resurrection.

Concerning the present letters, did not the position of the writers sufficiently demonstrate it, the simple fact that in these volumes they appear mainly under the guise of excerpts, would show from the first that they belong in no way to the category of correspondence originally intended to bear the light of publicity. But, to a certain extent, they partake of the character of the two other classes: they record a long and almost uninterrupted exchange of news and ideas between people of high social status (and therefore able to make their notes of impressions concerning people and events of more than private interest); between people, also, of a certain intellectual distinction, a fact which gives a very definite value to their appreciation of men and things, however colloquial the vehicle may be.

to the immediate recipient than to an unknown future public, posthumous or otherwise. Of such a nature, more often than not, are the letters of men and women famous in art, literature, or public life, conscious of their fame present or to come; the literary interest is often of the highest order, but it is inevitable that such productions should also convey a sense of having been aimed at the public rather than written for the friend.

Another class can be said to consist of correspondence which, at the time it was penned, was truly private, intended merely for the eyes of the person to whom it was posted, or at most for the immediate circle of friends at a distance—chronicles of passing events of mutual interest, without the shadow of an ulterior motive, records of genuine impressions, equally free from premeditated qualification and from afterthought correction. The reappearance of letters of this kind has for all their ephemeral purpose an interest of its own, one indeed that depends upon that very ephemeral character. When they are tolerably regular, when they cover anything like a definite period of national life, and especially when they have passed between persons of position, intellectual, social or otherwise, letters are admirable touchstones of social history; after a lapse of a generation or two they become to us life-like illustrations of events which are otherwise preserved only by cold official annals.

It is often said that the art of letter-writing has been killed by the modern development of postal facilities. This is a point which may remain moot. It must at any rate be admitted that the art has changed in character;

in favour of the repeal of Catholic disabilities, in which it played a conspicuous part, the ponderous collection from samples of which I have made the present volumes is a mine of information. The connections and relations traceable to a family like that of the Jerninghams may truly be reckoned as enormous—'I shall have a posterity like Abraham, and numbered like the stars,' says Lady Jerningham somewhere in these letters. And indeed now, in the third or fourth generation, the number of people who should feel an interest in the doings and sayings of that clever, loveable ancestress of theirs, of her children and of the friends who surrounded her, must be very large.

Of course this kind of interest would attach to the epistolatory records of many another family, if similarly preserved; but, as a matter of fact, the cases are rare where the collecting of family letters has been attended to with such pious care. As far, moreover, as their gossip and comments are concerned, it may be surmised that few collections of private correspondence would contain matter of such general entertainment for the reader otherwise uninterested in the family itself. This quality proceeds, as will be seen later on, partly from the position, historical, social and religious, of the three great houses, Jerningham, Dillon, and Bedingfeld, to which the major part of the writers and recipients belong, partly to the fact that, although the heads of these houses have been British subjects, many of their relations and connections who figure here, were distributed pretty equally between England and France, at a period when the relations of the two countries were of a close and somewhat complicated character.

Such is the character of the excerpts to which, for want of anything more definite or more descriptive, I have given the title of JERNINGHAM LETTERS. The present book, therefore, is not a mere contribution to family history, nor a biography in epistolary form; it is not 'Chronique Scandaleuse,' *nor yet can it be said by any means to be a 'chronicle of small beer'; it is not intended to illustrate fully any definite national movement, although the struggle for Catholic emancipation reappears like a continuous thread throughout the canvas; it does not profess to bring to light unknown treasures of literature, although many of the letters, already clever and entertaining to the utmost degree, might really have remained as* modèles du genre *had they been revised with the conscious care that a prospect of publication cannot fail to suggest; nor again does it profess to throw any particularly searching side-light upon any more or less well-known political or social events—but, in a manner and in varying degrees, it partakes of all these characteristics.*

Next to the impossible evocation of voices that have been long since hushed, there is nothing we can conceive so capable of raising before our imagination a feeling of the past, a perfume of old days, a living sympathy with a forgotten world, as the perusal of old letters. For when they are letters, pure and simple, and not self-conscious literary performances as aforesaid, next to actual conversation, they are the most natural, the most personal communication of ideas. And this recall into being of a mind-life now long since banished from the world is the more impressive in exchanges of thoughts which have passed,

with all their natural abandon, *between members of the same family or between close friends. We find in them the soul unveiled with an understood reckoning on sympathy, and above all an absence of those euphuistic conventions which obscure the writer's identity in corresponding with comparative strangers.*

It was while under the charm of some of these old-world missives, dating from the eighties in the last century; while fingering the yellowed sheets with their cross foldings and cross writings devised to leave room on the outer page for the address, the 'frank' and the seals; while deciphering, through the faded ink and the crabbed handwriting, some quaint or witty remark, some pregnant allusion to passing matters that have since become History, that the idea occurred to me of rescuing them from oblivion.

The letters in question belonged to my old friend, Miss Camilla Stanley Cary, great-grand-daughter of the Lady Jerningham who stands as the central figure in this long panorama. They were of a miscellaneous kind, but carefully arranged in chronological order, securely bound in thick volumes and provided with an (inaccurate) index. There were extant—so Miss Cary informed me—some sixteen volumes of the kind, collected and safeguarded by the pious care of Lady Bedingfeld, her grandmother. The collection had passed first as a bequest to Mrs. Stanley Cary, of Follaton (the Matilda of whom we hear in the excerpts, the second child

born to Sir Richard Bedingfeld); then, in the due course of nature, to the popular and amiable lady who placed them at my disposal.

Many of the volumes were at the time scattered among various members of the family. When they were at last brought back to the fold of their owner, and opened to systematic perusal, not only were they found to contain within their boards an even richer vein of available materials than I had expected, but they returned, accompanied by a small but precious contingent of notebooks, diaries, sketches, letters from Royal Personages, and other documents, which, to a certain extent, helped to round the record of at least two lives: those, in fact, of the most attractive members of this goodly company.

With regard to the adventitious books, however, the few fragments of the diary kept by Lady Bedingfeld during her widowhood (especially during her attendance on Queen Adelaide) emphasised the regret that the whole should not have been preserved by her children with the care which she herself had bestowed on the letters of her mother. I am informed by Sir Hubert Jerningham that this journal was kept for a long series of years and in the most systematic manner; but the bulk of it—the books having strayed from hand to hand—has now disappeared.

Incomplete as they were, these materials proved most fascinating. But they also displayed conspicuously a necessity for somewhat particular 'editing,' as the term goes. In the first place, being strictly private correspondence, they are burdened with matters, I shall not say trivial, but quite too local to awaken the sympathy of

strangers; in the second, they contain a quantity of tolerably severe appreciations concerning the doings and origin of people who now rank among the 'ancestors' of sundry well-known families—little revelations, intended for the private ear of a daughter or a cousin, obiter scripta, *which high-minded and charitable women like Lady Jerningham and Lady Bedingfeld, thorough-paced gentlemen like their sons and brothers, never would have penned had they dreamt of the possibility of a reappearance in print. The owner of this remarkable collection having placed it unreservedly in my hands, I undertook the work of sifting the grain available for reproduction from the chaff of matter unutilisable for the above-mentioned reasons. The task was not unfrequently tantalizing, especially in the case of Lady Jerningham's own letters; for without ever proving herself hard or ill-natured, she often displays, through her small, close hand-writing, a mother-wit of lightning-flash directness—and wit, as we know, mostly finds its exercise at the expense of our neighbours' self-love. I trust it may be deemed by whomsoever shall find his family concerned that I have dealt with opportunities in a spirit of sufficient discretion, though it has been, I own, sometimes to my regret.*

The plan I have adopted is that of selecting, and reproducing in their relative order of reception (within the lines of discrimination I have just drawn), all that may be of interest either to that numerous company of descendants and connections, or—for there are two publics for volumes of letters—to the general reader who may happen, as I do, to love old letters for their human quality,

their society gossip, and the occasional glimpse they afford of the impressions created on contemporaries by events now sunk into history.

A great many of the letters chosen do not, of course, bear reproduction in full. In such cases mere extracts, typographically bounded by rows of dots, are selected to give the gist of the news, or the character of long effusions. These epistles and extracts are occasionally accompanied by certain introductory or explanatory paragraphs from the pen of the 'editor.' It has appeared to me simpler to bring my comments pari passu, *either at head or tail of the excerpt to which they refer, rather than as foot-notes or as appendices. For such, to my mind, are tiring to the reader, and pages of this nature should be of easy perusal. The notes do not profess to be complete or to bring forward any novel information. They must be looked upon merely as the running comments, so to speak, of one who, knowing his way about the letters, occasionally explains personal allusions that may not be quite obvious, or recalls contemporary events which have a bearing on the tenor of the text, or again supplies a statement of facts which may or may not happen at the moment to be precisely known to the reader.*

The excerpts represent hardly more than the tenth part of the original material. I have not attempted to correct either spelling or punctuation (English or French), nor the more obvious errors about proper names.

Concerning the actors who appear fitfully through these pages, the two special tables which I am able to re-

produce here (on a much-reduced scale, but otherwise in almost exact conformity with the original) furnish nearly all genealogical particulars required. Therein will be found recorded in their proper relation the names and position of the majority of the people from whom, to whom, and to a certain extent about whom, the letters were written.

These two tables, which in a way complete each other, have very distinct origins as well as purposes. The Note généalogique sur la maison des Lord Dillon, *printed* à Londres, de l'imprimerie de Cox et Baylis, No. 25, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1814, *was compiled soon after the Restoration of the Bourbons, most probably to establish, after twenty-two years of exile and dispersion, the situation of certain members of the Dillon and Jerningham families, to whom, both on the score of past services in France and of loyal support in England during the days of Royal adversity, Louis XVIII. was particularly beholden. We get sundry insights into these relations through the letters between 1810 and 1824. Lord Dillon, who lent me this admirably drawn table, could tell me nothing absolutely definite about its original purport; but it could not have been better fitted as a key to this correspondence if it had been specially prepared to that end.*

The same may be said of the table illustrating 'A Descent from Three Martyrs.' *This chart, which is of much later date, was made by Father Morris, S.J., with a view to displaying the descent of Sir William Jerningham by several lines from three English 'martyrs'*

for the older Faith, viz., the Countess of Salisbury, niece to Edward IV.; Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel; and Viscount Stafford, the notable victim of the infamous Titus Oates scheme. It claims for Sir William a descendency from Margaret Plantagenet by three lines, but if we take the genealogical situation of his children, we find them actually connected by four such streams of descent from that noble and admirable woman, for Lady Jerningham, as will be seen on inspection, also brings one with her—through her mother, Lady Charlotte Lee.

All this is, of course, of more special interest to the numerous Catholic families that have proceeded from the union, some hundred and thirty years ago, of Sir William Jerningham and the Honorable Frances Dillon. The table of their descendants, Staffords, Bedingfelds, Petres, Frasers, Prestons, Blounts, Fitz-Herberts, Deases, Carys, Mostyns, Seels, and numbers of other Catholic houses, might with advantage have been expanded. But such a continuation would in no way come within the scope of this book. I prefer reproducing the table originally drawn, as it displays with quite sufficient completeness the three generations of Jerninghams and Dillons, and the one generation of Bedingfelds concerned in these volumes.

Without in any way purporting to write even a fragmentary chapter of family history, it occurs to me that a slight account of some of the salient points in the life-career of these three Houses, whose arms occur on the two escutcheons stamped, in super libros *guise, upon the covers of these two volumes, and some biographical details*

concerning certain of its members, may add a preliminary interest to the perusal of this collection. It would be all but a truism to point out that individuality is a product of innate character and associations of surroundings. When the dramatis personæ *on the stage of life awaken our sympathies, we always want to know something of the atmosphere in which they have been reared, and of the predecessors who, we doubt not, reappear in them, modified by new circumstances. Now, the descendants of Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, arrayed on Father Morris' chart, all show rich record of ancestors. Of all, however, who appear in the* Jerningham Letters, *the most strongly marked personality is that of Lady Jerningham herself. She was a Dillon. The history of that race would prove an attractive task to undertake; it is one which might also occasionally throw some curious lights on the relations of France and England with Catholic Ireland.*

A certain amount of information may be found in O'Callaghan's History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France, *and of course in Burke's* Peerage, *concerning the descent from the Sir Henry le Dillon (or the Chevallier Henri Delion, of Acquitaine), whom Henry II. sent with Prince John to Ireland, and who ultimately obtained large territories in the counties of Longford and Westmeath. This Sir Henry (known as of Drumrany) was, O'Callaghan asseverates, progenitor to all who bear the name of Dillon, a name of great note in many parts of the kingdom.* From him at any rate*

* *And not only in Ireland, but also in Spain, in Austria, and especially in France. 'Dillon,' says Voltaire, in his* Siècle de

sprang several great families, among others that of the Viscounts Dillon, of Costello-Gallen, in County Mayo. They were a fighting race, and on the whole did well for themselves. What is of interest to the present work is more especially the connection of that branch of Dillons to which Lady Jerningham belonged, with the celebrated Régiment de Dillon, *and with the Catholic cause in the days of persecution. Acquaintance with exile and foreign service had already begun in the Parliamentary period, when the house of Costello-Gallen naturally signalized itself in support of the Royal cause, and when, as a consequence, Thomas Dillon, fourth Viscount, found his estates seized and himself ultimately driven, with his four sons, to the Continent, there to achieve new military distinction. But it is from the days of Theobald, seventh Viscount, that dates the long and glorious connection of the name of Dillon with the French service. This nobleman had, as a matter of course, attached himself to the falling fortunes of James II., his legitimate, if not very creditable King, and was in consequence outlawed in 1690. The outlawry was only reversed after his death, in favour of his successor. Theobald Dillon had been Lieutenant-Colonel in Lord Clanricarde's Irish regiment of guards,*

Louis XIV., '*nom célèbre dans les troupes Irlandoises.*' *In addition, however, to the many Dillons serving in the Irish Brigade, there was (and is still) an actual French house of Comtes Dillons, founded early in the last century by Robert Dillon, Seigneur de Terrafort, a descendant of the first Lord of Drumrany.*

The name is to be found engraved on the stones of the Arc de Triomphe *among the 'glories of France.'*

and during the wars of the Revolution had himself raised two regiments of foot for King James. One of these he gave to his son Henry, who was to be his successor as eighth Viscount, and the other to his second son Arthur (grandfather of Lady Jerningham), then twenty years of age, who took it over into the service of Louis XIV., and thus became the first* Colonel Propriétaire du Régiment de Dillon. *This corps, now extinct (unless we choose to see in the 87th French and the 101st English regiments anything approaching to legitimate historical descent) has as famous a record as any in the French or the British service.*

The Honourable Arthur Dillon, its first Colonel, became a General at thirty-three, was Governor of Toulon, and led his Irishmen with high distinction under Tessé, Vendôme, Villars, and Berwick. He died in 1733, a Commander of St. Louis, full of honours, in the King's palace of St. Germains. It was to him that all the papers, letters and documents in possession of Queen Mary

* *The legend is that Le Roy Soleil having one day, on the terrace of St. Germains, adverted before his cousin Jacques II. to the number of French regiments that were being carried to Irish soil and of which nothing but fragments were likely to return to France, the Royal Exile had expressed his readiness to replace them within the briefest delay. In accordance with this undertaking, the famous Mont Cashel Brigade, consisting of Mont Cashel, O'Brien, and one Dillon regiment, were embodied, equipped and embarked on board the French ships. This was the first nucleus of the celebrated 'Irish Brigade in the service of France.' The second Dillon regiment, with many other remnants of James II.'s Irish army, followed over seas after Limerick.*

of Modena, widow of James II., were confided at her death in 1718. He had married in exile Catherine, daughter of Ralph Sheldon, first Equerry to James II., and from her had five sons and five daughters. Among this superb row of children displayed in the Notes Généalogiques *we meet several of Lady Jerningham's relatives, whom she had known in the flesh: her father, her uncle, the Abbé (afterwards Archbishop) Dillon, three aunts* en religion, *and also another who became Comtesse de Blezelles. All the others had quitted this world before the date of her birth.*

But to pursue the brief sketch of the Commanders of the great regiment, which was as much a family property, and perhaps as valuable in some ways, as Costello-Gallen: on the death of General Arthur Dillon, the Colonelcy devolved on his eldest son, who from his tenderest years had been on the rolls of the corps, and who had already served therein as a Captain more than twelve years. This was Charles, who became tenth Viscount; he commanded his Irishmen on the Rhine in 1730. In 1735 Charles Dillon married his first cousin, Frances Dillon, only child of the ninth Viscount; returned the following year to Ireland in order to gather his property, and, succeeding to his uncle in 1737, did not go back to France. He died in 1741 without issue. His successor, both as to the title in Ireland and to the Colonelcy of the family regiment in France, was his next brother, Henry.

Henry, eleventh Viscount and third Colonel, born in 1705, had served in his father's regiment ever since the age of ten. He was first ensign from 1716 to 1730,

when he received a company, with which he fought the Germans from 1733 to 1735; three years later he obtained his majority and a commission to hold rank as Colonel, and in 1741, at his brother's death, took up the command. He was present as Brigadier at Dettingen. After this battle, however, the English, from auxiliaries which they had been, became principals in the war, and as there was then a Bill before Parliament to prevent British subjects from entering foreign service, the third Colonel Propriétaire *of Dillon's was brought face to face with the possibility of confiscation if he remained longer in the French King's service. With the consent, and (it is said) by the advice, of Louis XV., he returned to England in the spring of 1744, having resigned his command of the regiment to his brother James—the* Chevalier Jacques, *as this latter was known in the service. He arrived in London in May, and soon afterwards married the Lady Charlotte Lee, eldest daughter of the second Earl of Litchfield. With her came into the family the superb estate of Ditchley, also the Plantagenet blood of the martyred Countess of Salisbury, as well as another Royal strain, though from less saintly source, for it will be remembered that Henry Earl of Litchfield was a grandson of Charles II. by the ever beautiful Duchess of Cleveland. From this marriage sprang seven children, among whom was Lady Jerningham.*

Meanwhile the command and the proprietorship of the regiment experienced vicissitudes. James Dillon, the fourth Colonel, fell at its head in the hour of victory, on the evening of Fontenoy, during the celebrated charge

which succeeded at last in breaking la fameuse colonne Angloise *that up to that moment had been found invincible. The regiment was given by Louis XV., on the field of battle, to Edward, the fourth son of its first Colonel. But, like his brother and immediate predecessor, Edward did not long survive his advancement: he fell two years later, mortally wounded at the battle of Laufeldt, where, even as at Fontenoy, the rush of the Irish materially contributed to French victory.*

At the death of Edward, the only remaining son of General Arthur Dillon in France was Arthur Richard, who, being already then in Holy Orders, was not available for military employment. There was, of course, no lack of candidates for the command of such a corps, and Louis XV. was earnestly solicited to dispose of it, on the plea that there was no Dillon left to claim it. The French King, however, is reported to have said that 'Henry, Lord Dillon étoit marié, et qu'il ne pouvoit consentir à voir sortir de cette famille une propriété cimentée par d'aussi bons services et autant de sang, aussi longtemps qu'il pourroit espérer de la voir se renouveller.' *Be this as it may, the proprietorship was allowed to revert to Lord Dillon, who, although resident in England, drew the profits of the appointment, took part in the affairs of the corps, and recommended those who were to be employed in it. For about twenty years, that is until 1767, the actual service-duty was performed by a succession of foreign Lieutenant-Colonels; in that year the active command was once more confided to a descendant of the first Colonel. By a brevet from Louis XV., dated*

August 25, 1767, and referring in glowing terms to the military services of the Dillon family, Arthur Dillon, second son of the eleventh Viscount, became, at the age of seventeen, sixth Colonel of the Régiment de Dillon. *For more than one reason the eldest son, Charles, was unfitted for the post. In the first place, as the heir, he had to dread the working of the penal laws concerning Catholics in general, and in particular concerning those who took service in foreign armies. In the second, the future heir of Lee and Dillon, with an eye to his advancement in life, and wearied no doubt by the trammels of Catholic disabilities, 'conformed,' as the genealogical records tersely have it, 'to the Established Church.' In other words, he abandoned all the traditions for which his forefathers had fought and suffered, and been honoured.*

*This novel departure in the history of Dillon took place in the same year that Arthur took up his command, and his sister Frances left the paternal home as Lady Jerningham. The schism was severely felt in the family. We shall see in the letters that a similar one took place in that of Sir William Jerningham; but as in the latter case the seceder, Edward Jerningham 'the poet,' was unmarried, none of the permanent changes that established themselves in the ancient house of Dillon were entailed by the secession. The estrangement between the Anglican son and the Catholic father seems to have been severe.**

* *In the light of what we know of the old penal laws concerning the relations of Catholic parents with those of their children who were prudent enough to 'conform,' this entry in Burke's* Peerage *would have a curious significance:*

Henceforth the fortunes of the Dillon regiment only concerned the Catholic and younger members of the house.

The record of Arthur Dillon, sixth and last Colonel Propriétaire, *the brother of whom Lady Jerningham writes with so much pride, is full and varied, and highly creditable, albeit in our modern eyes it may seem strange to see a Dillon so persistently engaged on the side of England's adversaries. With his old regiment he distinguished himself in the American War of Independence, and in the West Indies played a conspicuous part in the taking of Grenada, St. Eustace, Tobago, and St. Christopher. He was subsequently appointed to the Governor-*

'*Charles, born 6th November, 1745, who conformed to the Established Church in 1767, and claimed and was allowed the Viscounty as twelfth Viscount by the House of Lords, Ireland, in 1778. . . .*'

for his father only died in 1787. But the dispossessing of his father during the latter's lifetime is not one of the things chargeable to the memory of the twelfth Viscount: the entry is incorrect, and should stand as 1788. There are, in the letters, sundry allusions to what in the family it was the custom to refer to as 'Dillon enigmas,' many of which do not appear to have been cleared to this day. The necessity for the heir to 'claim and be allowed' the title as successor to his father would appear to have been one of these, especially if we take the fact in connection with the singular data which even now are allowed to remain in the Peerage, *namely, that the marriage of Henry, eleventh Viscount, took place on October 26, 1745, whilst the birth of Charles, twelfth Viscount, appears dated November 6 in the same year.*

Debrett places the marriage in 1744; so does Kearsley. As a matter of fact the ceremony of marriage was repeated, *for reasons not forthcoming, on December 26, 1745, at the Portuguese Ambassador's chapel.*

ship of this latter possession, and acquitted himself of the task in so admirable a manner that, upon the restoration of the island to Great Britain at the peace of Versailles in 1783, all the regulations he had made for its better government were approved and confirmed by the British authorities. Indeed, when, some three years later, he visited England, he was presented at the English Court and highly complimented for 'a display of administrative ability, as remarkable as his well-known military talents.' At the age of thirty-four he had already been promoted to the rank of major-general; it was on the occasion of this promotion that he handed over the command (but not the* propriété*) of the regiment to a French relative of his, the Comte Théobald de Dillon. Soon after his visit to England he was made Governor of Tobago and retained the post until 1789, when he found himself elected a deputy to the* États Généraux, *as the best representative of Colonial interests. When, at the outbreak of the first war of the Revolution, France found herself invaded by the Imperials and the Prussians, he continued to serve in the army of which he had so long been a member, and, as General of division under Dumouriez, successfully opposed the invaders in Champagne and the Forêt de l'Argonne. But the inevitable rise of a new tyranny was at hand. Men of the Dillon type, like those of the Lafayette and Rochambeau stamp, were destined either to retire or to be swept away from national life. Theobald Dillon, the last Lieutenant-Colonel of the whilom trustworthy regi-*

* *See Lady Jerningham's letter, January 2, 1786.*

ment, returning wounded from the front, had been massacred by his own men at Lille—Les Aristocrates à la lanterne. . . ! *Soon afterwards, early in 1793, General Dillon himself,* le beau Dillon, *the successful leader of men, the humane soldier, was also arrested as an aristocrat on an order of the* Comité du Salut Public.

He was incarcerated in the Luxembourg. *No plausible charge, on military ground, having been found to hold against him, an accusation was got up of conspiring to deliver Danton and his followers, who were then fellow prisoners with him, and to proclaim King the unfortunate little Louis, the boy Prince who might have been Louis XVII. And on April 14 he mounted the scaffold with the serenity of one conscious of having well lived his life in the service of his adopted country, retaining to the last his courtly bearing and his soldier-like firmness. Among the party who were carted to the guillotine on that day as martyrs to the new Liberty and Fraternity of France, was a lady whom some assert to have been the beautiful widow of Camille Desmoulins, whilst others would have it that she was a Miss Browne, a relative of Lord Kenmare's. Be this as it may, it is reported that the terrified woman, shuddering on seeing herself beckoned to by Sanson the executioner, turned to the General and exclaimed:* 'Je vous en prie, M. de Dillon, passez avant moi,' *and that the General with his grave courtesy, remarked, bowing :* 'Je n'ai rien à refuser à une dame,' *mounted the steps, called out in his clear soldier's voice,* 'Vive le roy,' *and thus went to his account.*

General Arthur Dillon was twice married, his first

wife being Lucy de Rothes (the name is variously spelt Roth, Rothe or Rothes) a cousin of his, a grand-daughter of Lord Faulkland's. The relationship is clearly shown in the Notes Généalogiques. *Her portrait, from a miniature, lends beauty to the title-page of this volume. She died in 1782. Two years later he married the widow of the Comte de la Touche,* née de Girardin, *and cousin to Madlle. de la Pagerie, who became better known later as the Empress Joséphine. From this second marriage were born two daughters, one of whom, Henriette, became Comtesse de la Tour du Pin Gouvernet, while the other, Fanny, married Napoleon's General and staunch friend, Comte Bertrand. These two ladies, whose lives were naturally much separated by the opposed politics of their respective husbands, appear frequently in the Letters.*

But once more to revert to Dillon's regiment and its commanders. In 1793 the first battalion, quartered at Lille, where, as I have said, it had disgraced itself by the murder of Comte Theobald Dillon, became the French 87ème de ligne, *and thus need no longer occupy us. The second battalion was at that time in San Domingo. On the 22nd of September in that year it capitulated to Commodore Ford, R.N., and on the 1st of October of the following year, that is in 1794, was bodily taken on the strength of the British Army. It is described in the Lists of the time as 'a regiment of foot, part of the Irish Brigade.' The command was given to the Honourable Henry Dillon, brother of the General. But it is to be remarked that this was no longer a* proprietary *regiment. It was dis-*

banded in 1798, when one may say that the end came at last of the famous Régiment de Dillon.*

The General Comte Lally, the unlucky defender of Pondicherry (he was a nephew of Theobald, seventh Viscount Dillon) had risen in it. Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, Viscount Gormanston, and sundry Jerninghams, had also in their days served with this fine corps. To come to more modern associations, Marshal Macdonald, and also Marshal McMahon's father, had been once upon a time company officers of Dillon's. At the break-up of this grand old corps, the ensigns and colours of the regiment were brought over to Ireland and handed to the care of Charles, Viscount Dillon, elder brother of its last Colonel.

There will be found in the Letters a most edifying account of the death of one of Lady Jerningham's uncles, the Archbishop of Narbonne, the high-placed prelate to whom this charitable, but by no means blinded lady (who knew, no doubt, many of the weak points in his ecclesiastical character) generally refers as 'the poor Archbishop!' He belonged to a class of grands seigneurs *churchmen*

* *There were, however, two other corps raised and commanded by members of the family. One of these, embodied in 1795, was enlisted in Ireland by one Edward Dillon, and actually named Dillon's Regiment. The men were all Irish, but many of the officers were French émigrés. This corps served in Egypt and in the Peninsula; it was disbanded in 1814. The other was raised on his own estates by Henry Augustus, thirteenth Viscount, in 1806, numbered the 101st, and called 'the Duke of York's Regiment of Foot.' It was disbanded in 1817.*

who may be said to have died out with the old régime, *witty, self-indulgent, inflexible on the matter of class prejudice, and probably a little sceptical at bottom. The Dillons were too grateful persons at the Court of Versailles for an Abbé Dillon not to experience rapid promotion in the Gallican Church. Born in 1721, between his ordination and the Reign of Terror he became successively Bishop of Evreux in 1753, Archbishop of Toulouse 1758, then of Narbonne. He was a Commander of the* St. Esprit, *a President of the States of Languedoc, twice President of the Clergy of France. 'To this Prelate,' writes a contemporary of his, the Rev. Mervyn Archdall, a Protestant Divine, 'the* literati *of this country confess much obligation; he has manifested a liberality of principles hitherto unknown; and through his enquiries and exertions the antiquities of Ireland have lately been much elucidated.' The Abbé Dillon may have had a turn for letters and antiquarian research, but at this distance of time he strikes the reader as a courtly prelate above all things, with courtly readiness of tongue and a good deal of* insouciance:—'*I hear, M. l'Abbé,' said Louis XV. one day, in a moment of temper, with reference to the quarrelsome Irishmen then quartered in Paris, 'I hear that the men of your brother's regiment give a good deal of trouble,* sont bien batailleurs.'—'*So do I,* Sire. *I am told that your Majesty's enemies always find them inconveniently so.' A reply which no doubt evoked in the monarch a vision of Dillon's rushing with a yell to victory under his eyes at Laufeldt. The following anecdote may serve to paint the man when at the*

height of his worldly greatness. It was in the reign of Louis XVI. The King remarked to the Archbishop: —'*It is said,* Monseigneur, *that you have great debts.*' —'*I shall direct my steward, your Majesty, to enquire into the matter.*'—'*But I am told, also,* Monseigneur, *that you hunt a great deal. Is it not a bad example for your* Curés?'—'*Well, Sire,*' *was the prelate's answer, as haughty as the first,* '*for them it would undoubtedly be a grave fault to go hunting, but for me it is only a taste I have inherited from my ancestors.*'

This man was not likely to take the oath required of priests by the République une et indivisible. *He emigrated in 1793, and died in London at the age of ninety-two.*

'*The last Dillon with whom the letters are much concerned is Henry Augustus, thirteenth Viscount, nephew to Lady Jerningham and grandfather to the present, or seventeenth Lord Dillon. He it was who raised the regiment which from 1806 to 1817 figures in our Army Lists as the 101st—the last of the many corps raised on the Dillon estates. He had a literary turn of mind. The British Museum catalogue reveals under his name no less than seven distinct printed works. Some are religious—*'*Short View of the Catholic Question, in a Letter to a Councillor-at-law in Dublin. London. 1801, 8vo.*' '*Letters to the Noblemen and Gentlemen who Composed the Deputation from the Catholics of Ireland, on the Subject of their Mission. London, 1805, 8vo.*' *Some are military—*'*The Tactics of Ælian (Ælianus Tacticus). 1814, 4to.*' *Some economical—*'*A Dis-*

course upon the Theory of Legitimate Government. 1817, 12mo.' *Some more purely literary* — 'Eccelino da Romano, *Surnamed, The Tyrant of Padua; a Poem in Twelve Books. London. 1828, 8vo.'* *'The Life and Opinions of Sir R. Maltravers, etc. 1822, 8vo.'* *'Rosaline de Vere. 1824, 12mo.'*

He assumed the surname and arms of Lee.

Such were the ancestors and the immediate relatives of Frances Dillon; such was the atmosphere of Court, camp and religious life in which she had been brought up, and in which she passed her whole existence. For when she left Braywick, in 1767, to become the wife of Sir William Jerningham, she entered a family whose traditions and whose surroundings were curiously similar to those of her own.*

The authentic genealogical records of Jerningham start

* *Another connection of the Dillon family about this period is interesting enough to be specially pointed out: I mean that of Lady Jerningham's uncle, Charles, tenth Viscount, with Count Hamilton.*

Count George Hamilton was the second son of Sir George Hamilton (fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn), a captain, first in Charles II.'s Horse Guards, then in Louis XIV.'s Gensdarmes Anglois; *he was brother to* la Belle Hamilton, *Elizabeth, who became Comtesse de Grammont, and to the Count Anthony Hamilton, of* Mémoires de Grammont *fame; he married Frances Jennings, eldest sister of the Sarah who became 'the great Duchess' of Marlborough. From this marriage was born one daughter, Frances, who married the eighth Lord Dillon.*

This blood connection, however, very soon ended, as the Table Généalogique *shows, for Charles, tenth Viscount, who married Frances, his cousin Richard's only child, died childless, and the title devolved on his brother—Lady Jerningham's father.*

from very nearly the same date in the twelfth century as those of Dillon. In later times the Jerninghams remained as firm Catholics, as staunch supporters of the Stuarts, and suffered for their cause even more than the Dillons. Later again the same working of the Penal Laws, which precluded all hope of worldly advancement at home, drove many of their sons to military service abroad. It is true that there was no 'Jerningham Regiment' among the Stuart corps maintained on the Continent, but the name occurs frequently on French and Austrian records of arms. Sir William Jerningham himself, although heir to a noble estate in England, had served first in the Chevau-légers de la maison de Louis XV., *and later on in* FitzJames-Cavalerie. *His brother—'the Chevalier,' to use the term constantly recurring in the letters—was* Maréchal de Camp, *and had commanded the regiments of Buckley and of Navarre. Another Jerningham, uncle to Sir William, held a high military command at Vienna.*

There had been intermarriages between Dillon and Jerningham before—as Lady Jerningham discovers, not without satisfaction, in one of her letters. She, however, as I have said, brought into her new family a fourth line of descent from Margaret Plantagenet, as well as a 'Fitz-Roy' Stuart connection. Truly, the alliance was a good match even for her, since attached to Sir William's blood was a potential peerage, one historically of the most interesting kind, connected not only with the 'Martyrs' of Father Morris' table, but also with three holders of the fatal Buckingham title.

The paternal, or Jerningham line of the present house of Stafford (for the peerage came in, as is well known, through women, and more immediately through the fine old lady whose likeness forms the frontispiece of the first of these volumes), the descent, I mean, from the Danish Jernegans whose name 'had been of exemplary note before the Conquest' and who founded their house in Suffolk early in the days of Henry II., as well as their alliances with Fitzosbert, Dacre, Throckmorton, Bedingfelds and others, may be followed through the pages of Bloomfield and of Burke passim. *And a very gallant line it will be found to have been, through the many vicissitudes of a history which covers five centuries. But the most interesting turning-point in that history, certainly the most pertinent to the subject-matter of these pages, was the marriage of Sir George, fifth Baronet (the creation was of 1621) with Mary Plowden, for it was that marriage which engrafted a branch of Stafford on the old stock of Jerningham —the branch on which the long-attainted title blossomed once more.*

The general story of the Stafford peerage is of course well known; but the case in connection with the original barony to which the Lords Stafford also laid claim is somewhat complicated.

A glance at the 'Descent from Three Martyrs' will show the obvious connection of Sir William Jerningham with the descendants of Viscount Stafford. Sir William's mother was Mary Lady Jerningham, daughter and heiress to Francis Plowden, Esq. (a Catholic gentleman of Shropshire, who had been Comptroller of the Household

to James II.) and to Mary, his wife, daughter of the Honourable John Stafford Howard, younger son of Sir William Howard, Baron and Viscount Stafford, who was attainted and beheaded on Tower Hill in 1680. It is through this unfortunate nobleman and through Mary Stafford, his cousin and wife, that descended to the Jerninghams not only the right to the Barony which they eventually recovered, but also, as will be seen anon, the claim to the older Barony of Stafford dating from the thirteenth century.

Sir William Howard, son of Thomas, twenty-third Earl of Arundel, Surrey and Norfolk, was a staunch Catholic who, during the Civil War, had strenuously adhered to the Royal cause. In 1678 he found himself, one of the numerous victims of the Titus Oates plot, committed to the Tower and retained there until November, 1680, when he was at last brought to the Bar of the House of Lords on a charge of high treason. During the trial, which lasted a week, he turned inside out every tittle of the trumpery evidence urged against him; but the Lords, by a majority of twenty-four (among whom, to their disgrace, four Howards, his relatives, were actually reckoned) found the gallant old Cavalier guilty. The King, on his side, who had followed the trial, and therefore must have been morally aware of its blatant injustice, found it equally convenient to sign the death warrant; and Sir William Howard was executed on December 29. As there was no male heir of his body living, on the stroke of the axe the Viscounty became extinct. But there existed another title in favour of his descendants, which, although tem-

*porarily annulled by the attainder, remained potentially in store for them, to reappear if ever the attainder was reversed.**

Sir William Howard had been, by a patent dated September 12, 1640, created Baron Stafford; his wife, sister and heiress of Henry Stafford, twelfth Baron *Stafford, had been created* Baroness *Stafford, with remainder to their heirs male and* female. *Two months later, that is on November 11, he was raised to a Viscounty. This Viscounty could only descend to heirs male, and therefore, as has been said, disappeared at his death. The blood claim to the Barony, however, being transmissible through female heirs, descended through Mary Stafford Howard, his grand-daughter. The original Barony of Stafford, dating from 1299, had likewise experienced attainders and reversals before the extinction of the male line of this fine old family in the person of Roger, thirteenth Earl Stafford, in 1639, after which date Charles I. was able, as pointed out above, to confer the dignity afresh upon Sir William Howard. The higher title died with the last heir male, but the blood claim to the barony passed directly to Sir William Jerningham, through his mother.*

The founder of this most ancient and once powerful

* *As a matter of fact, the title was restored in 1824 by such a reversal, on the petition of Sir George Jerningham, seventh Baronet, eldest son of the Hon. Lady Jerningham of these Letters, and grandson of Mary Plowden. Owing, however, to the Catholic disabilities, which persisted until 1829, it was five years before the new Lord Stafford was allowed to take his seat among the Barons in the House of Peers.*

house of Stafford was one of the Bagots, who owned great lands in Staffordshire at the time of the Conquest. Many of his descendants play conspicuous parts in English history. We recall at once Humphrey Stafford, the Red Rose partisan, created Duke of Buckingham in 1444, Lord High Constable of England, who fell, with his eldest son, in the York and Lancaster Wars; we think of his grandson, second Duke of that creation, also High Constable of England, and of Cibber's words:

'Off with his head, so much for Buckingham!'

placed in the mouth of Shakespeare's Richard III.; of the third Duke, great-grandson of the first, for whom the royal favour of Henry VIII. revived an attainted title, and whom a quarrel with Wolsey brought to the block on Tower Hill. With this last died the brief Ducal honours of Stafford. Henry Stafford, his son and heir, was, however, restored in blood during the first year of Edward VI. by an Act of Parliament which enacted that he, the said Henry 'and the heirs male of his body' might be 'taken and reputed as Lords Stafford.' He it was who married Ursula Pole, daughter of Sir Richard Pole, K.G., and of Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, and thus became great-grandfather of Sir William Howard, as well as of the Mary Stafford who was the latter's wife. And thus it is that the present Lord Stafford holds also the right to claim the revival in his favour of the older Barony, that of 1299—a Barony, be it noted, which would place the name of Stafford fourth instead of nineteenth on the Peerage roll of England.

To conclude this rapid sketch of the 'peerage question,' to which so many allusions will be found in the letters, I may quote verbatim a passage from one of Mr. Walford's Tales of our Great Families. *This passage, which is also pertinent to the 'Catholic business,' as Lady Jerningham so often calls it, occurs in the admirably written chapter entitled 'The Noble House of Stafford':*

'A proof of the utter oblivion in which our Roman Catholic Nobles had fallen during the continuation of the Penal Laws, may be found in the title of Stafford, which was granted in 1786 as a Marquisate to Earl Gower, one of the leading members of the Bute Cabinet and father of the first Duke of Sutherland. The fact, however, is that the title was not dead, but only dormant, and quite within the power of any holder of the Crown to call back into life in favour of the Staffords or their descendants, even in the female line.

'Within forty years the title was actually revived; and since that time there have been two Lord Staffords, just as, during the temporary eclipse of the Courtenays, Earls of Devonshire, that title was bestowed as a Dukedom on the house of Cavendish.'

Concerning those Jerninghams about whose doings and opinions the letters afford a posthumous insight, the 'Note Généalogique de la maison des Lord Dillon' *actually gives us, at the outset, a more complete account than the* 'Descent from three Martyrs,' *which was worked out for their more especial behest. I have already adverted to the long connection of Sir William and of his brother,*

'the Chevalier,' with foreign service. There was another brother, possessed of a very different, rather amusing personality, Edward Jerningham the elder, to whom the family invariably refer as 'the poet.' He is described in Burke as a 'man of letters and distinguished in literature.' With regard to this qualification I will content myself with quoting an entry in the diary of Henry Crabbe Robinson, under date February 1, 1811:

'A visit to a most accomplished lady of the Old School, Mrs. Buller. The poems of Southey and Scott she has put into her index expurgatorius*: she cannot bear the irregularity of their versification.*

'Mr. Jerningham was present, and she called him to his face the last of the Old School.—He is already forgotten more completely than those will be whom his friend and contemporary treated so contemptuously.'

At any rate, as Sir Hubert Jerningham (the poet's great-grand-nephew) has to admit when writing about him, 'His poetical vein was of very unequal temper, and it must be allowed that much of what he wrote deserved the stricture of Lord Macaulay, who, alluding to a Lady Millar at Bath (who kept a vase wherein poets were wont to put bad verses) immediately mentions Mr. Jerningham as writing verses fit to put into the vase of Lady Millar.'*

Crabbe Robinson wrote in 1811, that is about one year before the poet's death, and when the latter may be said

* *'The Siege of Berwick,' by Mr. Jerningham. Reprint edited by Hubert E. H. Jerningham, M.P., 1884.*

to have already run his course, for he died the following year. But Madame d'Arblay, who often met Mr. Jerningham in his younger days, did not seem more favourably impressed by his powers. Allusions to him are frequent in her Diary. On one occasion she notes that:

'Besides their own family' (the Bowdlers. Diary. Bath, 1780) 'we met Mr. Jerningham, the poet. I have lately been reading his poems, if his they may be called. He seems a mighty delicate gentleman, looks to be painted, and is all daintification in manner, speech, and dress.'

And again a few days later:

'Mrs. Thrale came in. . . . She is a woman of as much real delicacy as Mr. Jerningham (whom Lord Mulgrave calls a pink and white poet—for not only his cheek but his coat is pink) is a man of affected delicacy.'

Like most Catholics of standing at that time he was educated abroad, first at Douai, then at Paris. He had a pretty gift for observation, and for wordy expression of the same. To this his letters to Lady Bedingfeld, many of which I have reproduced at somewhat greater length than usual, still testify. There are extant several tragedies and other plays of his composition (some of which were acted, among others 'Margaret of Anjou' and the 'Siege of Berwick'); also several volumes of poetry of that precious and old-fashioned kind admired by Mrs. Buller; various essays, 'On the Dignity of Human Nature,' 'The Alexandrian School,' 'The Shakespeare Gallery'

(of which Burke had some kind things to say), 'The Rise and Fall of Scandinavian Poetry'; there is one 'On the Mild Tenor of Christianity.' Indeed, the poet piqued himself on a gift of discrimination concerning matters theological, and ended, to the dismay of his family, by 'abjuring Popery'—the most salient fact recorded in Biographical Dictionaries. Be all this life's work worth what it may, it has been considered sufficient to entitle Edward Jerningham to a small niche in our national biography. At any rate the poet certainly enjoyed the friendship of men of intellectual note, such as Horace Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Carlisle (a poet of his own kidney). Even Byron has words of affection for him. In the postscript to the second edition of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' '*I hear,' says he, 'that Mr. Jerningham is about to take up the cudgels for his Maecenas, Lord Carlisle. I hope not: he was one of the few who treated me with kindness when a boy; and whatever he may say or do,* pour on, I will endure.' *Edward Jerningham had a very definite reputation as a wit, and appears to have been a great personal friend of the Prince of Wales. Such was Lady Jerningham's English brother-in-law, for the other, the Chevalier, remained quite French to the end of his days.*

The issue of the Dillon-Jerningham alliance were one daughter, Charlotte, and three sons.

The eldest of these, George, was chiefly distinguished in life for having married a great heiress, a beautiful girl whom he continued to love and admire till the hour of her

death (although that did not prevent his re-marriage, late in life, with one of the four beautiful American heiresses who were known in England as the 'four' *Graces), of whose money he made a wise use on his estate; and also in having been the first of the new generation to enjoy the revived peerage.*

The second, William, spent the early part of his life in hard fighting on the Imperial side during the wars of the Revolution; later on he entered a milder service, when he donned the British red coat. In due time he also married, twice, and left the goodly row of children who, with their scattered cosmopolitan descendants, are displayed in Father Morris' table.

The third, the Benjamin, the darling of Lady Jerningham's heart, 'Edward the dear,' as she so often calls him, would seem to have been not only a most lovable character, for he was a favourite everywhere, but also a man of considerable attainments, and of singular energy as well. Among his descendants is numbered one of the most distinguished present holders of the ancient name—Sir Hubert Jerningham, whilom M.P. for Berwick, now Governor of Mauritius, where he keeps up the best family tradition as a strong and tactful administrator of English rule over an almost entirely French population—a man of letters and a notable linguist.

But of all Lady Jerningham's children, Charlotte, her first-born, plays the most important rôle in this collection. And the story which she tells is as apt an instance as may be conceived of that trite expression of maternal experience: 'My daughter is my daughter all the days of my life. . . .'

It is to her that the immense majority of the letters are addressed. They breathe the spirit of an absorbing devotion, from the first note penned by the young mother on the evening of the separation from 'my poor little girl' left at fourteen in a Paris Convent, to the last and pathetic scrawl sent from one sick room to another in a London house, by the same to the same, one now a great-grandmother of many, the other consequently a grandmother herself.

I have reproduced at some length a few of the very early letters. They have, it may be said, little general interest, they may even be found to display a certain monotony in their expression of solicitude and of the longing of absence. But they appear to me to delineate from the threshold of the book the lovable character of Lady Jerningham and to give the key and the mode of her dealings with her daughter throughout a lifetime—at any rate they give the human note—'N'oubliez pas votre clavecin : ni que je vous aime tendrement.' *Did ever letter of Madame de Sévigné herself end with a reiteration of prettier pathos than this postscript of Lady Jerningham to the exiled little* pensionnaire ?

The young girl, and the still younger boys, may hardly seem, at first flush, of sufficient importance to justify their appearance in pages that will hereafter be constantly filled with names of note. But they are destined to live, rejoice and suffer, die and be remembered within the bounds of these old leaves; and if any sympathy is to be evoked at all by the fleeting, evanescent pictures of some by-gone lives, it will no doubt begin to be felt from the start.

The mother's letters to the child abroad may be con-

sidered as a prelude; after Charlotte Jerningham's return under the maternal wing, there begins an interval of years annotated in the collection but scantily by the epistles of friends and more distant relatives. But from the day of her marriage, of her entrance into another family, the stream of letters flows afresh between mother and daughter.

*This Bedingfeld marriage seems to have been a most happy union, one, moreover, which for many years caused no very distant separation in the united family. Just as in the case of Dillon and Jerningham, there had been previous connections between Jerningham and Bedingfeld, whose chief family seats, Cossey and Oxburgh, are not far distant from each other.**

In Bloomfield's Norfolk *can be read the history of the Bedingfelds from the days of the Conqueror; and there is no need of repeating here the descent, set forth in Burke's* Peerage, *of the modern* chefs du nom et des armes *from the Sir Edmund Bedingfeld, who died in the fifteenth year of Edward IV.'s reign, having married the daughter of Sir Robert Tuddenham, and thus secured for his descendants further extensive estates, including the manor*

* *The Bedingfelds were originally seated at Bedingfeld, in Suffolk. Oxburgh, in Norfolk, passed into the family by the marriage of Sir Edmund Bedingfeld (who died 1446) with Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Robert de Tuddenham. The arms of Tuddenham are quartered with Bedingfeld proper on the stamp on the second volume of these letters. The escutcheon is reproduced from a book-plate of Sir Richard Bedingfeld at Oxburgh. I should rather have said: what* stands *for the arms of Tuddenham, for the engraver of the Oxburgh book-plate has incorrectly drawn them as 'lozengy,' whereas the correct blazon (in heraldic jargon) should be 'paly-bendy argent and gules.'*

of Oxburgh (and a connection with the barony of Grandison). It will be sufficient to point to the existence in their records of the same Catholic and 'legitimist' traditions that prevailed in Charlotte Jerningham's family, both on the paternal and the maternal side. In the case of Bedingfeld, however, there does not appear to have arisen any necessity for the sacrifice of life in the cause. The Sir Henry Bedingfeld, of Oxburgh, who, with Sir Henry Jerningham, of Costessey, had been one of the first gentlemen in the east country to declare for Mary on the death of Edward VI., prospered sufficiently, was made Knight-Marshal of her army, and Governor of the Tower. It was during his governorship that the Princess Elizabeth had her experience of prison life. But no evil consequence was thereby entailed on his family in the following reign; we indeed may allow ourselves to surmise that, as friend and neighbour, he was present and welcome, some years later, at the festivities attendant on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's sojourn at Costessey during her progress through Norfolk.

Another Sir Henry, during the Civil War, lost the great bulk of his estate in the support of the Royal side, and after the Restoration had to be satisfied with the thanks of King Charles and a baronetcy—somewhat barren honours for an old house. Subsequent marriages with heiresses, however, re-established to some extent the family fortunes, which do not appear to have been in very bad passes when Lady Jerningham's daughter was wooed and wed by the sixth Baronet—the 'good Sir Richard' of these pages.

Through the four-and-thirty years of Lady Bedingfeld's married life, as seen by glimpses in the Letters, we find a varied record of love and rejoicings, of marriages, child-beds and death-beds, separations and reverses of fortune, but withal nought but the most complete harmony between mother, daughter and husband. The first great grief came with the death of Sir William, in 1809, an event, moreover, which, by driving Lady Jerningham from Cossey, kept her more constantly separated from her daughter in Norfolk. Seven years later, increase of family on one side and diminution of income on the other, forced Lady Bedingfeld and her husband to seek at Ghent a mode of living more economical than was possible in the moated mansion of Oxburgh, and the more distant separation gave a new importance to the intercourse of mother and daughter by post. Then came a black series of years, from 1820 to 1825, marked by relentless strokes: first the loss of her two brothers, William and Edward, with their wives; then of her favourite daughter, Lady Petre; next of another child, Edward, drowned at sea; and then, greatest sorrow of her life, of her mother.

The last letter of the last volume in the collection contains the last lines ever written by Lady Jerningham. This would seem to show that, in preserving that enormous accumulation of old leaves, Lady Bedingfeld's sole object was to treasure her mother's letters, and that all the others she had bound up in the volumes had in her eyes nothing more than adventitious interest.

The 'good Sir Richard' died of an apoplectic stroke at

Windsor in 1829. Soon after his death his widow took up her abode in the well-known convent at Hammersmith, which has but a few months ago been condemned to destruction. In this venerable building, however, she was by no means 'cloistered,' but lived as an independent boarder, apparently not without comfort, and making frequent excursions into the outer world. The few books that have been saved of the Diary which she kept during the twenty-three years of more or less constant residence in that peaceful dwelling—she survived her husband by that period—show her at times excessively busy on various Court duties which, being now solitary and completely detached from other ties, she was able to undertake.

During the earlier days of her residence at Ghent she had formed an intimacy with Ida, Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, and with her sister, who in 1818 became Duchess of Clarence. This explains the high regard which the latter, who, when she became the 'Good Queen Adelaide,' made her promptly a Woman of the Bedchamber, retained for her old friend to the very last. At the Queen's instance, William IV. gave Lady Bedingfeld the precedency of a Baron's daughter. When the poor little crippled daughter of the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar was brought over to England, her mother's neighbour in the old Ghent days was specially selected as a constant attendant, and in the Diary for 1833 we obtain sundry brief insights into the little Princess's life at Brighton.

After following Lady Bedingfeld's journey from happy

youth to anxious middle-age and desolate widowhood, where, for want of further life-records, we have to leave her, it is pleasing to hear from some of her descendants that she reached in peace a remarkable length of days; that she spent her last years under the roof of the old convent at Hammersmith, surrounded by those relics of the past with which she had covered every available space on her walls, gladdened to the end by the visits of friends and grandchildren; that, long before she finally laid down the burden of her life, Time and practised resignation had softened her keen feelings of sorrow and loneliness into that serenity which seems the most beautiful attribute of honoured old age.

E. C.

49, Sloane Gardens, S.W.
September, 1896.

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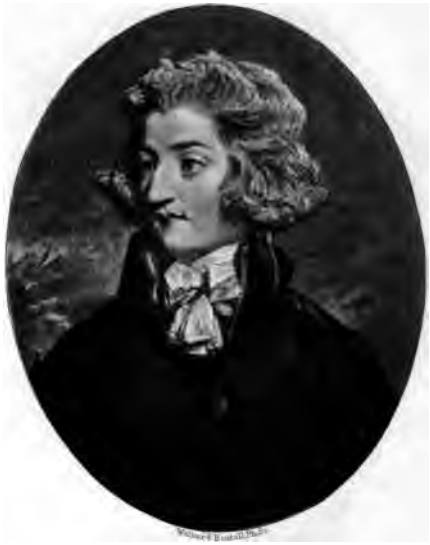


George William,
eldest Son of Sir William Jerningham
from a miniature at Cossey.

JERNINGHAM LETTERS

OF Mary, Lady Jerningham (*née* Plowden)—an interesting personality round whom hinged the rights and claims of Sir William Jerningham's heir to the barony of Stafford—two letters only exist in the collection.

The first is addressed from London to her grand-daughter, Charlotte Jerningham.

It is a mere accident, no doubt, but it is nevertheless notable, that the first of that long chain of letters, in which we find so many allusions to the struggle for Catholic emancipation, should have a reference to the critical period of the Gordon Riots; for this reason, in spite of its somewhat slender interest, it is included here.

To Mis Jerningham, at Cossey Hall, near Norwich, Norfolk.

July ye 8th.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

Nothing but the *terors* and *Consternations* we have been in could have prevented my writting to you, tho' thank God we seem very quiet at present my head is not quite settled yet however I wont put off any longer to thank you for y^r very pretty letter. I am glad you like y^r Cap and if at

any time you would like to have any thing from hence, I should send it you with great pleasure, so pray let me hear from you, y^r^ Aunt Mrs. Brown, and her little Girl are both very well I saw them last night, pray present my best and kindest compliments to y^r^ Papa and Mama and B^rs^, and believe me my Dear

Y^r^ most affectionate Grand Mama,

M. JERNINGHAM.

Y^r^ Uncle is much y^r^ humble Servant and much flatered with y^r^ kind compliments. I beg you will make myne to Mr. Buxton.

The second, written four years later (1784), is addressed to her daughter-in-law, and refers to the great event which gave a beginning to the correspondence of a lifetime between Lady Jerningham and her daughter—namely, the establishment of Charlotte, then aged thirteen, at the convent of the Ursulines in Paris, where the little girl was to receive that education which the working of the Penal Laws rendered unobtainable for Catholics in England. The quaint style of the epistle, in which the writer is the 'humble servant' of her son's wife, and refers to her own grandchild as 'Mis Jerningham,' displays the manner and the phraseology of an older, more formal age.

The Hon. Lady Jerningham, at Cossey, Norfolk.

A thousand thanks to you, my dear Madam, for y^r^ letter, wch I this instant received. The good news you tell me of the fever having left Sir William has quite revived me, for I was quite uneasie for him, and hope y^r^ next will be as comfortable. I feel much obliged to you for y^r^ exactitude in writting, and hope you continue in good health; the weather

here is so very uncertain y^{t} numbers of people have colds and Rhumatism. I have had a deffluxion on my Eyes y^{t} has been very troublesome, but is much better, or I could not have thank't you my Self for y^{r} kind and obliging attention. Pray my kind Love and complements to Sir William and the dear little ones, and believe me most sincerely, my Dear Madam,

Y^{r} affection. Mother and humble Servant,

M. JERNINGHAM.

I condole with you for parting with y^{r} two dear boys. I am sure you will miss their Company and Mis Jern. still more; we have not heard from the Chevalier since Edward wrote to you.

The two boys in question were George and William, who had been sent to *Juilly*. The ancient abbey of that name is situate near Chelles, in what was then, under the *ancien régime*, the province of *Ile de France*, now the department of *Seine-et-Marne;* founded in A.D. 1200, it was transformed about the year 1639 into a college of Oratorians, and is still used as an ecclesiastical school for boys.

'The Chevalier' is, of course, Charles, third son of Sir George Jerningham, fifth Baronet, and of Mary Plowden. He was a General in the French service, and, being a Knight of Malta, was always alluded to as Chevalier Jerningham.

Allusions to the 'Blue Nuns' are of such frequent occurrence in the first part of the Letters that a short account of this celebrated educational house may be of interest here. As an adjunct to the sixteen volumes of correspondence preserved by Lady Bedingfeld, there exists a thick manuscript volume, copied entirely in the hand of Lady Jerningham from the original BOOK OF ARCHIVES OF THE ENGLISH CONVENT CALLED THE BLUE NUNS, RUE DE CHARENTON, FAUBOURG SAINT

ANTOINE, AT PARIS. This volume, exceedingly interesting, but far too bulky to find place among the present excerpts, recounts 'The occasion and manner of the Beginning of the Monastery of Bethelem, the first House of our Nation of the Holy Order of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady,' and continues its annals with great regularity until 1777. The record begins in the year 1658, when this 'monastery of religious women of the third Order of the Seraphical Father, St. Francis, residing at Newport in Flanders, came forth by reason of continual wars that for divers years did oppress and afflict those parts,' and, after some vicissitudes, settled in Paris, 'first at Little Bethelem in Saint Jacques, and finally in the suburbs of Saint Anthony.' The annals themselves cease, as stated above, in 1777, but the account of Ladies Superior, Vicaresses, Mistresses of Novices, and so forth, is carried down to the year 1794, when conventual hierarchy and discipline were temporarily suppressed by the Revolutionary Government.

During the Reign of Terror, the Conceptionist nuns escaped the wholesale slaughter which at one time appeared inevitable to all inmates of religious houses who refused to renounce their faith. Indeed, by some happy concatenation of circumstances, they were spared any molestation worse than that of being 'constituted prisoners in their own dwelling, and of being compelled to convert their flowing robes into gowns and their veils into bonnets.' In October, 1793, forty English ladies were incarcerated in the *ci-devant* convent of the Conceptionists, 'where the nuns were most kind to their distressed countrywomen' (Alger, 'Englishmen in the French Revolution').

In 1800 the remaining members of the community, now much dwindled and impoverished, came over (with the exception of Lady Anastatia Stafford) to England, where they were received and hospitably entertained by Lady Jerningham and her family, and finally installed in a house of their own at Norwich. And thus 'they finished,' says a preface to the copy of the annals, 'their days full of piety and resignation in that city.' Such was the peaceful and poetical end of an association that had a long and honourable record, that had known days of high prosperity and conventual grandeur, and, when misfortune fell upon it,

had given an edifying example of simple pluck and serenity in the midst of fevered and sanguinary surroundings.

For half a century before the outbreak of the Revolution the convent of the 'Blew Nuns' had been for English Catholics very much what the Abbaye-aux-Bois was for the French nobility—the most fashionable as well as the best organized place of education for girls. The house, however, was not originally founded as a school. This new departure had been agreed upon in the year 1731. 'June 6th.—Our numbers,' so runs the entry in the Archives, 'having been much diminished, and not having any prospect of increase, we were advised by all our friends to build a place for a school, and to receive children in it.' And, accordingly, in 1733, the following could be placed on record in the annals: 'On the 29th of May our school begun, by the Earl of Stafford's eldest daughter, who had been a pensioner at the Poor Clares at Rouen, viz.:

'Lady Mary Stafford

'Honble. Miss Helene Browne, daughter to Lord Kenmare,' and so forth. It may be noted here that among the lists of inmates, nuns, abbesses, or scholars, occur repeatedly the patronymics Jerningham, Stafford, and Lee.

The new venture was successful: the school rapidly acquired a high reputation, and during the latter half of the last century the greater number of the old English Catholic families sent their daughters for a stage with the 'Blue Nuns' in Paris.

A list of the pensioners, from 1733 to 1792, the date at which the educational organization was broken up, is given in the Appendix to the present book. Lady Jerningham herself, as the Hon. Frances Dillon, had passed some time at the convent; the date of her entrance is given in the Archives, A.D. 1755. For her daughter, however, she selected the 'Dames Ursulines,' in the Rue St. Jacques, the reason being probably that, the latter being French nuns, she would sooner acquire with them a perfect knowledge of the indispensable French tongue.

To the 'Ursulines,' therefore, late in the month of November, 1784, Lady Jerningham, accompanied by Sir William—for such a journey was in those days something of a serious undertaking—conducted her darling Charlotte.

I have included, almost at full length, several of the earliest letters of the collection, written by the mother on her return home to the child she left thus for the first time among strangers; they are touching and eloquent of love; they seem to me, moreover, not only to give a first pleasing insight into the character of a sweet woman and an accomplished lady, but also to bring back with them at this great distance something of the atmosphere of the times.

The journey back to England through Gournay, Bapeaume, Arras, Lille, and St. Omer, appears somewhat circuitous. The itinerary was no doubt influenced by the state of the roads; it was at any rate leisurely, for it occupied over a fortnight. Each halt on the way gave occasion for an epistle to the 'poor little girl.' The first of these, judging by the superscription, was sent by hand from Paris itself on the eve of the parents' departure.

A Mademoiselle,
Mademoiselle Jerningham.

Half an hour after six, in November.

How does my poor Dear Little Girl do to-day? I have been awake all night thinking of you, and regretting you. But I hope you will apply so well to all your masters that I shall, next summer twelve months, rejoice in the courage we have both had in parting. I beg that you will always remember that the Study of my Life has been to make you happy and that you will therefore have some Regard for me as your Best Friend; it must not be such as will make you uneasy, but a Consolation to you in your Retirement, to reflect that you have one you can have recourse to at all times, and who will always be occupied about you. I have told Simon to carry you a *Brioche* and a pot of Sweet Meats to eat to your

Gouter or desert. Papa is yet in bed. Write me word what you have been doing and at what hours your masters come. How are you dressed to-day? and how do the girls behave and dress? My dear Little girl, I miss you!

A Mademoiselle,
Mademoiselle de Jerningham, aux Dames Ursulines,
Rue St. Jacques, à Paris.

BAPEAUME, *Saturday night.*

I gave my little girl an account of my self last night from Gournay, and now I write to say that I am 57 miles further; we dined to-day at Roye, in the room where you lay down all the time of dinner as we came to Paris, and got here to-night about seven. This place you did not come thro, as we came from Cambrai, which altered the route. To-morrow we propose being at Lille, which is also a post out of the common Road, but it is so fine a town that y^r^ M^r^ has a mind to see it. The weather is very cold and the roads rather jolting, but, however, we get on pretty well. I think it may amuse My Little Girl to hear of us, and that gives me a pleasure in writing. We met yesterday Lord Mountmorris, an Irishman going to Paris, whom we spoke to at the Post, and that is all the adventures that have happened to us. To-morrow we propose hearing Mass at Arras, and then going on for Lille. I think Michael will tumble out of the Ship for joy when he sees old England again. You should write a letter to Miss Petre, by the Little post. Something like this:

MY DEAR MISS PETRE,

You were so good as to desire to hear from me, and it is with great pleasure I fullfil this request. I am now immured, as you are. My Papa and Mama have left Paris, but I endeavour to make myself as easy as I can; I must say it is them I principally regret, for otherwise I do not dislike the life I lead; the mistresses are particularly good to me and the Girls are very well. I wish so many walls did not lye betwixt you and me; but you will soon come out of your Confinement, and then you will return all my visits, and give me great pleasure in seeing you. I hope you have got the better of the cold you had when I saw you last. I have had two letters from Mama since she left Paris, and hope to hear again from her before she crosses the sea.

You may after this put some Convent news, if you like it, and so conclude: Y^r ever sincere friend, etc. I shall send you in my next a letter for Mlle. Dillon at St. Germains, because, you know, you have not yet answer'd hers. Adieu, My Little Girl. Papa sends you a kiss, and so do I a thousand. My Comp^ts allway to the Generall Lady.

LILLE, *Sunday night.*

Another letter for My Poor Little Solitary Charlotte! We set off this morning early, as we proposed, from Bapeaume, heard Mass and dined at Arras, and arrived here at 8 o'clock. It appears to be a very large town. We are in a fine Hotel upon the Market-

place; but as it is entirely dark I cannot describe the buildings. A great many English People have taken refuge here, to fly their Creditors in England; among the rest a Norwich family and a Mrs. Atkins of Ketringham. She was a player, a friend of Miss Younger. You may remember to have heard of her, and *he* was always a great simpleton, or else he would not have married her.

The Coaches make as much and as continued a rumbling as they do in Paris or London; there is besides a large stand of Hackney Coaches for those who have not their private Equipages—so I think this place, in its magnificence and Riches, may emulate our great City of Norwich! Papa has an old acquaintance here whom he intends visiting to-morrow. Lady Charlotte Radcliffe, Daughter to the late Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1746, is in this Town; there is also a French Convent, where the young Lady's from Bruge generally come to fashion themselves. The three Havers's received their French and their gentility from hence; and I suppose Miss Norris, in due time, will come for the same purpose. Apropos I must send you the Copy of a letter for your Aunt at St. Germains, which I beg you will write as soon as you have Leisure:

DEAR AUNT,

I have to thank you for the obliging letter I received from You and the pretty Box Mr. de Lagny brought me from you. I deffer'd writing till Mama was gone, because, when she was here, I could have the pleasure of hearing what you did by

her, and that I wished to procure my self that satisfaction after her departure. You are very good to set any value upon my drawings: but since you are so obliging as to wish to have some I shall certainly do some Little Figures for you. I am as well satisfied here and as happy as I can be, parted from Mama, but she has wrote to me three times; the last letter was from Lille. I beg you will be so good as to give my Respects to my Aunt du Blaisel, and Believe me to be, Dear Aunt,

Your ever dutiful niece.

I think it will be proper to write this letter as soon as possible as you have not yet taken any notice of her present, nor her letter. Direct it as I give you the direction. *Mlle. Dillon, au Château, à St. Germain.* I hope to know when I get to London that you have Received these letters. Adieu My Dear Little Girl. Papa sends his love and I join mine also with a thousand kisses.

The weather is intolerably cold and freezing. I dread the Sea!

Mrs. Atkyns, of Ketteringham, was long afterwards to figure in history as one of the supporters of the sham Dauphin Bruneaux's pretensions. Mr. Alger ('Englishmen in the French Revolution') gives the following account of this lady:

'Mrs. Atkyns—probably Charlotte Walpole, wife of Edward Atkyns of Ketteringham, or possibly the wife of his brother John, M.P. for Oxford, for she was described as the widow of an M.P.—had been presented to Marie-Antoinette before the Revolution, and, on the Queen becoming a prisoner, resolved to save her.

'A Municipal Commissary promised her admission to the Temple in the disguise of a National Guard on condition of

nothing secret being said or given to the Queen. Mrs. Atkyns offered this latter a bouquet, and her emotion made her drop the note accompanying it. The Commissary was about to seize the document, when Mrs. Atkyns snatched it up and swallowed it, whereupon the man angrily drove her out.

'She procured a second, and this time a private, interview, when she expounded a plan of escape; but the Queen refused to abandon her children, professed resignation to her fate, and begged Mrs. Atkyns to devote all her efforts to the deliverance of the Dauphin. This deliverance she arranged for with Madame de Beauharnais and the Comte de Frotté; then she left for England. The Dauphin's escape was said to have been effected, but he was not brought to her by Frotté, and she did not see him till 1818, when he (Bruneaux, the alleged Dauphin), was in prison as an impostor, she herself then living in Paris on a small pension allowed her by Louis XVIII. She is said to have died there in 1830.'

Concerning the Earl of Derwentwater, whom Lady Jerningham mentions in connection with Lady Charlotte Ratcliffe, his last letter, dated from the Tower, and docketed by the annalist 'To the Countess of Newburgh, his wife, and Lady Frances Clifford,' is included among the Archives of the 'Blue Nuns,' with whom these ladies had probably taken refuge at the time. It is indited as follows:

FROM THE TOWER,
7. *December* 1746.

The best of Friends takes his Leave of you, He has made His Will, He is Resigned, to-morrow is the Day.

Love his Memory, Let his Friends join with you in Prayers, it is no misfortune to dye, when prepared.

Lets Love our Enemies, and pray for them. Let my Sons be men Like me. Let my daughters, be Virtuous Women Like you. My Blessing to them

all. My kind Love to Fanny, that other Tender Mother of my dear Children.

Adieu Dear Friend.

DERWENTWATER.

ST. OMER

10*ber the* 14*th*.

The last letter I wrote to my Little Girl was on Sunday night from Lille: to night I am in the Great Brown wainscoated Room at St. Omer, and I must equally give my self the pleasure of Conversing with her.

I hope that you have received my three letters, and that it has given you some pleasure to see that I am always occupied about you. We remained all Monday at Lille. Lady Charlotte Radcliffe came and dined with us and I went to the play with her. A tolerable theater, but as empty of Company as the Norwich playhouse is of a Common night. The Tuesday we set off rather late, and so only got to Aire where we had a most intolerable Lodging. This morning we arrived here and to morrow we shall at last reach Calais and look at the sea. Mr. Parton dined with us and we have had an assembly of cats to *gouter* this afternoon, the Suffields, Dundas's and Pitchford, Accompany'd by the Master, Mr. Wilkinson, and Dr. Howard, uncle to Miss Howard at the Bleu Nuns, and late President of the English Seminary at Paris. They have just taken themselves away. I reckon that Monday or Tuesday sevennight you will be going to the Bleu Nuns. I

wrote to Mr. Langton and to Lady Anastatia about it before I left Paris. But I must beg My Dear Little Girl that you will tell Lady Anastatia that it is only for this Recreation that you can possibly come to her, for in January Mrs. Rothes returns to Paris. I should be sorry for to have it imagined that you could, upon any account, be permitted to leave your Station.

I long much to hear from you, it is a week to day since I took leave of my poor Charlotte, and I cannot yet accustom myself to restrain a thousand things I have every moment to tell her. I beg you will keep up a correspondence with your brothers at *Juilly*. I wrote to George from Lille. Pray give my love to the Chevalier when you see him, and if there is anything that you dislike in your convent you must tell it him and perhaps some remedy may be found. You are so reasonable that I know when you complain there is allways cause for it; for which reason I should wish an alteration should follow as you direct.

If you have not yet wrote to Lady Anastatia I think it would be proper to say a few words to her:

DEAR MADAM,

As Mama has been pleased to give me leave to wait upon you at the Innocents Recreation, I write to say with what pleasure I shall profit of this permission. Mrs. Langton will be so good as to convey me to you. I have heard from Mama several times since she left Paris. She and Papa are very well, the last letter was from St. Omer. I

beg my best compliments to Mother Abbess, the Community and all the Young Ladies and remain Dr Madam, your ever affectionate Cousen.

Good night my Dear Little Girl. Papa sends you a kiss.

The 'Miss Howards,' who resided at that time with the 'Blue Nuns' in Paris, were Juliana and Mary, sisters of Bernard, twelfth Duke of Norfolk. They were afterwards married, Juliana to the ninth Lord Petre (as second wife), and Mary to his son, the tenth Baron.

Lady Anastatia Stafford, from whom several rather curious letters occur in this collection, is thus adverted to in the Biographical Annals of the convent:

'Sister Mary Ursula, alias Anastatia Stafford, daughter of the Right Honble. the Earl of Stafford, and Miss Anne Holeman of Northamptonshire, born at Stafford House, in Westminster, made her profession on the 19th of March, 1740, in the eighteenth year of her age. Mother Louisa Stafford, Abbess. She died at Paris on the 27th of April, 1807, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.'

Lady Anastatia seems to have been the only one of the remaining 'Blue Nuns' who did not come over to England when Sir William and Lady Jerningham offered to see to their establishment there.

DOVER, 10*ber the* 18*th*. 1784.

My Dear Little Girl will be glad to hear that we are arrived safe at Dover. We were so lucky as to meet with Captain Sayer at Calais and so made our Voyage again with him. We sat off from *Dessein's* yesterday at 3 in the afternoon and got here before eight. I never was so sick in any passage as this. Molly and the man were also very ill but Sir William was only sick once. We are, upon the whole, very

fortunate to be got here so safe, for this time of the year is very hazardous for sea passages, let them be ever so short, and there have been lately some very disagreable accidents.

I write this from Mr. Payne's, York House, at Dover, where you were enquired after, as well as on board of the Ship and at *Dessein's*. This intelligence will flatter you certainly! However, the Remembrance of any honest person is acceptable to hear of. Lady Pembroke and her niece, Miss Beauclerk, set off at the same time as us, and got in also the same time. They lodged with us at *Dessein's*, but here they are at another Inn. We shall be tomorrow night at London. My Little dear Ned will not be sorry for it.

I see in the papers that Dr. Johnson (who wrote the Dictionary, the *Rambler*, the Poets' Lives &c.) is dead. They have translated the *Marriage de Figaro* into English and it has been acted at London. Adieu, My Dear, I am rather in a hurry at present, so must take my leave of you with a kiss. Yours most sincerely. My Comp^ts^ to your Uncles.

'Your Uncles' were the French brothers of Charlotte's parents, one Arthur Dillon, Colonel of the Regiment de Dillon, and the other the Chevalier Jerningham, both residing at that time in Paris.

LOTHIAN'S HOTEL,
ALBEMARLE STREET,
10*ber the* 24*th*.

At my arrival in London, which was on Sunday last the 19th. I found a charming pretty letter from my

Dear Little Girl. I cannot enough praise you for it, the Style is as good as the Sentiments for me are Delightful, and I can assure you that you do not stand in need of any body to Compose your letters, when you are capable of writing so well for yourself.—I have wished for to see my Little Girl again and have Lamented, that whilst I was forming such a wish, so many miles were between us! But you are so reasonable that I have a Comfort I would not have had without the opportunity of such a trial. We must keep up the intercourse we have been accustomed to have together by writing often. I think you may have found me already a pretty regular Correspondant; and, as you desire to know everything we do, I will go on with my journal from Saturday last that I wrote to you from Dover. . . . We went to the Play with Miss Paston and Miss Clifford, to see Mrs. Siddons who performed her grand part of Isabella in the *Fatal Marriage*. We had the Stage Box and it is I think allways disadvantageous to see the actors so very near; it destroys the Illusion. However Mrs. Siddons is a very handsome Woman and acts with a great deal of feeling. It did not move me, however, in the same manner I had reason to expect it would, from the exaggerated accounts that every body gave of themselves.

Mr. Pitt, the prime Minister was in our box, which was a greater treat to my curiosity than the actress. I was last night at the Opera, which was very thin of Company.

The two Conways are come over, and were overturned on the sea shore before they could get out of

the Boat, so they arrived rather dirty at their Inn. This day my Dearest Dear Little Boy Neddy came here to lodge in Grosvenor Square, and looks most beautifully, his hair quite long over his eyes and his teeth very clean, with an immense colour in his Cheeks. We both Cryed when we met, but he is now again in good Spirits. On Monday next he is to take a little trip with us down to Ditchley where my Brother would have us come for three or four days, to see his Children and his Mansion. At our return we shall go down to Cossey, where poor Mr. Chamberlayne begins to be very impatient for our Return. Old Nurse Carr is deceas'd, and poor Richard Barker the Coachman is also dead after a month's illness. Pitchford attended him and said to was a fever on the Brain. Lord and Lady Petre are at Thorndon. Master Henneage came up from school with Ned and is gone down there this afternoon. I cannot say a word more to My Little Girl for the post is going out, so adieu my ever Dear Charlotte. I love you most tenderly. Papa sends you a kiss and so does little Neddy. I shall write to the General very soon.

In Mama's Room at Cossey 3 *o'clock.*
January the 12*th.* 1785.

How sorry I am to hear that my poor Little Girl has been ill and that it should just happen at the time of the Innocents Recreation when I was in hopes you would have diverted yourself so well. It shows that we must never reckon too much upon

been able to prevail upon myself to go to the Play, but after various Embassy's from Mr. Marret, who has this winter bought the theatre, and is sole Manager of it, for to bespeak one, have at last Complied and to-morrow is Performed by desire of Sr Wm and Lady Jerningham a Comic Opera, Called *the Duenna*, with a Farce Called *the Divorce*, I am told that it will be very full.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Leigh is with Child, as also the two Mrs. Wodehouse's and Lady Beauchamp, so the Country goes on peopling! Mrs. Constance had two Girls, one was born after we went abroad.

I must now have an account of the second school. Do the High Pensioners you mentioned to me in your last, dine all together? They surely do not dine with you. In Abbayes they are at the Abbess's table. Good bye My Little Sweet Dear Girl.

COSSEY,
May the 12th.
Thursday.

MY DEAREST LITTLE GIRL,

I am most extreamly disappointed and angry with Lady Petre, for not Carrying a parcel that I had sent her for you: wherein was a letter also. She set off from London on Monday last, and as she had before wrote to me to offer to convey any Letter or parcel to Paris, I sent her three, one for my Little Girl, one for *Juilly*, and another for Lady Belmore (some Books). All this she chose to leave

behind her, saying she had Refused every Body else, but then I think she should not have wrote to me.

Your pacquet Contains *Robinson Crusoe*, 2 Vols. and a Vol., from Crocket's, of *Dramatic pieces for Young People*, very pretty; another Little Blue Book: the *Female Guardian*, 4 pencils, india Rubber, 2 pair of Scissors, 2 penknifes and a little Memorandum Book. All this however will I hope soon arrive, as I have desired your Uncle to send it by the first opportunity, the parcel for Juilly likewise.

Lady Petre asked me leave for to go to see you which you may be sure I Granted; so I am rather curious to hear the result of the Visit. You must give me a whole account of it. Miss Petre will, I suppose, be in great joy: but I think that it is a pity she does not stay a year longer where she is; tell me everything about her, her Looks, her Dress, &c. I dont know if Mr. Petre is of the party, or if he has staid in England. M^de^ Nagle writes word to the Chevalier that she has been to see you, that you look vastly well, and received her with *amitié*. I think it was very good natured of her to call and I love her for it.

As for M^de^ d'Haussonville you know she asked me last year for to let you come to Montrouge (for a Ball they give at the Boy's Birthday, I think) but I told her that it would be impossible and my Little Girl is so reasonable that she does not wish it; therefore if anything more is mentioned, the Mistress must say that she has positive orders from me not to

let you go out with any Body, and I shall write to Mde d'Haussonville also.

Henriette was *out of Order* at Montpellier and the whole House knew of it: a very pretty piece of Intelligence! Mde Nagle says that she is improved in her figure. Her Mother-in-Law is with Child. Perhaps Mrs. Rothe may soon take the trouble of making you a Visit, as I wrote to her by Lady Petre, and that may put her in a good Humour. She has had a Mourning this Spring for her half Brother, Lord Falkland, who died in England. He was 25 years older than Her, they were by the same Father, but *Her* Mother was a Dillon, Sister to my Father and to the Archbishop. Henriette would be in Black for her Uncle: which I suppose, by way of a Change, would please her. The Chevalier is still here; Neddy will be coming home soon. Adieu My dearest Little Girl I write this rather in a Hurry. Papa, and Your Uncle send their Love to you and so do I with ten thousand kisses. If you write to Juilly, tell your Brother that the parcel Lady Petre refused to Convey will soon arrive by some other opportunity, and that there is in it a Letter for him and another for William. My Respects to the Mère Générale. I suppose you begin to be able to write French tolerably well, but the letters addressed to me I have not the Courage to deprive myself of: write in the Langage You write the easiest. Adieu Little Girl.

Milly has made two of your jackets into Gowns, the Grey Manchester, and the red flower'd Linnen; so you were beginning to grow of Consequence to

your Maid when your Clothes could be made up for her. M^de^ Nagle says you are taller than you were.

'Henriette,' Henrietta Dillon, who two years later became Comtesse de la Tour du Pin Gouvernet.

MY POOR DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

I will not wait one minute writing to you. I am quite vexed to think that I should let you grow uneasy about me; at the same time, I must own, flatter'd and pleased to find you have so much sensibility. I did not imagine that I had been longer than usual without writing: but I suppose Providence kindly intended I should have an opportunity of seeing your good and amiable disposition, thro' the sweet Reproaches you make me on my silence.

I am sorry you have had such dismal events to afflict your School, I hope they are now over, and that a little joy gleams there again.

Your brothers left Cossey on Monday morning. Places are taken for them in the Dover Dilligence for Saturday five o'clock in the Morning, therefore they will most likely be at Paris near as soon as this Letter. They look very pretty in their black Coats, and I am sure by the description you give me of your mourning *you* must look Charmingly. If you do not like to wear your Black Linnen at present, keep it for second Mourning or at Christmas. You shall have a Black silk, and it will be better to wear that only on Sundays, and the Linnen every day.

I have just received a letter from S^r^ W^m^ who tells me that he has made up ye little Parcel Consisting of four pretty housewifes, four knifes, four pair of

Scissors and 5 Louis. I hope my Little Girl will be happy in it.

The Chevalier left London the Friday before they quitted Cossey, that is to say the 21st and you will be surprised to hear that on Tuesday the 25th arrived in London, my Brother Arthur and his Lady. I hope they will come down here, I am very Curious to see her and desirous from affection to see him. He left England at ten years old and has never been here since, it is exactly 25 years ago.

Miss Pitchford is come over, she is grown quite a young woman, above a Head Taller than she was, very slender and holds herself very straight, her hair dress'd without Powder, and a Linnen gown with a little Hoop, her face is very well, rather pretty than otherwise. She says she does not like England at all, but wishes to Return to be a Nun! I think she will not long continue in this mind.

Adieu My Little Girl. I am sorry I must leave off, I will really write again soon, and in the mean while kiss my pretty Girls fat cheek a thousand times. I am quite dismal here, alone with Uncle Harry, who sends his love to you. Adieu, *Petite*. I want you Monsterously!

'My brother Arthur's lady': General Dillon's second wife, widow of Comte de la Touche, *née* Girardin.

The following is from Edward Jerningham, generally referred to in these letters as 'the Poet.' It is addressed:

'A Mademoiselle,
Mademoiselle de Jerningham,
Aux Dames Ursulines,
Rue St. Jacques,
Paris.'

Compared with the lucubrations which this odd personage wrote to his niece in later life, it is tolerably reasonable. The Miss Petre referred to was Ann Catherine, daughter of the ninth Lord Petre.

GROSVENOR SQUARE,
June 13th.

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

Yesterday I had the pleasure of receiving your letter: I did reproach myself for not writing to you at the time I sent you the print:—I have seen Miss Petre, she Looks better than she did Before but she is not yet arrived at *Beauty;* she seems to have plumpers in her mouth. I understand she was willing to stay longer, if so I think they were much to Blame of not to leave her a year longer.

My Mother bids me Thank you for your Letter and I also Thank you for the one you sent me where you described some of your companions. As for the Large Girl that was staring upon the ground, I think I see her from your Description, and if I am not mistaken she would be glad if her School-life was expired. I would not marry her for the world: I have taken an Antipathy to Her.—The Chevalier is returned from Cossey and he talks of Paris. He means to go the end of the month. I have not yet made my intended visit to Cossey, but I hope to steal down for a fortnight: My Mamma will not allow little Neddy a longer Time. When I am there I shall give you a full account of the village and the children we were partial to.

There is a very pretty child two doors from this house who was bit by a mad dog yesterday; the remedy which was given him immediately will it is

hoped prevent any bad consequences: I think in a Convent you are in no danger of Mad Dogs, however Take care you are not bit by a Mad-Bug.

I write so large a scrawl that I have not room for an Epitaph of half a dozen lines which I wrote yesterday for my Bookseller upon Mr. Robson, a very promising youth who was flung from his horse and died almost immediately.

My Harp presents its best Tones to you—I practise and play upon it a good deal, as it entertains me.

Adieu—

Your very affectionate Uncle,

ED. JERNINGHAM.

I have selected the following prim little epistle among the very few letters from Charlotte Jerningham herself that have been preserved. It is penned in a close, regular 'copperplate' hand, which did credit to the 'finishing' course of the Dames Ursulines, and addressed to her brother:

'Ed Jerningham, Esqre,
Lothian's Hotell,
Albermarl St.,
St. James.'

DES URSULINES,
ce 15. *Aout.*

I received your charming letter, my dearest Edward, and should have answered it sooner if I had followed my inclination; but you know I am not mistress of my time, and you are so reasonable that I am sure you would not have me prefer the pleasure I find in conversing with my dearest little Brother to my duty. I anticipate allready the Satisfaction I shall have in seeing you here, and I flatter myself that you will not be *very sorry*. I beg you will be so

good as to give this paper, to Mr. Chamberlayne with my Compts. It is to desire his prayers for *Mother Anthony*, who died last week at the blue nun's. Mama will be sorry for her. I belive she was her mistress when she was pensioner there.

To-day is the Assomption, which is the feast of the great School; we have recreation for three days, our School room is ornamented with flowers, relicks & all lighted up, we have a very fine alter at one end. This is for a *Salue* that is: hymns, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, which we sing in parts accompanied by the Harp. All the nuns and the other Schools are there. When we have finished, the Superior makes us a little Sermon and then we go to dinner; then to the Garden, to the Church, to the garden, to the School &c. till night. I hope you will excuse this foolish letter, but I am surrounded by my Companions who make such a noise that my pen scribbles on without asking any council of my Head. It is impossible to write to-day, so I must finish in assuring of the Affection with which

I am Your affectionate Sister,

C. JERNINGHAM.

My duty to Mama, Papa, Uncle, and the General, and my kind love to Molly.

Mr. Chamberlayne was the chaplain at Cossey.

From Lady Jerningham to Charlotte Jerningham.

Sept. 15.

The pleasure I have in seeing George and William again at Cossey does not make me forget my pretty dear Girl at Paris!

Some days ago Mrs. Bagot, who has at present three nieces of the Bishop with her, two Miss Chesters and a Miss Sneyde, told Sr Wm that she wish'd the young Ladies could have a dance, as it was impossible to give a ball at the Palace; but she owned that she was herself passionalty fond of dancing. Sr Wm very good-naturedly told her she should have that pleasure at Cossey, accordingly a party was made up.

The dance was in the parlour, which is now very neat, new painted and the white paper in it with a green border. One door to open in the hall, the other facing the little house door, it is *our* old project, and is much more convenient than that old door at the bottom of the stairs. The supper was in the Hall.

The whole number reckoned upon was 34, Cards in the Library. Now I think I must name the dancers: Miss Bagot (who danced like a fury), two Miss Chesters, Miss Sneyde, Miss Wodehouse (Powdered, with the most frightly shabby chip-hat, staring perpendicularily up in the air, black gown with a Little Cape—and, thank God, a handkerchief!), Mrs. Branthwayte, Mrs. Fanshawe, Mrs. Laton, Mrs. Norris, and Miss Buckle, who dances very prettily and came for to be Ned's partner. For since our expedition to Yarmouth he has become a great dancer. The Gentlemen dancers were: Papa, Uncle Harry, Sr John Wodehouse, Mr. Wm Hay, Major Churchill, Major Money, two young officers, Mr. Roper and Mr. Pocklington, Captn Majendie, whom you saw last year with General Johnson, Mr.

Branthwayte, Mr. Layton. Sitters by were: Lady Wodehouse, Mrs. Chester, Mrs. Majendie (with child), Hopkinson—and Mama.

The supper was at 12 and the company parted at 3. Miss Wodehouse dances very well, but is as ugly as Sin. She professes an *immense* regard for you, and told me she had again wrote. So pray answer a few lines: for, as you must be acquainted when you return, it will be better to be civil to her: she has enough to be mortified about in her face! I forgot to name her brother who danced, as also another great boy, Master Chester.

I was very much entertained with the account you gave me of your Little Concert and succeeding *Riot.* It puts me in mind of my Youth and I believe if you were at Panthemont the nuns would think you were gone back again to my days! I am glad my little girl is merry at all events. A Night Cap is a very Good Terrorem. At Panthemont it was kissing the ground in the middle of the Choir. I dreaded it more than many people do hanging. I shall endeavour, my Dearest Charlotte, to send you the little money you have expended, and the other things you asked for. Had you not a guinea pocket money extraordinary when your account was paid? I order'd it. Adieu, my Dear Little Girl. I shall write again soon, and in the mean while send a kiss to the two little fat Cheeks I have so often paid that homage too.

On the subject of the interior economy, the discipline and amusements of a fashionable ladies' convent in Paris under the *ancien régime*, many entertaining details will be found in the 'Memoirs of the Princesse de Ligne,' who was educated at the

Abbaye-aux-Bois, Rue de Sèves, very much about the same time. There is no reason to believe that the manners and customs varied greatly at different institutions of the same class.

COSSEY,
Janry. the 2nd. 1786.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

We left London on Tuesday last 25th. and arrived here, in the middle of snows, the day after. Your uncle Arthur and his Lady who lodged with us at Lothian's Hotel, left London about ten minutes before we did. They proposed stopping a night or two at Sr Edward Hailes, near Canterbury; and then again some days at Cambray where Dillon's regiment is quartered and where also are Mde Dillon's mother (Mde de Girardin), her son and daughter From thence they all proceed together to Paris, where they both promised me they would call upon you two days after their arrival. They have got for you, five guineas in money, a letter from *Mama* with a very pretty steel neck lace which I hope you will like. Mrs. Dillon is a good Humour'd, well meaning woman, much attach'd to my Brother, which gives her great merit in my eyes, as he is really a most *aimable* Man every way, the best of Hearts with every other Good Quality. He succeeded very much here. We were in London only three weeks; but during that time all the Great People seem'd to wish to shew him how much he was esteem'd. Lord Carmarthen said he had to thank him, as Secretary of State, for his great Humanity and noble Behaviour to the English in the Island; and what was still more flattering, Lord Thurloe, the Chancellor, desired

to be introduced to him, to say that not only he had Respected him in Common with every Body as a very Brave Officer, but that it was evident that he was not a less good Civilian; and so as he had been very happy to put *Thurloe*, under my *Brother's* name, to ratify all the decrees passed during the three years of his governorship of St. Christopher's. On this island being ceded again to the English, the Business my Brother had done there had been revised at home and approved of by the Chancellor. His approbation, as he is in general a very Rough sort of Gentleman, is extreamely flattering and raised my Brother very much in the Opinion the people here. In short I must own it gave me great pleasure to see him thus Received. He was also taken great notice of by the King, and Queen, and Prince of Wales; and there has been many flattering paragraphs about him in the Papers. There appeared also Verses, three weeks running, in the *Norwich Mercury* which I will send you.

. . . . . .

The manner in which my Brother has been treated here, has greatly Reconciled me to the idea of William serving abroad, for which reason I have given George an account about his Uncle. Lady Clifford's third son, who is eighteen and was brought at Liège, is entered into Dillon's regiment, and is to be this winter at Paris with them in order to have Masters. They say he is a very Handsome Young Man. He will most likely call upon you; and if he does, you may say he is your *Oncle à la mode de Bretagne;* being my Cousin German he is what they call so in France.

My Brother has reason to hope that he will be made Governor of La Martinique; and, if so, his wife's daughter, Mlle de la Touche, who is ten years old is to go to a Convent. My Brother wishes for the *Blue Nuns*, his wife for the *Ursulines*, and the Girl for *Abbaye aux Bois*. I recommended the first, that she might learn to speak English; but if not that, certainly the Ursulines. She has been already at the *Abbaye de Montmartre*, but did not like it. Sr Wm has received your pretty letter. The Chevalier is certainly mad and Père Arnout also. I will tell you more about this in my next. Pray My Dearest Little Girl, write soon. I love you Dearly.

General Arthur Dillon had married *en secondes noces* the widow of the Comte de la Touche (*née* de Girardin); the Mademoiselle de la Touche here referred to married later Edward, Duke of Fitzjames.

About this time the question seems to have been first mooted of William Jerningham taking, like his father before him, service under the French King (Sir William had served in his youth first in the Chevaux Légers de la Maison de Louis XV., then in the Regiment Fitzjames). The corps selected for William Jerningham was, naturally enough, considering his mother's connection, Dillon's Regiment, in which he served for several years before passing, at the outbreak of the Revolution, into the Austrian service.

Père Arnout was tutor to the Jerningham boys.

COSSEY.
Mch. 6th.

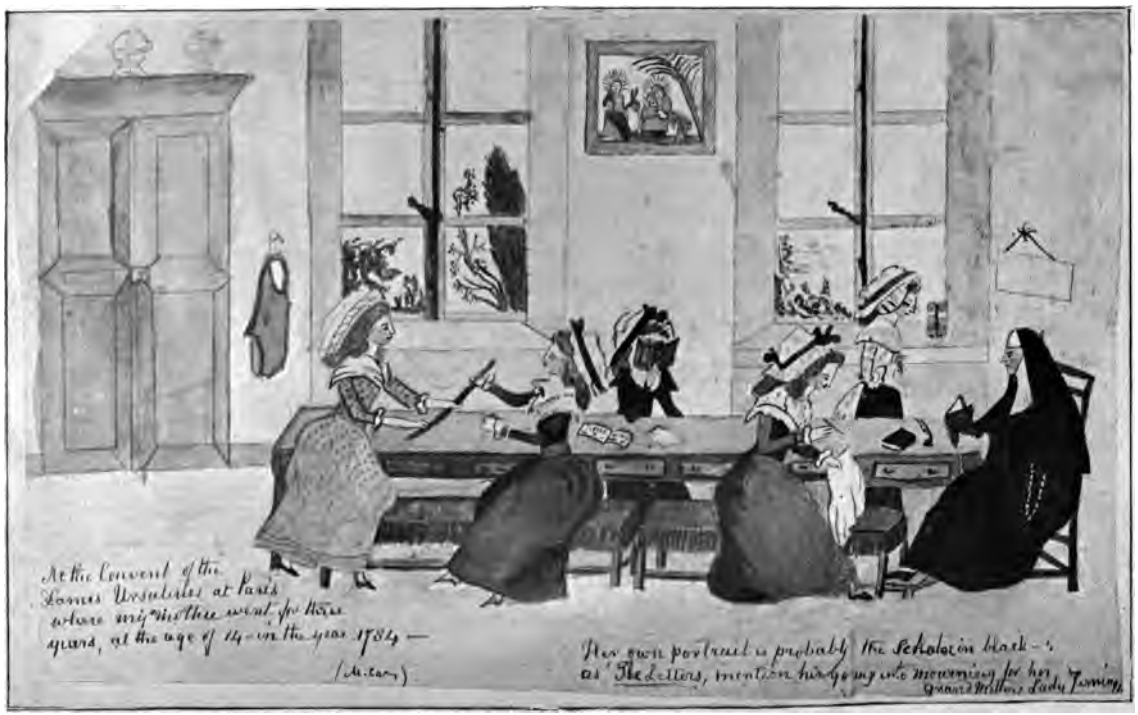
MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

Enclosed is a letter for the Mère Générale to say all that you desire. I have told her that my

Pretty Girl's *Menus Plaisirs* must change into a Guinea a Month and that augmentation to begin, if she thinks proper, from last January. This will set you a little at your ease, for I hope the 6£ you mentioned to me last year was employ'd in the same manner this Shrovetide for dinners etc. and that you amused yourself as well as before. I have also desired that Geography and Italian masters may be employ'd, the dancing to be no more doubled, and even I think that 2 lessons of dancing a week would be sufficient at present. The dropping this lesson would make you gain time for your other studies and would also decrease the number of lessons to be produced upon your *mémoire*, which must be a pretty strong one. But I want my sweet Girl to acquire as many talents as she has naturall Good Qualities. Perhaps you could drop a lesson also of your music master and so only take 2 singing lessons a week. As you have Harp, and Harpsichord besides, I think it would be sufficient. I am very glad you are reading Rollin's *Histoire Ancienne*, it is perfectly well written and very Instructive. Is it L'Abbé Millotte's *Abrégé de l'histoire de France* that is recommended?

. . . . . .

Mrs. Fitzherbert has, I believe, been married to the Prince. But it is a very hazardous undertaking, as there are two acts of Parlement against the validity of such an Alliance: concerning her being a subject, and her being Catholick. God knows how it will turn out—it may be to the Glory of our Belief, or it may be to the Great dismay and destruction of it!



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additional Geography, it will also swell the next account Considerably. Pray my Sweet Girl, let me know your opinion of all this, for you know that I often abide by your advice, and you may settle it with the Mère Générale if you approve of it. I read to Papa the little short account of your 12th. and that you had nothing left for the remainder of the month, and he said *Poor Girl, that's hard upon her*, so the guinea was immediately agreed to. . . . I would not have you want for anything that is necessary to your comfort or good appearance where you are, which I know is nearly allied to comfort: but only one must not lose sight of proper Economy. I can assure you that I am obliged to keep within very strict limits; but I do not mind myself, it is a real truth that I have more gratification in knowing that all of you want for nothing, than in anything which might be a personal *douceur*.

Your old acquaintance Miss Eleanora Arundell, who is just turn'd of 20, is going to be married to Mr. Charles Clifford, Lord Clifford's Brother; he or his children will most likely have the Clifford Estate and title, as his Elder Brother has now been married 7 or 8 years and never had a Child. At present his fortune is not considerable but he is a very pleasing young man (26) and of a most unexceptionable character. Lord Arundell will, I suppose, make up all defficiencys in point of money. The Eldest Sister, who is called Mrs. Arundell, lay in of a Son in the Winter. She usually resides in Lincolnshire at her Mother's Estate.

L^dy Clifford writes me word that the Petres are quite charmed with their Daughter in Law; that they think her Beautiful, whilst others are divided about her having any Beauty at all! However she is, at present, quite the thing. People imagined that the other match of Mr. Howard and Miss Petre must follow, but there is no appearance of it at present and it is now imagined will not take place. I suppose she goes out this Winter but I have not heard a word about her. The Wodehouses have been in London this long time. Miss Wodehouse told Miss Sneyde (a niece of the Bishop's), that you were the *dearest friend* she had in the world, that you were the *handsomest*, most *accomplished* Charming girl, she could see. How one sometimes gains by absenting oneself! However, seriously, I begin to think she has persuaded herself that she is partial to you.

Miss Arundell, who is going to be Mrs. Clifford, is tall, and pretty, but has that same gawkey stoop that she had when she was a Girl, and which, I am afraid, proceeds in some measure from weakness, as she looks very consumptive and was ill all the winter. She enquired after you. Mrs. Arundell is very little but has a pretty face, very quiet. . . . I think the match you have made a very good one, if she is really to have so large a fortune, but Mr. Hawkins has a Brother, a horrid man, a Renegade Monk, who is married and has Children. I thought Miss Hawkins was more than 13. Does she follow you in your masters as she did at first? I suppose her Mother is got better. M^de Dillon is with Child.

What an affliction for Madame de L'Abbaye-aux-Bois, to have her Brother detected in such a paltry theft! Who does the Little M^de^ de Chabrillant live with? tis a great folly to put a Girl of her age in *ménage*. I suppose M^de^ de la Force does not yet think of it. Adieu my dearest Charlotte, be well assured of my sincere love and affection. Poor Neddy is at school and very well.

The daughter-in-law with whom, according to Lady Clifford's account, the Petres were so much delighted, was the Mary Howard mentioned above in connection with the 'Blue Nuns' (see p. 14).

Madame de l'Abbaye-aux-Bois no doubt refers to Madame Marie Madeleine de Chabrillan, who had some ten or fifteen years before succeeded Madame de Richelieu (sister of the famous Maréchal) as the head of that Bernardine convent.

May 11th.

MY PRETTY, DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I hope soon to have the pleasure of hearing from you and in the meanwhile must entertain myself by writing to you. Have you heard from Lady Belmore about your muslin?

I writ to her to get you one, because she always asks *as a favour* to be employ'd about something for you. The white dresses are certainly the prettyest at your age and are wore entirely here by the young people with sashes. I propose bringing you a very fine *silver* Gown. It is a new Norwich manufactury. Everybody is ordering them: the whole gown comes to about 7 guineas and looks like a beautiful, magnificent gold muslin. They make them also plain.

which are very pretty and cost but 2 guineas. I wish I could send you one of the plain ones, but I am told that they are become particularly strict at the custom house about cloath's, so that I cannot send it by the Dilligence, as one can a small parcel of anything else. The plain Norwich cottons are very like the Manchester, of which you once had a gown, which Molly now wears.

. . . . . .

Pray let Lady Anastatia know that Mrs. Barbauld is a "Lady of Great Litterary merit and of particular good Character. That she was a Miss Aikin, of York, and published several poems and a devotional tract; that she married Mr. Barbauld, a dissenting minister, who kept a school at Diss in Suffolk; that they were both very much esteemed, and last year gave up their school, to the regrett of several who had their children there; that they are friends of Miss Brand's, and that their own personal merit entitles them to Respect and Notice." You must, my Jewel, write this immediately to Lady Anastatia, as she tells me that Mrs. Barbauld had come to the Convent reccommended by Miss Brand and that she did not know what to make of her, but desire'd *I* would inform her, either by writing myself or through you. Therefore I chose to write to my Dear Little Girl.

Pray is Miss Chichester come to you? I suppose she is daughter to a Mr. Chichester of Devonshire, a Chatholick Gentleman of very large fortune. Lady Stourton lies in of a Son. You should institute an *Album* at the *Ursulines;* it would be very enter-

taining for to look at in some years: every pensioner to write a sentence in verse, or prose and in any language with their name and the date and month and year. Adieu my Dearest dear Girl.

The following is one of the rare letters from Sir William preserved in the collection; it is characteristic as a specimen of the rather formal correspondence of a father who but seldom wrote to his daughter.

The 'German stomach' of General Jerningham refers to the digestive organs of another relation, probably one of Sir William's numerous uncles, who had risen to high rank in the Austrian service. 'Your Uncle Henry' is Colonel Henry Dillon, and 'my brother Edward,' who plays his harp, is, of course, 'the Poet.'

COSSEY,
Monday June 19th.

Your Brother Edward, I found was appointed this Post to be Secretary to your Mama, but I desired him to give me up that office that I might have the pleasure myself, my Dear Charlotte, of informing you that your Mama is a great deal better and mends every day. She has had an Intermitting fever these eight days, which Complaints you know are very troublesome but noways dangerous. She began the Bark yesterday and agreed very well with her, which it never did before; I hope now in a few days she will be quite well. I wish I had some news that I could write to you, but there is none stirring here. We have in the House General Jerningham, whose German Stomach is as voracious as ever, and your Unkle Henry, who is in very good spirits. I brought

him back with me about a fortnight ago as I went thro' Worcester to Stafford. My Brother Edward who is also here, and plays his Harp every night, is grown fat and is as lazy as you remember him. To-morrow is the Norwich Guild, Mr. Jerry Ives the Mayor. We are all invited and shall go, except your poor Mama who is not able (and I believe not sorry, for you know she does not much like those kind of entertainments). I shall be very happy, My Dear Charlotte, in the pleasure I shall have in seeing you next August. Pray let me know if I can bring you anything from London that you wish to have, which I will do with great pleasure, I assure you. I find you have seen your Brothers lately. Père Arnout did not much approve of their stay at Paris so long, as he writes word. For my part I like it very much and am very much obliged to your Unkle Arthur for keeping them (pray did Madame Dillon give you five guineas I sent you by her when she returned to Paris, last Xmas: I only ask the question as I dont remember your Mama ever telling me you had received it.)

Please to present my respects to Madame La Générale and

Believe me, most sincerely,

Your Affectionate Father

W. JERNINGHAM.

When you write pray inform yourself particularly about the Abbé Plowden, as I hear he is ill and cannot live long. I shall not be sorry for him upon two accounts: the first is that I shall have a friend in Heaven to pray for us, and the Second

is which is a more Worldly wish, that the annuity I pay him of £300 per annum I shall give to your Good Mama for Pin Money. Adieu, *mon Cœur*, your Unkles and Cousin and Brother desire their loves to you.

In Lady Jerningham's next letter of gossip we find a contemporary reference to the end of that notorious scamp, George Robert Fitzgerald, one of the most prominent figures in the annals of British duelling. The story of his 'election' at Brookes', often related (and among others by John Timb in 'Clubs and Club Life in London'), is too well known to need repeating here.

COSSEY,
June the 28th.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

I think you will be glad to see my Handwriting again, and therefore I make use of my returning good Health to Converse with my poor Little Girl. After I wrote last my fever was something worse, and I desired y^r^ Papa to let you know how I was; but now thank God I am really quite Recover'd and have only weakness left of my disorder, which is what will mend every day. I have taken the Bark for the last week and yesterday went down stairs to the Library, so that you see I am now quite in the way of Health.

. . . . . .

A sad affair has just happened In Ireland, a Mr. Fitzgerald a gentleman of good fortune, (whose Mother Lady Mary Fitzgerald is Sister to Lord Bristol and to the late L^dy^ Mulgrave, Mrs. Dillon's

Mother) after a very profligate Bad Course of Life at length in the most audacious manner, caused and was present at the Murder of a gentleman (Mr. McDonald) in his own Park. This happened in February last. He was immediately, with the two other who were his dependants, taken into Custody; and on the 12th. of this month, was in consequence of the Verdict against Him, Hanged with Brecknock and Fulton, his two associates. I knew him formerly in London. He was a very pretty young man, only always fighting duels. He married Ldy Buckingham's youngest sister, Miss Connolly, by whom he has one Daughter a very handsome Girl, about 14. What a dreadful thing! and how much does this show the want of good principles being sowed when young, to Counteract the effects of ungoverned Passion. Mr. Fitzgerald might now have been about 37 or 8. His first Wife is dead. He behaved always very well to her and was very fond of his daughter. His second wife, who is living, he was parted from.

Two letters, written in November, forecast the end of Charlotte's course of education with the Ursulines. Soon after, early in December, Lady Jerningham started forth on her journey of deliverance.

(*November* 1786)

I think with Pleasure that I shall soon take this Little Solitary Hermit out of Confinement, and enjoy the reward of my own Resolution in having parted from her, by the talents and accomplishments it has been the means of her acquiring. You

may be certain, My Dear, of being Indulged in every thing that it is in my power to grant you ; and, therefore, Mdlle Dacier may, upon your liking her and giving her so good a Character, rest assured of remaining with you.

. . . . . .

Miss Barbara Webb (daughter to Sr John Webb, and to a Pretty Lady Webb whom you may just remember to have seen when you were very little) has married the Earl of Shaftesbury, a Protestant. She is a Catholick, was brought up at the English Nuns at Louvain, and afterwards at *Port Royal* in Paris. She is 24, and reckoned pretty; her Father can give her a very large fortune if He choses it. What has brought on this match I cant tell. I think the Catholick Ladies seem to be in fashion!

November 21.
CONBURY HOUSE,
KINGSTOWN.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

I am now at my Father's new house at Kingstown, ten miles from London, and therefore so far on my way to my sweet dear Girl at Paris! It will now be a very few days before we take the absolute Dover Road and then I shall see England no more without my Little *Great* Girl being with me.

. . . . . .

Ld and Ldy Dillon desire their kind love to you; they are very good to Neddy, who is however a

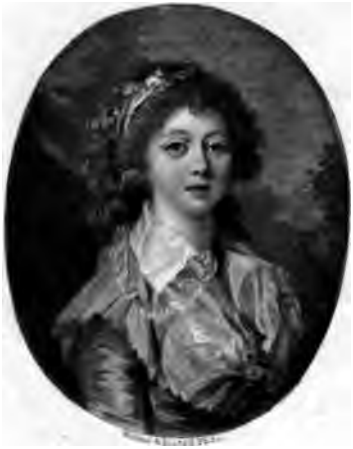
little in awe before them. *Adieu encore une fois.* I had a very pretty, kind letter before I left Cossey. Your Papa sends you a kiss and I every thing that is tender and kind. I shall write again in a few days. You might write to me directed, *chez Mr. Paston à St. Omer* as we shall pass there, and I want to hear from my Little Girl again. *Adieu ma chère petite.* Lady Clifford has a house at Richmond, 3 miles from hence. Miss Clifford has had a fit of the Gout and is yet lame.

On her arrival in Paris, Lady Jerningham finds a letter from her French brother, General Arthur Dillon, then in command of his regiment over the seas.

A Milady.
Milady Jerningham, à Paris.

DE LA RIVIÈRE MONSIEUR
ILE MARTINIQUE.
le 12 8*bre* 1786.

J'espère my chère sœur que cette lettre vous trouvera en bonne santé à Paris. Que j'ai de regrets de ne pas y être avec vous! J'y ai réuni à present les personnes que j'aime le mieux au monde, mais j'éprouve bien la verité du proverbe :—'On n'est pas en ce monde pour ses aises avoir.' Je suis au moins destiné à bien labourer avant d'en être là. J'espère aussi que vous aurez conservé votre amitié à Mde Dillon: elle me rend le plus heureux des hommes, c'est un titre auprès de vous et d'ailleurs elle a pour vous l'amitié la plus Tendre. Vous n'aurez, je vous promets, jamais à vous plaindre que de sa paresse,



Charlotte Georgina Jerningham
æt. 16
from a miniature.

a day. I have not forgot our walks, our poetical conversations &c, and I hope my summers will be brighten'd by your society: some part at least of each summer at Cossey, or at the seat (wherever it shall be) of which Providence shall appoint you to be the Mistress. I now look forward to the seeing you in Town. I flatter myself you will bring with you your best looks: your fame is gone before you, and I hear by other people singularly fine things; but partial as I am, I am cautious of saying much to others for fear it shou'd appear like a Puff.

I suppose you have been reading, drawing, and musiking: these employments have added wings to the Time. I hope you have not meditated on The grave subject: *with added years* &c, but have rather, I trust, enjoy'd the sunshine of the mind. This kind of intellectual fine weather depends more than is imagined upon the endeavours of the person who wishes to secure it.

I have no particular news, or Novelty to fill my paper with, so you must allow me to be stupid, and I am entitled to the priviledge of stupidity by having a bad cold. The Tragical fate of poor Wall has been a Topic at the fire-side at Cossey. I am glad I did not know Him. I have a print or Two for you. The collars I promised, I cannot get. I have read nothing very Interesting of late. The new play of *Julia* I have not been to: I am more assiduous at the opera than at the Play-house.

I Believe L^dy^ Belmore is not yet come to Town. Mr. Edgcombe, whom I thought had conceived a partiality for your Friend Sophia, I thought and

wished might have continued so. But I find by what he says that he has transfer'd all his views to one of the Daughters at Blenheim where the family are acting Plays and He is one of the performers: I am sure however he will not meet with success in That Quarter. I suppose you will see the Wodehouses, they are gone to Kimberley:

My Love to your Mama and your little neighbour. I hear L^dy^ Dillon is pretty well, she complains of her house, and wishes very much to get into another: I am to see her next week and then I shall write to L^dy^ Jerningham.

Adieu.

R. S. V. P.

Green street, Grosv'nor square.

Another, from the same writer, follows almost immediately the foregoing in the order of the collection, but its date is three years later (Charlotte Jerningham was then nearly twenty years of age). It is addressed to:

'Mademoiselle Jerningham,
'Place Roialle,
'Bruxelles.'

June 21. 1791.

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I thought our correspondence had died of a consumption in the flower of her youth. I had frequently sighed over her grave. But your Information has undeceived me and has exhibited the departed Nymph in all the Lustre of Health.

I thank you particularly for the egotism-part of

your letter; what relates to your Individuality is peculiarly interesting to me and cannot be picked up in the Brussels Gazette, tho' every thing else may. I should Like to hear the sound of your harp on one of the *gray days;* if I could hover in spirit over you, I would strike a most soothing melancholy Tone from one of the strings. It would become me, at my Time of Life, to enjoy (or rather to suffer) some gray days, but I have seldom or never any: my Individuality is much the same, I have a continuance of good health with better spirits. I have renounced most public and crowded Assemblies: *my* Assembly is the opera. I live with the same set as I did, we all go gently down the hill together, yet I think old Time has got upon a race-horse. I have a little wax figure of you in my Library which I treasured as one of my best ornaments. The head fell off the other day! Had I not heard from the chevalier since, I should have had some ominous impression and grey sensation about the original. My nurse is much flatter'd with all you say about her, and will be happy to receive the Cassandra—a large Picture in oil by Hamilton is at Macklin's Exhibition, which is much liked by the connoisseurs.

I hope this will reach you before you go to Spa; I wish you much entertainment there and every where. And when you have played truant long enough I hope you will return and root upon your Mother-soil. I deliver'd your commission to Miss Wodehouse: she says she *forgives* you, tho' it is *abominable* in you! She is much improved; she is all good humour, pleasantry, and vivacity. But I do

not see any appearance of her changing her name. I wish her well-established near Town within my reach. Your old friend, L^dy^ Valletort, is near her Time, and the mountains are all in Expectation of the mouse. She is upon the whole far from being happy, she is undervalued in the family, her Inferiority of mind is a pretence for neglecting her. She is sensible of this neglect and is very warm and passionate at Times, which makes her situation more uncomfortable.—L^dy^ Ann Villars was married yesterday to Mr. Lampton—L^dy^ Jersey is overjoy'd at this match—she has five more daughters to dispose of. The Dormers seem perfectly pleased with the marriage of Miss Dormer with Mr. Knight. It is not an illustrious connection: he is the natural son of Ld Luxborough, who was nobody, but who left an immense fortune to his son.

The Tittle Tattle of the Town at present is the separation of the P— and Mrs. F. It is founded upon her bying a house near London and on her not accompanying the P— to Brighton. I give no credit to the separation, or at best think it an artificial one to deceive the K— and Q—, whose pecuniary assistance he wants so much.

Adieu, my clever niece — I have picked up occasionally some intelligence about you from persons who have been at Brussels—You are above flattery, so I shall not repeat what they say. Your riding in a masterly way is not what suits my idea of female meekness, but I allow you to be amazon as you have so many claims upon the arts which soften down the Intrepidity of the amazon—Miss Petre is

not an Amazon, but she looks so cross, so forlorn! as if she was under some great misfortune. The men do not like her and I am told she is very unpopular at Balls. I never see the Petres, scarcely *et le mal n'est pas gigantesque.*

My best remembrance to every body.

Yours sincerely and affectionately.

The following quaint letter from Lady Anastatia Stafford (Sister Mary Ursula, at the 'Blue Nuns' in Paris) is docketed by Lady Bedingfeld:

'*From Mary Ursula Stafford, to my father, Sir Wm Jerningham.*' The relationship of 'nephew and cousin' stood, of course, through Mary Plowden, whose mother was sister to the last Earl of Stafford.

PARIS.
ye 13th. July 1791.

Well! my Dear nephew and Cousin, To answer your 4 kind Letres of ye 30th. Ult. article by article: 1° I received them with great pleasure, as you say you did mine. 2° you say you shall take no sort of Notice of what is passed: I don't know any thing you have to take notice of, for I think, I have been a very good relation to you, and so have you to me, and I see no reason why you should change. 3° you send me a Draft for wh I thank you kindly.

Last Sunday I gave a Little Feast to all our Abbesses past, present and to come; and this Day I give another, composed of Pap, Pouding, and pease for my Companion. We are 5 in number. As for a general Feast, I don't know yet if I shall be able to

give it, for tho' the Mayor and municipalaty is kinder to us than to their own, perhaps we shall at Last be forced to seek a refuge in our own Country. In that case, I think I shall do well to keep the rest of your Bounty to pay our journey there, without you chuse to send me another Draft for that purpose. But you need not distress or hurry your self for that. No, my Age gives me hopes: I shall go from hence to heaven. I dont supose however, but I shall stop some time in the way in an Auberge, called Purgatory, from whence you must help me out, not so much by money as prayers. You may give me some of them, by way of prevention.

All my Mothers and Sisters here, desire their Compliments to you and join me in the same to your Lady and Family. But this is all her Ladysp shall have from me, till she has paid me a Letter she owes me, in answer to one I wrote her 2 Years ago. I endeavour to follow the good example, given me here, that is to say (and you will perceive it) to bear our Crosses cheerfully. Adieu—that God may Bless you and yours, is the daily prayer of

Dear Cousin

Your affectionate Cousin and
Servant,

MARY URSULA (Stafford).

The year 1792 saw the beginning of that general exodus of 'aristocrats' from revolutionized France which was to be known under the broad term of *l'émigration.*

In a letter, couched in his usual flirting style, addressed from Paris early in this year to his niece at Cossey, the Poet

announces his intention of departing for a land which was soon to become a dangerous dwelling-place for all foreigners.

The account of the ruthless treatment of rioters by the King's soldiers throws a curious side-light on the still uncertain state of affairs in the capital: the abuse of authority still going on in face of the growing tide of red revolt.

It is interesting to compare the opinion of Madame de Créqui—that typical French patrician—on the merits of Madame de Staël, with that of the Poet, who sees 'not the least pedantism about her.'

If you could be informed by any fairy how often I have thought of you, and talked of you, my silence would assume the robe of Innocence. I am upon the Eve of my Departure and am resolved to get the better of my Indolence for a few minutes and make you a late but sincere Offering of my Remembrance and best wishes:—my visit to Paris has been attended with every circumstance to render it agreeable, and I really feel uncomfortable at the thought of leaving it: the Civilities and kindnesses I have received impress themselves more forcibly upon me when I am going to remove from the Persons from whom they flowed.

The Impression *you* have made here is not yet effaced: Madame Wall and the Crillons particularly take a Delight in recalling you. I do not mean to diminish *your* Excellence, but Beauty is not a general Quality in Paris, and the few that are handsome strike with more effect.

Of an event that happened the other night I was an eye witness: the mob pass'd our window on their way to the Hotel de Brienne, three doors off: there they assembled with Flambeaus without appearing

to have any settled resolution about destroying the house, for they stood at least a quarter of an hour opposite the Hotel without committing any violence. During this Suspence the French *Gardes* pass'd our Door, and surprising the rioters, they fell upon them in a most inhuman manner, Beating their heads with the Musket and applying the point of the Bayonet to several. One poor wretch, escaping the tumult drop'd at our door. My Brother supplied him with Linen and everything requisite for the dressing of his wound, which, however, the Surgeon declar'd to be Mortal; the bayonet had run so far into his stomach. When the battle was over, Monsr de Brienne, (to remove a little the odium from his name) order'd the man to be convey'd to his house, where he died four hours after. By the means of the flambeaux I saw the Military execution perfectly. The poor rioters made very little resistance, and they should have been taken prisoners and not treated as if they had opposed Arms to Arms.

We have not heard the exact number of the men who were slain; I understand sixty were sent to the hospital and four or five were killed upon the spot.—

The theatres are great resources for us foreigners: Sacchini's music makes one bear French singers. As for the French Tragedy it is so pompous and stiff that I seldom visit Melpomene; but for Thalia, whenever Molière takes her by the hand, I am always of the party. The *Varietés Amusantes* I often frequent.

The town is now in great joy at the return of Parliament, which assembled yesterday.

I do not often see M^de^ de Sillery my neighbour, she is so employ'd with her pupils—M^de.^ de Staël is the literary Phenomenon here: she is not more than twenty two and has not the least pedantism about her—extremely cheerful, and has a rapidity of eloquence which surprises; I have address'd some verses to her which M^de^ de Bonfleurs has translated.

. . . . . .

The ladies here in general do not cultivate the fine Arts; but when they do apply I think they surpass the nymphs of Albion. The daughter in law of M^de^ de Bonfleurs plays on the harp superior to anything I have ever heard; another lady plays pianoforte beyond Miss Guest by many degrees; M^de^ de Valence draws inimitably; as for M^de^ de Vence she wants no additional accomplishments: she is a Being of another order.—Madame de Gouvernet has a tincture of French and English which gives her an original cast.—She wishes you was settled here.

The lady to whom the Poet alludes as Madame de Gouvernet is the Comtesse de la Tour du Pin Gouvernet, a daughter of General Arthur Dillon.

During the summer of this year we again find Lady Jerningham and her daughter in the Low Countries, first at Brussels, then at Spa, partly for the sake of the waters and of the fashionable gathering which even during the progress of the war was to be found throughout the summer at the latter place, but principally for the sake of being near William, the second son

who had entered the Austrian service, and was then serving, under Clairfayt, in Bender's Regiment.

A letter from George Jerningham, who had remained at home with Sir William, reaches Charlotte Jerningham at Spa.

COSSEY,
September 10th.

Dont be angry, Dear Sister, at my not answering your letter sooner. I should have done it had I found time before, but I have not been a week together at Cossey, scarcely, since we came. We returned last night from Felfrigg where we had been for some days; Mr. Windham is as *gentle as ever, warming his hands by the fire*, but violent against the Jacobins; and so is every body, except some rascals at Norwich. I am very glad to hear the Duke of Brunswick getts on so well. I suppose William will remain at the camp at Tournai and be obliged, as the Chev. say's in his letter, *de se contenter des lauriers qu'il a acquis à Orchies.* I want very much to hear from him.

Mr. Bedingfield has just been here, and will return to-morrow to shoot, in his way to Oxburgh. Sir Richard has been very ill, and probably will not survive the winter. Mr. B. is grown very fat. Howard of Corby is going to be married to a Miss Leneve, a Niece of *H. Hubbuds.* I hope this will find Ned quite recovered. We have now got through most of our visits except Holkham and Oxburgh. We shall go to Blickling for a day or 2 at the end of the month, for the Aylsham ball.

We leave Cossey, I believe, about the end of

October. When we shall meet again or where, God knows. I see you are rather angry for my taking up my quarters in your Room, but I think I did very right, for more than once all the rooms have been occupied so that if I had been in the Green or blue room some one must have slept in yours, and I flatter myself you had rather I should sleep in it than a stranger who would have been pulling all your things about, perhaps. Every thing is just as you left it, even the *bats* in the black closet where I am now writing. I hope my Mother continues well, pray thank her for the list of Spa which I received last week. The Chev. will be here, I believe, before the end of the month. Mr. Chamberlayne desires his comps. I met Cosmo Gordon in Italy. Those little trees, which were *so very very* small quite buried in grass and ling, are still *rather rather* small. Those going to Hudsons wood not much grown either; all about where our horses used to be looks very dismal, and so are all the old walks, and the old tree by the Temple, where we used to churn. Adieu Dear Sister, write to me soon and tell me all you know of the armies.

I remain,
Yours &c.
G. JERNINGHAM.

Sir William is very well he writes to, and hears from Miss D—— every now and then, she has taken Supretini's lodging for the winter; she writes word also that the Gardiners have not yet left Brussels. Do you ever go to 'Theux on a Sunday? I suppose the Salms reckon themselves

the smartest people for horses and carriages. Continue winning: you play, I dont doubt, at the gold table. The kitchen garden is going to be made from the old barns down to the bridge, and a new bridge is to be built nearer the ford. The Octagon barn has been whitened. Harvest is not yet finished. The entrance is to be from the Falcon with lodges, the road to the new bridge.

The combined Austro-Prussian army, during the first war of the Revolution, achieved a very definite superiority: the French had for a time to act chiefly on the defensive along their own frontier, and the Netherlands were considered quite safe. Spa, which was then an even more fashionable resort than now, remained full of visitors during the autumn.

It is to be noted that two Dillons were at that time serving on the French side, with whom it might have been William's fate to cross swords. One was the Comte Théobald Dillon, known as *Le Beau Dillon*, a collateral of Lady Jerningham's family—some say illegitimately, but nevertheless connected by blood with the Lords Dillon. Of him Lally Tollendal, writing to Lord Sheffield in May, 1792, speaks as 'my relative and friend.' Arthur Dillon, the proprietary Colonel, had handed over to him the command of the *Régiment de Dillon* in 1780. This Théobald Dillon was massacred for a 'traitorous aristocrat' by his own mutinous troops at Lille, after the failure of an attack upon the Austrian position at Tournay on April 29.

The other was General Arthur Dillon himself, one of Lafayette's Lieutenants in the Armée du Nord, Lady Jerningham's brother. It must be remembered that—albeit that Louis XVI. was a prisoner—an officer in the French army could still, up to the end of 1792, consider himself as serving under the King.

The engagement at Orchies, mentioned in George's letter, can hardly rank as a battle: On the 14th of July the commander of the Austrian Northern Army directed the Comte de

Latour to seize the post of Orchies, held at the time by a battalion of *La Somme.* After some severe fighting the French were finally expelled from that advanced position.

George Jerningham's letter to his sister is dated after the 'September Massacres,' the news of which was to modify English opinion so strongly concerning the nature of the Revolutionary movement in France. The report had, however, not yet reached the writer.

Lady Jerningham's letter to her son George giving the 'account of William,' has not been preserved in the collection. By the time when the following was penned (November 13) the fortune of war had changed sides: the French had resumed the offensive, and achieved, only a week before (November 6), an undoubted victory at Jemmapes. This is the 'Battle off Mons' to which Lady Jerningham alludes. It had been a severe action, and notwithstanding the hopeful tone of the letter, the Austrians were in retreat along the whole line. Concerning the battle of Jemmapes, however, Jomini could make the following commentary: '*Le lecteur impartial conviendra, cependant, que* 18,000 *Autrichiens exposés sur une mauvaise ligne d'opérations, à* 200 *lieues de leur pays, acquirent plus de gloire en se tirant de là avec perte de* 2,000 *hommes seulement, que le général Français* [Dumouriez] *en les laissant échapper.*'

General Dillon was with Dumouriez's staff.

BRUSSELS,
Nber 13. *Tuesday.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,

To go on with my account of William: on Saturday I received the enclosed letter from him, and as I understood from his Soldier that he was marching to the Camp of this side of Hal, we dined early and set off after Dinner to make him a visit. There were such a number of waggons on the Road

that it was quite dark when we got there: I would not therefore let William be called and we returned by flambeau light to Brussels.

The next morning, Sunday, I set off at ten, and tho' still more impediments were upon the road, got there about 12. The Austrians were encamped of this side of Hal; the French at Brains-Le-Comte. Some Regiments had their tents, but Bender's were in the open air, day and night, and had been so for about a fortnight. Whilst I was waiting in my Coach for William, Major Pollonitz of the Housards came to us. He seemed in the same spirits as when he is at a Ball, said there were 50,000 men there, (for they had all arrived from Tournai since the Battle) and that they hoped to have the beating of the French soon.

Whilst we were talking, some Regiments began to defile, with General Beaulieu on horseback between the Columns. It was said to be 30,000 men going round to secure Namur. William at last arrived and made us a visit of about half an hour in the coach, when suddenly a firing began at the outposts, a great distance off, and William left us.

Our Return was very tedious, as we were obliged to follow General Beaulieu's 10,000 men encompassed with all the apendages of an army, waggons, carts, dragoons on horseback, detached soldiers on foot, wounded people in carts, women and children upon asses, in short stopping every 5 minutes. We got back to Brussels at seven. However, as I had found William in perfect Health, his spirits returned, and the whole army joyous, I was in hopes that all

would yet turn out more favourably. But the fact is that the troops *are* defiling, and that the French, by Convention, are to have Brussels for some time.

William, (by his Colonels leave), as the Regiment passed the town, came in to us last night and lay in your bed. This morning at six he went to rejoin the Regiment at *Starbuck*, but found that they are to rest, at least this morning. So he is come back again and is in this moment gone to make a visit to my Sister; he will write to you, or to his Father, as soon as he is arrived to the place of his destination, of which at present he has no idea. Hornstyne is with him and lay last night in his Room. He has lost all his baggage at Tournai, and a 100 Louis his father had just sent him, which puts him rather out of spirits, as he is litterally not in possession of a shirt. However he has wrote for another supply.

You will see by William's letter how fond he is of his Regiment; he has good reason to be so. I heard at the Camp that at that last affair, Bender's was the last upon the field, and *Kaim* the last man there. Pollonitz told me that Bender's infantry and La Tour's Dragoons were famed for Bravery and good Discipline. 20,000 men who came with us to Brussels set off next morning on the Louvain Road. Tell your Father that I beg he will not be uneasy about us here, for that I shall take every necessary precaution, and if I was now in England I should die with Sollicitude. So pray give my Love to Him, and entreat Him to leave me to my own Prudence.

I was happy in receiving your letter, and find that you will be just arrived in London for my first

account of William. I shall write again very soon. All that is kind to your Uncles.

Lord and Lady Kerry have flown to Aix-la-Chapelle, they are the only Emigrants among the English this affair has occasioned. Mrs. Windham had set off for England before, for to lay in, having taken a sudden dislike to the operators of this Country. Her Husband is here, and talks of going to Paris. Adieu my dear George. Your Sister and Brothers send their love and kind remembrances to your Uncles. Believe me with the most tender affection

Yours
F. JERNINGHAM.

The firing we heard that day at the Camp, was between the advanced Picquets. The Austrians got the better and the same sort of thing had happened in the morning. At the Battle, off Mons, on the 6th. the French Artillery, which is immense, surrounded the Austrians in a half moon, besides which they flung Bombs among them, the same as is done in a town.

It will be remembered that William was then serving with Bender's Regiment, the corps which Lady Jerningham mentions with a certain pride.

The Latour here also mentioned was Baillet, Comte de la Tour, Colonel of the regiment of dragoons bearing his name. He was then Major-General. Notwithstanding his ultimate want of success, during the Rhine campaign later on (where we shall again find William Jerningham) he became President of the Aulic Council of War in the Imperial Army.

Concerning Francis Thomas, third Earl of Kerry, the curious may read in Alger's 'Englishmen in the French Revolution' an

account of his flight from Paris after the storming of the Tuileries, at the time of Lord Gower's recall.

A month after Jemmapes the French were quartered in Brussels, from whence is dated a letter from Charlotte Jerningham to her elder brother at home.

Dec. 11th.
DE LA VILLE SOTTE DE BRUXELLE—
Dernière année du bon sens.

I had intended writing to Papa this Post, but as I have just received such a long letter from you, I must thank you for it, and defer Epistolizing Papa till next week. If you have thought your Exploits too trifling to be related, I have thought ours so terrible that I have not had courage to talk of them and this has made me very silent of late. When I see you, I shall talk all day long without Ceasing—I am very glad that as all this has happened, that I was here to see it, for it has been a very interesting time.

The people of this Country are fell from their foolish Joy into the greatest dispair and Consternation; they positively refuse to adopt the French Government, and several who were violent '*patriots*,' are now wishing for the return of the Austrians. The peasants say they lent their horses to bring the French Artillery into the Country, but they will never help to drag it out. You heard, I suppose, that the French proposed taking down the Statue of Prince Charles in the Place Royale, but the people opposed it so violently that they did not dare

attempt it; the *Capons* in particular mount guard at the foot of it all day and all night, and declare they will kill anybody who comes to pull it down.

The Army is all quartered upon the Inhabitants of the town: the Prs Holberg has got 28 Soldiers, Mde. Patois 12, Mde. Lintelo 25, and 3 officers, the Duke de Beauffort 60, the Cte. de Mérode 80, &c. &c. &c. We have but 3, but an Échevin came to announce to us yesterday that Du Mouriez had fixed upon our house to keep the *Caisse Militaire* in, with all that accompanies it. He said there must be three rooms: a bed chamber, another room to put the *tonneaux of Gold & Silver*, and one to pay the troops in. When I heard him talk of the *tonneaux*, I thought of William and Père Arnout: *Je n'en ai jamais vu.* Another thing they insisted on, was that it should be all upon the ground floor, so they showed them William's room, and we expect the paymaster to take possession of them to-day or to-morrow.

Lady Wallace is here. She was a most Violent *aristocrate* at Spa; but then, going to Maestricht and the Prince de Hesse not being polite enough to her, she is turned into a furious Jacobin and wears (it is said) the *bonnet rouge!* She says Du Mouriez is the *sweetest* man she ever saw, and she came back with him from Liège to Brussels.—

The French have been well beaten and drove out of Frankfort. On the Liège side they cannot proceed any further, from the total want of all sorts of provisions. M. de Clairfayt's army is at Aix-la-Chapelle, and Genl. Beaulieu's (with William) is at

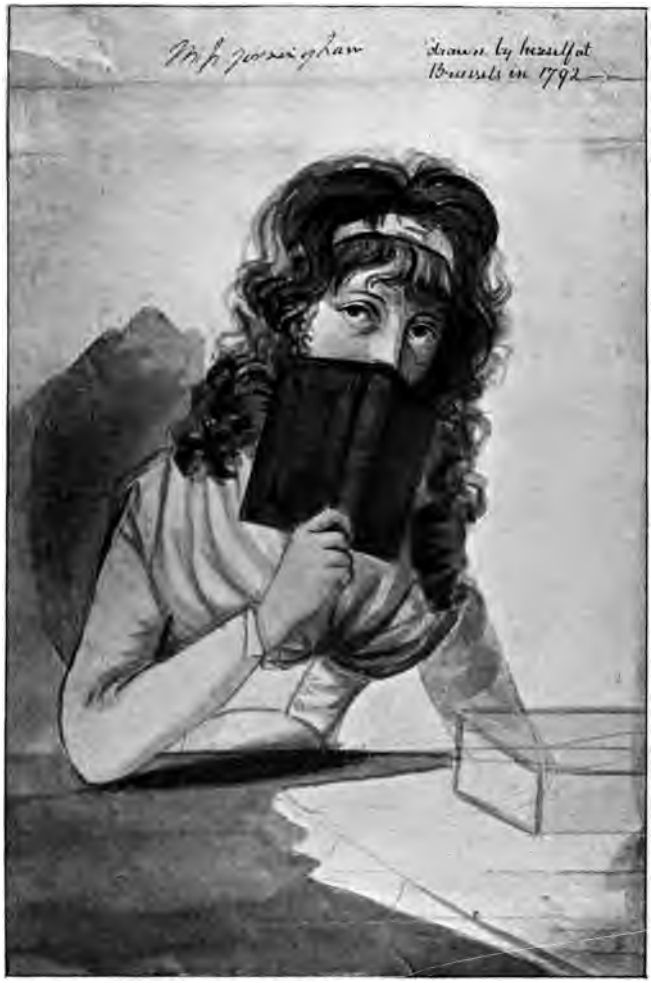
Marche, on the road to Luxembourg. We have had no letter from him, but he sent us *Jerome* from Huy, to tell us he was well and going on to the town above mentioned. I believe he was not in the battle near Liège, but in several other little ones.

Speed remains under my protection, she is always in my room and sleeps in Mlle. Dossier's.—There are regiments coming in here every day, amongst the rest the Légion Americaine, raised by the Chev. St. George, consisting of blacks and Mulattos: they are Hussars and well mounted. Most of these forces are sent towards Antwerp, which looks as if they meant to attack Holland. The Dutch have proclaimed that they will not let any French ships come up the Scheld.

Our reason for going to the Hague was no other than amusement and the avoiding crossing the sea in winter which Mama seems to dislike very much. But as Papa does not chuse it, we shall endeavour to amuse ourselves in the place which meets with his approbation.

We know a great many people *of* the Hague, and *at* the Hague, and the Account they gave of it made us wish to see it before we left the Continent. Now I am got into a sort of bad humour I must scold about my drawings:—are they never to be done? Here I have promised the Engravings to I dont know how many people, and they certainly think it was fanfaronade on my part.—I have done several new things and one that will amuse *you*.—

Adieu, my dear Brother. I think I have told you all that is going on, except grief for the loss of



To face p. 64, vol. i.

pennance: read, on some calm melancholy morning, about a hundred Lines in his *Autumn*, it is in the middle of the poem—The words beginning with these words—

'The pale descending year &c—

down to this line—

'Or is this gloom too much—'

The two young men in my *Play* are now saved! They are allied and are cousins to your friends Rupert and Maurice, The Illness of their Mamma prevents the Play from going on—I Think it will not be of any Disservice to the Play, as so many of my Acquaintance are out of Town. The Physicians will not Let her Act these seven or Eight days at soonest—she is still very hoarse. The Loyalty of the Epilogue, which contains a compliment to the Queen and the D. of York has called down the Indignation of the opposition-papers, but that does not Murder my sleep, as I have received so many flattering Testimonials from Every other Quarter—

I saw *Brydore* three days ago. He says he shall advertise the Print a few days before the Queen's Birthday—Be so good as to inform the Chevalier that Michaeli tells me he has not *Montezuma*, nor is it in the Opera-Collection, for it was burnt with the Pantheon. I went to Broderick the great music shop: he has no copy left. He sent all the copies he had to Naples—so the shortest way wou'd be for the Chevalier to apply to his Friend L^dy^ Clarges.

The report of the morning is that a Swedish ship

is arrived with the news of Ld Howe's having captured the French fleet—If it be true it will be detailed in the Evening papers—if false you have it as cheap as I bought it.

L^dy^ Gormanston has committed a little Indulgence —she appears to be within Three days of her Time, and she chooses to Expose herself by going about. She said some Evenings ago to Mrs. Hunter who was surprised to see her matronlike Appearance: "*I am married! But I was obliged to conceal my marriage for family reasons.*' The Conquering Hero is a Mr. Jepherson, whom I dont know.

Adieu, *ma chère nièce*—say many kind things to your Mama from me. I will write to her soon. I visited the Tourneurs lately; the youngest Daughter asked me Question upon Question about you—whether you rode—whether you play'd the Harp—whether you designed, whether you was gay? &c. &c.—

Pray, how do all your female celestial oddities of the Continent? Is the one I wrote to married?

Ever yrs, with a poetical flow.

Thank the Baronet for the Partridges. The Town is Empty. I sup most every night at Mrs. Danvers —The D^ss^ of Richmond said last night that the Prince Talmont was one of the chiefs of the Royalists that the Government had just received a List of the chiefs and Leaders in the Vendée and that about twenty gentlemen of high rank had enter'd into an association and had sign'd a paper a copy of which was transmitted to England.

The pulse of my hope beats high. And I Augur

well of this Enterprise of Ld. Moira's—Adieu for the Third Time—You are so agreable I cannot leave you.

In 1882 Mr. (now Sir Hubert) Jerningham, M.P. for Berwick, published a reprint of '*The Siege of Berwick, a Tragedy, by Mr. Jerningham, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in* 1794.'

The 'advertisement' prefacing this somewhat dull play, which, at the time when the letter was written, was just in process of completion, runs thus: '*In the Reign of Edward the Third, Sir Alexander Seaton refused to surrender the Town of Berwick, even at the Peril of losing his two Sons; who being taken prisoners in a sally, were threatened with immediate death, unless the town was delivered up.' See Abercomby's 'Martial Atchievements,' vol. ii., p.* 29.

A letter from Lady Maria Stuart, daughter of the first Marquis of Bute, follows immediately in the collection upon that of the Poet, and is one of the very few items bearing the date 1794. I give it here as a characteristic record of an odd, dissatisfied woman, who seems to have passed her whole existence in lamentation and a chronic state of grievance. It is addressed to Charlotte Jerningham, with whom she appears to have been in frequent correspondence, and directed to No. 5, Upper Brook Street.

Easter Sunday.

It is just ten years this Easter, my dearest Friend, since I took the Sacrament for the first time: my Father and my dearest Brother knelt opposite to me at the Altar of our Country Parish: my poor Brother now enjoys the fruits of this ordinance: I wish my father took the Sacrament with me to-day and still more earnestly do I wish that I had *died* soon after I received my first Communion! What misery should I have escaped! I hope, however,

the manner in which I have passed this week may prepare me to endure with more resignation than the past, the future various afflictions to which I seem condemned. The first time my dear and excellent Brother took the Sacrament was at the same altar we always receive at in London: it renders it still more sacred to me: if you knew the unhappy hours I have gone through this week you would I am sure be sorry for me—Will you forgive me if I ask whether I may hope to see you this evening? I have so much to tell you! I will wait on you, if you will give leave, and stay only as long as it suits you or, if it is more convenient to you, will you come to me? Pray pardon me for being so troublesome.

Believe me most truely,

Your very sincere friend,

M. S.

The last letter of this year is from Henry Dillon (Henry Augustus, who was to be the thirteenth Viscount) to his cousin Charlotte. He was then barely eighteen years of age, and very anxious to see a little 'service' in Holland. One of the uncles whom the youth fancies he may never see again was Lord Mulgrave (31st Foot), and the other, presumably, Henry Dillon, commanding the battalion of the Dillon Regiment which had recently been taken into the British service.—In 1793 the first battalion of *Dillon's* was quartered at Lille, where, as stated before, it had butchered its aristocrat Colonel, Comte Théobald; the second was at San Domingo, where, on September 22, it capitulated to Commodore Ford, R.N. On October 1, 1794, this battalion was formally taken on the strength of the British Army, and described in the lists of the period as 'A Regiment of Foot—Part of the Irish Brigade.' Its first Colonel, in these new circumstances, was the Hon. Henry Dillon, the 'English brother' of Lady Jerningham. The corps was disbanded in 1798.

MITCHAM,
Sunday the 20th. 1794.

I should not have troubled you, My Dear Charlotte, with this letter, had I known where Ned had been, or if Fanny was not at Bodney. I confess I am now greatly intruding on your time, but your good nature I hope will excuse me—Ned I expect will be here on the 30th. You will be so good as to give me a line to let me know where he is—I have a vast deal to do on that terrible day; *Imprimis* a long lecture on versification—*item* Cicero's oration against Cataline in Latin—then a pathetic speech out of Mason, or some such author, it is not yet determined upon. I am very fond of pathetic speeches. I can always do those the best, as Dryden says—

> 'He chose a mournful muse,
> Soft pity to infuse.'

My Uncle Mulgrave is immediately going to Holland: his regiment is on the march. This week I believe it comes to Maidenhead. I pray to God that I may go with him: alas I cannot get rid of the thought of the army! But for my Father, I should be so happy, which I am not at present. My Uncles going abroad to be locked up in Dutch Garrisons, the chance of never seeing them again, my remaining here, hope and eager desire, all makes me seize my pen to entreat him—Fear and despondency drops it and blots out the words I had written. You may judge of my situation. I have lost my companion who was of my own age; he is where I wish to be; I associate scarcely with nobody. The Dr, to be sure,

is better than he was. I have no fault to find in him. I am going soon with Mr. Clay to Brighton and Southampton.

What would I give to go to Holland! I amuse myself with hopes and speculations: they say if it was not for hope the heart would break—O, that I could speak my mind thus to my Father, but I am afraid. He thwarts me in the very thing that I have set my affections most—Enough then of my sorrow and disappointments! It only makes me hope and despond more mentioning it.

Lady Young did me the honour of calling upon me; you did not know she was a relation? She is our cousin, she says. I think her very agreeable and pretty—you will not fail to write soon. Pray give my duty to my Uncle and Aunt.

My Dearest Charlotte, I ever remain,

Your most affectionate and very sincere Cousin,

H. DILLON—

P.S. My Uncle Mulgrave was going to be married to Miss Scot. On account of going abroad the marriage is put off—pray do you know Miss Scot? Tell me in yours. I hear she has 70,000 pounds and is very handsome, which I am glad of.

Sir Henning Baily is just come here from Ireland, he is to pass the shooting time with my Father on his return. Sir William Young, the secretary at War, is just gone: he assures me the French have actualy sailed for Ireland, that all the troops in the kingdom have marched for the south; the Mayo Militia, which My Father comands, is there also. Lord Cornwallis goes as

Lord Lieftenant. French papers also mention that Hamilton Rowan has given all instructions possible to the *Convention:* how practible a desent was, the state of the troops, the disaffection of the people and the like!

I believe, in a letter to Fanny, I told you how near my father was of being assinated: Sir Henning was there and has given me a faithful account. His tennants, to the number of five hundred, rose in arms and declared they had no right to pay their rent. He got a troop of horse to bring them to reason, but first he went, attended by one dragoon only, to speak to them. A man far behind a wall fired upon him. The ball passed thro' his hat, the dragon fired and killed the fellow, and an affair ensued. 21 of the defenders were killed, the rest surrendered and promised submission—Once more adieu.

I give here part of a long letter from Lady Maria Stuart to Charlotte. It gives an eye-witness's account of the inauspicious wedding of the Prince of Wales. The letter is not dated, but it was evidently written on the night after the function, namely, on April 17, 1795.

Miss Jerningham, No. 5, Upper Brook Street.

Thursday night.

. . . . . .

The foreign ministers are all going to give entertainments on this wedding of which I will give you as good an account as I can.

I have not read the newspapers, therefore I may tell you partly what you know allready, except what concerns myself.

A little after 6 my S^r and I (having previously shown ourselves to my F. who seemed much pleased with us) set out in chairs to Lady Ailesbury who begged us to walk in, which we declined and sat for a ¼ of an hour in the street. At last we proceeded to St. James, where we arrived a little before 7, having passed between 2 hedges of persons who did nothing but stair at us and make remarks. You probably saw in the paper that, from the Chapel door to the first outward room where the Canopy is, the way was lined with Soldiers and Officers consisting of the Foot Guards and the Household Troops. It seems very extraordinary, almost incredible, the Company being in a manner lessened with regard to numbers, we should have been much more crowded than on a Birthday. The Cloathes were all magnificent beyond anything I could have an idea of, particularly those of the men.

We (I mean Lady Ailesbury and ourselves) never went into the inward Drawing Room. Lady Ailesbury and I stood from the time we arrived till eleven without being able to obtain even a place to lean against. At last Lady A. got a seat and I a door place, just then they said the Royal Processions were coming in, from which we all run to the middle of the room, and formed two lines between which there was not space enough for the Princesses to pass without great inconvenience in their hoops. We remained in this way for ½ an hour, when the foreign

Ministers, who were come from the Chapel said the Prince and Princess were signing the Register.

One of them informed me that the Prince was serious more than can be told; indeed one of his Equerries, told me to night that he was *très morne*, did not speak enough to his wife and twice spoke crossly; he was so agitated during the ceremony that it was expected he would have burst out in tears. Her R. H. behaved gravely and decently during the ceremony, as I was told, but was in the greatest joy possible going to the Chapel and did nothing but chatter with the Duke of Clarence while she was waiting with him at the altar for the arrival of the Prince.

After all the signing, etc, was over, all the Royal family came with their different processions into the Drawing Room, walked up between the lines we formed to the end of it, and returned back immediately in the same order to the Queen's apartments in St. James', from whence the Royal Couple went home privately to Carlton house.

They spoke to nobody as they passed by us, except the K. and Q. to a few old men. The Prince looked like Death and full of confusion, as if he wished to hide himself from the looks of the whole world. I think he is much to be pitied. The bride, on the contrary, appeared in the highest spirits, when she passed by us first, smiling and nodding to every one. I thought she appeared more grave in going away, but certainly not more reserved.

I told you I thought I should hear many things *très instructives pour la jeunesse*. I was not mistaken.

Most persons gave us to understand *all* the ceremony was not over, accompanying their words, to those who understood them, with very significant smiles. I have no relish for a conversation so *grossière*, among persons who pass for decent. A thing still more extraordinary was the going to-day to enquire after the bride and have your name set down, a thing one of the ladies of her bedchamber informed us was expected from everyone who had been at the Drawing room last night.

Of course we went, but we did not call at Carlton House till the evening. Her R. H. was *very well* and at dinner. I believe they had a great deal of company. Lord Malmsbury dined with them; we supped after the drawing room at Mrs. Herbert's, the bedchamber woman, and heard some more jokes which I did not approve of. L^d^ and Lady Carnarvon, Lady Jane Herbert, Ld Portchester, Mr. C. Herbert, Lady Townsend, Ld Malmesbury, Miss Bruhl, Lady A, and us two formed the party. We got home about one, more tired than I ever was in my life.

. . . . . .

I will inform you whether I go to the ball. If I go I will be probably in the Chaperon's box—the most convenient for speaking to gentlemen. I hear tag, rag and bobtail hire petticoats to set in the other places. I have been eating some of the Prince's wedding-cake at Mr. Tynt's to-night. They send a large piece, with their R.H's compliments and sealed with his seal, to all their attendants. A whole coach full of cake was sent about from Charlton

House to-day. The Q. breakfasted with them. The Prince took a solitary ride afterwards. What an odd wedding! They go to Windsor tomorrow or Saturday. As the piece of cake was not drawn through the Bride's ring, it will not influence my dreams! Adieu.

In 1795 is reached a turning-point in the lives of Lady Jerningham and of her daughter—a complete change of scenery. Charlotte married (June 17) Sir Richard Bedingfeld, fifth Baronet, who had succeeded to the estate but a few months before. Sir Richard was then about twenty-eight years of age, and his bride four years younger. Their marriage was a happy one. We hear much in subsequent letters of greetings to 'the good Sir Richard.' Several allusions to the Bedingfeld family occur in letters previous to this date, but none have been preserved which touch on the period of courtship or engagement, neither is there in the collection any account of the marriage itself.

The first reference to the new order of things in Charlotte's existence announces a *fait accompli.* It is a letter of some sixteen pages from Fanny Dillon (Frances, daughter of the twelfth Viscount Dillon), dated from 5, Upper Brook Street, the then residence of the Jerninghams in London, from which house the bride had sallied forth into married life.

The epistle breathes the most extravagant girlish passion, which (it is easy to read between the lines) was considered exceedingly tiresome, not only by the direct object thereof, but also by the rest of the family, among whom the word 'Fannyism' is much in use about that time to indicate unnecessary emotion expressed in unmeasured language.

To Lady Bedingfeld, Oxburgh Hall, near Stoke, Norfolk.

Tuesday, you have been gone half an hour!

O! my Charlotte, are you gone!—have you left Yr poor Fanny—I have lost a most beloved cousin—

My dearest and best Friend—My All—my Everything! You that for these two Years past have Shewed me Every mark of goodness Care and Friend Ship—More than a Stranger could expect—O! My Dearest Cousin, notwithstanding the Certainty of Seeing you shortly at Bodney, I cannot bear to think my Charlotte's gone. . . .

Good news, oh how happy I am, I was interrupted just now by my Aunt's coming in to my room—Oh what do you think she told me? We are to go to Oxburg before Bodney!—Perhaps stay there a day or two—if our fair Hostess will allow it. —How good is Providence. I was in one of my fits of dispair—this news has been the greatest joy to me—but I must not forget to tell you—Cousin when you got into carriage my Aunt *cryed*—and who would not? but we were all amazingly provoked to see *little Saisseval* should get into the Carriage and crowd you up—when Mad^elle^ Dossier was quite Alone,—for my part I was vexed at it because it is not comfortable for you two to talk—while that Brat is there—but I hope she will have got out at the first stage—

I have desired your two Parcels to be sent as soon as possible—I have been into y^r^ Room—like that Roman (I forget his name) sitting on the Ruins of Carthage—Y^r^ Room was no less dear to me than Carthage could be to him—(I suppose through forgetfulness) you have left y^r^ Portfolio of Drawings behind you—I have put it in my room—and when the happy hour comes of my *seeing* you—you will see It.—This *Sheet* of paper is out of y^r^ Room—I have

seized upon all I could lay hands upon that you have left—Primo—that *Red bag* you used to keep letters, and write upon, and a *blue* piece *of music* book cover, like that you used to have in it—I have put in the bag (which I am writing upon at present) then all y^r letters I received at Bodney are likewise in it—the little Steel Seal &c.—and it shall in future accompany me every where—Y^r long and constant Use of it, has endeared it ten thousand times more to me—than the finest presents I could receive—I have also taken possession of a little saucer for paint —I found in y^r Room—I w^d not touch the *wax bougie*—as I do not chuse to appear taking things out of interest (like 5 years ago when you was going abroad, in Prince's Street I seizing upon every thing I saw) whilst it is Only out of affection for you I love everything that has belonged to the dearest of all creatures—I have barricaded both *the doors*—which *till now* w^d have been the greatest Punishment you could have inflicted upon me—and now Cousin —that you are already so many miles from me and *every instant farther*.

O! Cousin, if you knew how those *five words* you left wrote on my table made me cry—the longest letter could not have done more—I discovered in them—affection, pity, regret—&c. and a thousand *other Sentiments* which in you

I fear every minute—but do I flatter myself too much—No! my *Charlotte* has all my affections and I dare trust for a small return from her—You see I do indeed—or I w^d never dare write this long letter —but you know it is a relief to my regret and sorrow

and therefore will Excuse it. I never before conceived the intolerable grief Mad^{me} de Sevigné expresses at her daughters parting—now indeed do I well conceive and *feel it.* But I must talk no more of this nor embitter y^{r} happiness by the recital of my grief. My Aunt is very good. She does not scold me a bit for crying—on the contrary says all sort of kind things to me. She said it was one of the reasons she sent off little Saisseval now—that she might not be troublesome at Oxburg. I am sure I am not sorry. I am certain I am not the least in the humour to see that bore of an Italian master, who however is coming soon—

I have been writing almost ever since you have been gone, so you may conceive how long it is I was just now interrupted by Mrs. MacCormack—and heard a *detail of the ceremony* as much as she knew of it. She has told me a long story of a *Ghost* or a *fetch* as she called it that she saw once; she begged I w^{d} send you her humble Duty—and all best wishes—and that she w^{d} Pray heartilly for y^{r} happiness &c &c. every day of her life—I told her to do so in *Particular to-day* and she promised me she would. You may depend upon my doing the same indeed every day these six months. I never miss in my Evening Prayers saying a Prayer for y^{r} Intentions.

3 *o clock.*

My tiresome old Italian master is gone, thanks be to God—I am far from beeing *en train* to take any lesson or apply to anything to-day. All my thoughts are fixed upon you my sweet Charlotte and my great

Comfort is in communicating them to you by this means—How good my Uncle is! Do you know (but how should you know) he has just brought me a beautiful pair of *purple Earings* to match y^r d^r gift. I am very pleased, as you may think, but should be happier in seeing you an Instant than if I had all *Mad^elle Dossier's Pérou;* and that you know must be a very fine thing, since she always says, even of the prettiest things: *Ce n'est pas le Pérou*—Poor Mad^elle D. I regret her too. Indeed I could cry to-day if a *pin* was taken from me! Y^r departure was a total *bouleversement* of all my Spirits. My Aunt has brought me a p^r of that little girl's stockings to mark—which I *don't relish* much, I own—but I will offer up to God for you the dislike I have to them. George has just been in my Room, *making faces* and talking such things! Enough to make one die of laughing. I mean those that have not *their dearest* . . . gone from them. Pointing to y^r door—he said with his *sanctified* face: Oh! Oh! *I dwelleth in that Casement.* But his sayings are nothing to write—it is his way of saying them. Do you remember, my lovely Charlotte, last night 'Hands Across and back again?'

[*Here a sketch.*]

GEORGE DANCING, SINGING 'PIG-BOW-WOW!'

I think instead of calling mine *letters* you had better name them *Journals,* for the least little trivial Circumstances will not be omitted. You shall know everything that *happens,* that *is said* &c. &c. just the same as if you were here. I fear I shall not have

blace enough left to write to-night what will have occurred at dinner &c. I am sure it wont be a merry one, for me at least . . . I could fill volumes with telling you all my *thoughts*, but that w^d^ be only tiresome.

I have been looking in my last Year's almanack what happened on the 16th of *last June*, but I find nothing marked down, which I am sorry for as *most likely* it was one of our *odd suppers*, and I should like to know—As who would have thought you was to be married that day twelvemonth? Not but what it w^d^ have been a very natural Idea, but One w^d^ have thought it strange at the time—Apropos, I must tell you (with y^r^ permission) I mean to put a letter in the post for you *every two days* and which will be a *newspaper* of the day before and the day it is sent—Oh! my Charlotte, if you w^d^ find time to scrawl me a *few lines, one of these* days—oh how *happy* should I be! There, Cousin, only reflect—you *like y^r^ little Fanny, dont* you? Well, think how sorry she is y^r^ gone and although she is so happy as to be certain of seeing you in about 8 or ten days, yet those days will appear *months* (quite *alone* and *dismal*, thinking on you) and you that can alleviate the Uncomfortableness of y^r^ long absence by so little a thing as writing a few kind *lines*, think that what will take you but 10 minutes to do will make me happy—till I see you again. . . . Pray take this in consideration; a single Post when I think you know and feel well; all this will not pass unotic'd by y^r^ more loving than any body ever could or will comprehend. Dont think I torment you, Cousin, that w^d^ make me too un-

happy. Adieu, though with Regret—till after dinner. I suppose *Miss Betham* was ready to receive you at Oxburg. Give my compliments to her — *Happy Girl!* . . .

Half-past 8 *o'clock.*

I could remain no longer, my dearest dear Charlotte, without writing a little more to you. Well, I must tell you about dinner: only the Chevalier and Guiteri dined here, of strangers. Not a word was spoke *of you* during dinner; but afterwards, when my Aunt and I came out of the Parlour, going up the great stairs—(O! my Charlotte so far off), she said to me 'Yr Poor Cousin, how dismal it is without her!' 'Yes indeed,' said I and more added to it as you may think. We both cryed. My Aunt spoke very kind indeed to me and said that I might come down to her when *I liked*, not to be always alone, and that She wd take me out with her &c. I then said I was so sorry for yr sake, as you must find yourself on such an Uncomfortable situation—quite like with Strangers &c. Upon which She said the same—and that She had been Very low on yr account all day. (Her Eyes are very red). I was sorry our conversation was interrupted by the man whom the house in Baker Street belonged to. We are to go and See it to-morrow.

Well, presently your Uncle Edward Came, and, *wishing Joy*, Said he did not know anything of the Wedding till it was over, and that by Chance. He staid but a minute and then set off for the Opera with George and my Uncle. Presently another knock and the Bishop of Troyes appears—again *wishing joy*

—for my part I was so mad with all their fine Compliments I could have beat them, for I was crying most of the time. And Ned was tormenting my life out—Oh! Cousin (I can say like *Betty*) I have not you to go to when I am teized and Unhappy!

A Short time after that another knock was heard and who should enter the room but that Ever tiresome (to *me*) and detestable, old, '*Lorsqu'il fut à la Porte.*' This was past all bearing. Luckily it was dark and the Candles were not there; I profited of it to *Roar* outrageously, but in *Silence*, Ned tormenting me all the time. How can he be so Ill'natur'd! Oh! Cousin, if he knew what it is to love a person as I do you and to have them gone from one, he would not be so cruel!

But to continue my story: Mr de Montion went on as Usual with A Million Anecdotes. When I could resist no longer my thoughts on you and Neds tormenting, I flew up stairs. I had scarce been here a quarter of an hour when I was sent down for my tea. I descended and found Montion Cackling Away as before. I am now come up again. It is half past nine o'clock. I imagine you Arrived at *Bourn-bridge, drinking tea*—O! my own dr Charlotte, I leave you now, but to Occupy myself of you in a way which will be more profitable to you at present.

. . . . . .

How unhappy I am to be born with Such an unreasonable mind! It seems now to me as if I never will be able to live without you. O my Charlotte, pity yr poor Fanny—no one ever felt anything more bitterly than I do this Weeks absence of yours! It

frightens me to think what I shall do in future when according to the Common Course of things my life may be passed more *without* than *with you.* I suppose by the time you get this you will be at Oxburg, and so know by the papers the bad news we heard here last night, that is that almost the whole Town of Copenhagen has been destroyed by fire and it was burning with great Rapidity when the news came from it.—This mornings post brought me an Italian letter from *Moore* and in it a few words from Miss Barrett—who desires her Comp^ts^ to the *future Lady Bedingfield,* not knowing it is no *more now* the *future* but in the *present Tense.* If you by Chance go to Bodney—(to carry the little Saisseval) you will not *obmit my Duty to my Aunt.* Respects to All the Ladies; you see in particular if the *Agneau* presents herself to y^r^ View (I mean Ste Agnés, sweet creature) &c. great desires and hopes &c. of seeing them All, with love to *all the Misses* if you enter the School.

Pray, Charlotte, meditate a little upon the End *of the third Side of the Enclosed.* But I am sure *Cousin* will do it if she can. Remember me kindly to M^de^ Dossier and tell her *my Italian Master* (who came yesterday) Said he was Extremely sorry to find she *was gone and that he could see her no more;* but dont tell her the *reason* why, which was (as he told me) that he could not now have the pleasure of *hearing her Scold,* which was a great loss to him. . . . You will give My Compliments to Sr Richard—but my letter is only for *y^r^ dear* Self as we agreed.—

Here I have been interrupted by my Drawing Master—he brought me back my drawing of the

woman with the fagots and y^r^ little girl mounted. I shall put the latter in y^r^ port-folio. My Master told me that the Year before last he did in all *300 & 70* Drawings of different Sorts—Painted a *Miniature a day* for a fortnight.

Here I had again another Interruption: my Aunt came and told me I might come out with her. Of course I accepted the Proposal. I am now come back, we have been to see the House in Baker Street. It is taken. I think it Very Pretty—we then went to see Lord Howe's Victory at the Panorama. Have you seen it? There were a great many people from thence back here, I must make haste and finish My letter—as *Sukey* will carry it to the Post Office for me.

Now begins another series of letters from Lady Jerningham to her daughter, the new Lady Bedingfeld—a series as closely linked as that of the convent period, and destined to last, on this great separation, until the mother's death in 1824.

The first is written from the Brook Street house, on the night of the wedding. It crossed one from the bride herself.

To Lady Bedingfield, Oxburgh, Stoke, Norfolk.

June 17th.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

How do you do? I hope more Comfortable than I am. First because you deserve to be so, and secondly because you are so good that you will find a pleasure in Complying with your duty. I Lose in you the best of *daughters*, the most aimable Companion, the friend I had the best placed Confidence in. I want you every half hour to talk with, and it is a fresh disappointment when I think you are not

here. I have to-day a very bad headache, and to Compleat my fatigu'd mind, Mde de Chatillon and Livarot just arrived. She making all these false *élans*, and he staring with Consternation. She Came yesterday to see Mde de Lion, '*et je retourne à Hamstead.*' I Cannot say any more at present, but pray write. Your tall Cousin is just Come in. Adieu my ever dear Charlotte. I say I have lost my daughter, because you are now a Wife, but I hope I have not quite lost her; at least I feel I must always be your most affectionate Mother.

Dismal Wednesday.

It was a natural result of the extensive French connection of the Jerninghams that they should reckon a great number of *émigrés* in their society.

In fact, as the years rolled on after the Revolutionary outbreak, Lady Jerningham's salon became such a centre for the gathering of the banished French nobility, as also for the agitators in favour of Catholic emancipation, that she was popularly known as 'Her Catholic Majesty.'

Many of them, however, although received with warm hospitality, both in London and at Cossey, do not seem to have always been *personæ gratæ*.

The following is the first letter from Lady Bedingfeld to her mother.

Hon. Lady Jerningham, 5, Upper Brook Street, London.

OXBURGH, 12 *o'clock, in a room smelling of paint.*

18. *June.*

MY DEAR MAMA,

The very date of this Letter seems so strange to me, that if I gave way to my feelings I should

begin an hour's meditation instead of an Epistle. I find myself transported, from a Station of Obedience, where I dared command, to a post of Authority where I only just venture to make requests. The housekeeper has been with me, crying with Sorrow and joy, a bill of the dinner in her hand &c. &c. &c. Sir Rich[d] does all he can to make every thing Comfortable and agreeable. He has truly been Consideration and kindness itself!

We arrived here about 8 in the Evening, and I was surprised to find the road from Stoke quite beautiful! You will see when You come if there are not a great many trees about—My little Companion bore the journey extremely well, eat at every Inn, and slept every Stage. I shall not dispatch her 'till the Weather is finer. It rains terribly this morning, if it had been so Yesterday I should have thought of the Archduchess' Entry into Brussels. —Pray my dear Mama write to me soon, I feel my absence from you more than I can express; a thousand regrets, a thousand questions, crowd into my mind, but I will not give way to thoughts that may give a Stamp to my Countenance ill *beseeming My Calling* and the Endless Endeavours made to please me—My duty to my Father and a large packet of Love for George and D— not forgeting the brat Fanny.

Sir R. returned me the White purse in the Chaise, but it was so heavy, I begged him to put it in his writing box, where it is Yet. I shall settle my *accompts* in a few Days, 'till then, My dear Mama, You must treat with my Creditors. I am now going

to the turret with Sir R. so adieu for this time. I remain, With the Sincerest affection, Your most dutiful Daughter and devoted *aide de Camp* whenever you are so good as to Employ me

The happy

CHARLOTTE BEDINGFIELD.

Chevalier!—je vous dis Mille chose Aimables: écrivez moi. I thought of Lady B's last Night. Were you there, Mama?—Ned! if it rains in town as it does here I beg you will sleep in Brook Street.

From the Chevalier Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

28, PARK STREET,
ce 18 *Juin.*

Ce seroit être trop *selfish*, ma chere nièce, que de se livrer à des regrets, ou à d'autres sentiments que ceux de la joie, lorsqu'on est presqu'assuré de votre bonheur, et cependant je ne puis vous cacher que la maison de Brook Street est plus triste qu'un enterrement depuis votre départ! Nous aurons, je me flatte, aujourd'hui ou demain de vos nouvelles pour nous tirer de notre réverie et je changerai aisément la mienne en pensées couleur de rose sitôt que je serai informé de votre satisfaction dans votre nouvelle situation, et des succès de Sir Richard pour vous rendre heureuse par tout ce qui dépendra de lui.

Je vous vois déjà Dame de Château, et formant votre établissement à Oxburgh avec le discernement, la sagesse, et le decorum convenable—votre père paroit decidé à partir Lundi, et à s'arrêter un jour

ou deux avec vous, avant de se rendre à Cossey: votre maman en fera autant surement, et ce n'est pas un des moindre avantages dans le Mariage que vous venez de faire, que celui de pouvoir être toujours si à portée de votre famille, où vous devez être bien certaine de toujours trouver toute la tendresse, et l'intérêt que vous méritez.

Votre pauve amie, La Duchesse de Chatillon, est venue hier matin voir votre maman; et avec les yeux au ciel, et son ton de doléance, elle n'a pas égayée la scène, qui étoit assez orageuse au moment de son arrivée par la nouvelle que votre mère venoit d'avoir de Mr. Crosby qu'il ne pouvait lui rendre l'engagement qu'elle avoit fait pour la maison de Wellbeck Street. Notez qu'elle venoit de donner parole au propriétaire de celle de Baker Street, de sorte qu'elle se voyoit engagée pour deux maisons, ou peut-être forcée de prendre celle qui lui convenoit le moins. J'ai écrit aussitôt à Parnell d'arriver à toutes jambes, et malheureussement ce n'est pas là sa partie brillante. Quoi qu'il en soit, il est arrivé avant la nuit, et ce matin il doit arranger cette affaire vraiment importante; et j'espère que, n'ayant pas eu d'écrit, il ne lui sera pas difficile de surmonter les chicannes du Sieur Crosby.

Il y a aujourd'hui M^de^ Wynne à diner avec l'archq. de Narbonne et la Comtesse Proserpine; le piano doit etre accordé ce matin. Mais tout cela n'ira que d'une aile sans vous.

Bonjour, ma très chère nièce, mille choses tendres à mon nouveau neveu, mais pour qui mon amitié n'est pas nouvelle. Qu'il vous rendre heureuse, et

elle sera éternelle. Recevez l'hommage de mon tendre et inviolable attachement.

Vais m'occuper vivement de la lettre de recommendation que William devoit avoir du duc de York pr le Gen[l] Clairfayt, et j'espère réussir.

Le mariage de Ldy C. Villiers avec Ld P. est certain, (suivant ce que la mère a dit à mon frère) aura lieu incessament. Il ne va plus a l'armée. Dans la monde on dit le contraire, mais le public n'est pas initié dans le secret des familles.

Je n'ai pas encore vu votre mariage dans aucune gazette; l'extrême modestie de votre train en partant de Londres en est probablement la cause.

The Chevalier Jerningham, Sir William's 'French Brother,' had by a timely flight (after the attack on the Tuileries) escaped the fate which befell one at least of Lady Jerningham's French relatives—General Dillon—whose end I related in the Introduction. Although a frequent visitor at Cossey, the Chevalier had his establishment in London.

The mention, in the last letter, of General Clairfayt brings again to our notice William Jerningham, who for the last three years had been engaged in that constant and ill-concerted war in the Netherlands and on the lower Rhine. The young soldier seems to have been pretty generally forgotten by all his family. During the course of his foreign service, as some of the expressions made use of in his letter indicate ('dares not,' for example, in the sense of 'must not'), he had become considerably Germanized.

During the summer of 1795, the Austrians, after the surrender of Luxemburg, having been thrown back on the other side of the Rhine, there was a comparative lull in hostilities. The campaign was to open afresh in September. William's present

regiment (Saxe-Taschen) was part of Würmser's corps, and quartered in the neighbourhood of Mannheim.

The letter he sends to his sister on hearing of her marriage is dated: 'From the Camp by Swetzingen.'

August ye 23rd.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I received the day before yesterday your letter begining "oh! Murry! Murry!"* in which Sir Rd Bedingfield was so good as to write a very kind page; pray thank him for me and present him my Compliments. Another time pray date your letters: for in this last one and others from you I have now before me, there is neither the day of the month nor the place you write from.

I am very glad indeed to see that you are married, the idea that you are and will be happy certainly contributes to *my* happiness. It must seem odd to my Father and Mother, who were accostumed to live with you and my Brothers so long, to be all of a sudden alone, as Ned is at London and George at the camp. But I hope that we shall all once meet together at Cossey again.

Oxburgh seems to be *a sort of a fort* after your description of it; I should like very much to see it, as also to renew acquaintance with Sir Richard Bd; it is now thirteen years since I have seen him. I remember perfectly well how he looked then at Old Hall Green—I suppose you know that General Würmser is come down to take the Command of seventy thousand men, and is marched in three

* This singular exclamation is not a misspelling—no doubt some family expression, not to be appreciated by strangers.

columns into Brisgau, facing Alsace. No one knows what he will do there: very few think he will pass the Rhein. The carabiniers are remained with G. Clairfayt's army, which is very weak now. I wish there was either peace or true war, for nothing can be more disagreeable than to be in a *situation* of *Waiting* for events, as we are now.

What does one say in England of the last attempt by Quiberon? and of the Vendée? It makes us think that there will be a general peace. In case there is I will do all I can to come over to see you in your *place de guerre.* I am sorry to hear that there were riots in London on account of the dearness of flower, but indeed I don't believe that any country can be dearer than the Empire at this moment, especially the *palatinate.* Si le père Arnout entendoit dire que le roi a deffendu touts mets farineux, il diroit: ce n'est pas l'affaire de Monsieur de Chamberlayne à qui j'ai vu manger dans mon voiage à Cossey jusqu'à des trois ou quatre gros boulets de pâte pesante et indigeste (que les Anglais nomment Dumplins) à un repas!

I wrote to my father about a month ago and am Waiting for an answer. When you go to him or to my mother my duty to them. I shall write to my Brother G. by this post. Adieu Dear Sister, Look upon me always as your most affectionate brother

WILLIAM JERNINGHAM.

Hornstein was taken at Luxemburg with the 3 bataillons of Bender, the regiment dares not [*darf nicht*] serve against the French this war. I have

not seen him since I left the reg^{t}, but I know he is well, and in garrison now at Theresienstadt.

I am bringing up a grey hound to whom I have given the name of Speed.

Old Hall Green was then a fashionable Catholic school; it is now a seminary for priests.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

Monday,
(*Summer.*)

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

I am very happy to hear that you are got back safe to Oxburgh, and that you have been so well amused with your tour.

Our *Société* goes on very well, I like to have several People in the House, and a multitude Cannot be had Cheaper than with the unfortunate French: no Servants, no Horses, no Drinkings. After Breakfast the Duchess departs for *her* walk. M^{de} de Saiseval belongs to my Neighbourhood and we Commune together occasionally. After dinner the same repetition, the walk, and the Conversasione. The Duchess has just left my Room, she says that she has been proposing herself to you for Thursday, if you Can send for Her. She is obliged to be in London the 15th.

. . . . . .

I have not time to say much to-day, but I think I can now guess at her *Caractère:* A mild, ingenious nothing. She is voracious after admiration, but I do not think she will ever pass the Rubicon. I

think that M^dlle^ Grosman knew her perfectly and I am afraid that the Horror she had of being settled with the French, was like the instinct there is sometimes against what will be fatal to you, for the society she has fell into, is particularly pernicious to her: She has allready got such a degree of Fanny*ism !*

. . . . . .

Sir Richard's pet name for his wife was Corry. The following is part of the first letter from him that I can find in the collection. Lady Bedingfeld was on a visit to her mother at Cossey. The pair had, it is true, only been married three months.; but the vein of tenderness and admiration which this first letter reveals was destined to run through his correspondence with his wife to the end of the chapter, that was to close in 1829.

(*Remember Monday, Walton St.* 3 *o'clock.*)
14*th. Sept.*
Thursday morning.

Never my Dearest Corry, did a Man who had mistaken his way on Clay Heath on a dark night, feel more lost, that I did, Yesterday Evening in my own house. I will not fill this paper, with Endeavouring to Convince you of a thing, which I *hope* you are perfectly assured of, viz: that You My Dear Corry are *Every thing to me.* I would not change my Situation or be unmarried again, for all this world contains. I have very often been alone in this house before, but I never felt as I do this time, perhaps you will say its foolish in me, when you are only gone, for a few days, but I cant help

it. I have often thought since you are gone, what would become of me if you was separated from me for Months! God forbid that, my Corry! How did you get to Cossey? I am afraid you found it very hot, being three in the Chaise.

. . . . . .

A letter from Lady Anastatia Stafford, addressed from the 'ci-devant couvent' of the Blue Nuns in Paris to Lady Jerningham at Cossey, brings back in the midst of the new atmosphere a breath of the old convent days.

PARIS RUE CHARENTON,
3d. *Dec.*

Well, my Dear Lady and Cousin, I wonder you and yr husband are not ashamed of your Selves, leaving an old Woman (whom once you have Loved) in the Lurch in the great distress she has been in (and indeed am still in). Are you affraid that I should ask you for a Corner in Cossey-Hall to breath out my Last? In very deed I dont wish to be troublesome to you, tho I should be tempted to hide my Self in your House, if I knew that worthy good Mr. Chamberlain was still with you.

What can be the reason that after 3 Letters that I wrote I cannot have a word from you, tho your other Friends as well as my Self, is particularly anxious to know where our first acquaintance among your Children, my Dr Cousin William, is now and how he dos.

I am sure you have had my Letters, for I was told by others that Sr William had received what I sent

by Mr. Gawey; and certainly Mrs. Blount took care of that she charged herself with for you, the month of June last. Again I have heard from her good Sister Anna Maria that Charlot is Marry'd and I think to ye very Man I had in my nodle picked out for her. And you Leave me in the Dark! What is come to you? Are you crackt like me and some of ours? (for example Sr^s^ Laurence and Anne, who run to England for a Bit of Bread, for my part I have never wanted *that* yet, tho for a time I had much Less than I could have eat). If I ever go, it will be to get some Cloath, for my Shifts are allmost quite gone; every wash I am forced to put patch upon patch, and the Coarse Cloath we make them of is 9^f^ an Ell, and we must have 2 Ells for one Shift. Had you invited me to your Daughter's weding, perhaps she would have given me half a Dozen for her weding present, for she did (or dos, may be, still) Love me.

Mother Abbess lives now Comfortably wth her 9 Creazy Children in our own House. We are very Regular and as devout as we can. The Nation has restored our town House rents, and our old Rotten Houses to us, so that if they would diminish the price of things we might do very well, with Father Shelley at our Head, even in our Refectory, as well as Chapell. Indeed I never knew a more Patient, Quiet Man than he is; but he dont Love me, any more than you. But, no matter, every body must have some Cross.

And now I have vented my Spleen, I must suspend my judgment a While. Are you at a Loss how to

send me a Letter? If that is the case you may send it to Mr Coghlan who will forward it as he dos our others. We often hear from Sr Anne; and, by this same occasion that I send this, I have wrote to her a good Long one and have Gerry-Mumbled her *comme il faut.* I will allso write you a Long and kind one, if I can receive one from you and you prove to me that you deserve it. So now I shall only add that M: Abbess and Vicare desires their kind Compliments to your Ladysp and joins me in the same to Sr William. May be, you will be a *granum* before you let me hear from you; if so I shall bid you Adieu for this world, but hope you will one day meet in Heaven

Poor ANASTASIA MARY URSULA.

And the next letter, dated from some battlefield on the Rhine, seems to answer the query about the old lady's 'first acquaintance' among the Jerningham children.

From William Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

December 17th.
STRÖMBERG.

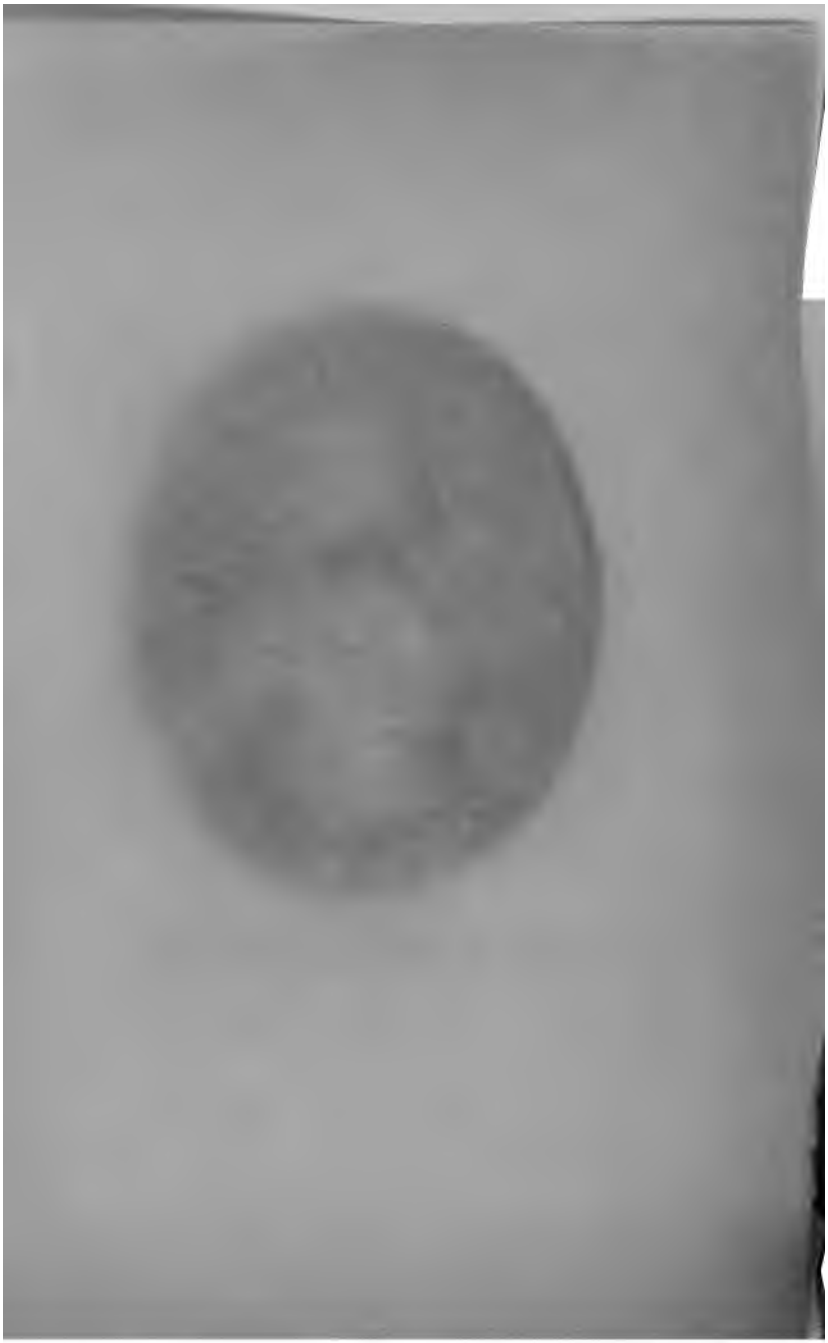
I hope, dear sister, that you have not been uneasy about me during all this time. I have always been well and have had the good luck not to receive a scratch. We have had fighting enough for these three months past, but the regiment I am in has been very lucky: we have only two officers wounded and none killed untill now. Perhaps later it will be otherwise, for M. Clairfayt seems to be resolved to drive the French over the Meuse. Gen: Würmser,

who has the strongest army, is remained in the environs of Landau and on the borders of Alsace: no one seems to know what his intentions are. Gen: Clairfayt's head quarters are at Altzeys, and his army, of which I am, is from Lautereck down to Bacharach on the Rhine.

The French army, after 3 days fighting, retired in the night from their position on the *Nahe* (a river that runs into the Rhine at Bingen) two nights ago, so that we all advanced. As between Bacharach and Coblentz there are nothing but very high mountains, if the French are not turned, or a body of ours does not pass the Rhine by Coblentz, it will cost us a good deal of time, and, I am afraid, a great number of men. Two thirds of the army lay very thick in Villages, and the other third part is encamped, but releived every two days.

You can conceive how both men and horses must suffer from the cold and wet weather. The English news papers have, I dare say, given long details of all our gained battels between Mentz and Mannheim. That on the 15th of Nov^ber^ was the most terrible: we attacked the French cavalry, which fought very well, but was obliged at last to retire in the utmost confusion; we cut a great many to pieces and took all their *artillerie à cheval*. Pray how do you do? Where are you, where is my Father, and Mother, and Brothers? I receive no letters from any one.

Pray write to me; direct *à l'armée de Mr Clairfayt, division du Lt. Gen: Staader*. I hope you will receive this letter; as I have forgot the name of the town that Oxbourough is near I direct this letter to *old*



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your circumstances. I should be myself, however, most extremely alarmed, if by any strange accident I had got so far—and should certainly wait for the critical moment, quivering with fear and expectation, between two Sheets, and not run and skip about as you do

This subject puts me in mind of a letter I had yesterday from Colonel Dillon with the intelligence of his wife's being safely delivered of a daughter; and that his regiment, now compleated by Drafts from the vessel, is about sailing for Gibralter—the usual Prelude I fear to the West Indies

The motions, marches, counter-marches &c. of our home forces, appear not to fall far short of these foreign expeditions of the others. My Brother's Regiment, now stationed at Reading, from Devonshire and Cornwall, is upon the point of marching into the Highlands of Scotland—Harry is in town, in Jermyn S^tr^ with Col^nel^ Phips; he is not quite well, but is getting better, the last summers dose of Bodney has certainly considerably improved his Sister, She is quite well and am happy to be able to say the same of the inhabitants in No. 18 Lincolns Inn.

Your most sincere and affectionate Brother,

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

Tuesday, 12 *o'clock at night.*

The birth of the future Lady Petre is recorded in a letter to Sir Richard from Edward Bedingfeld, second son to Sir Henry Arundell Bedingfeld, and brother to the fourth Baronet.

The person whom it is mysteriously suggested that the

Administration should have taken some measure to reward is no less a one than 'our son John' himself. In the second volume of these excerpts will be found a letter from the Duke of Kent, to whom, many years later, a direct application was actually made with a view to some definite reward. The event to which Mr. Bedingfeld alludes had occurred on October 29 in the preceding year. It was simply this: As the King, on his way to open Parliament, was passing through the park, 'His Majesty found himself surrounded by a throng of persons of all rank, but in which the mob element prevailed,' who clamorously demanded peace, and the dismissal of Mr. Pitt. During the royal progress one of the glass windows of the coach was shattered by a bullet. On his return from the Houses, the King was again treated with much indignity. Now, the tradition is that, at a certain critical moment, when the guards had actually been pushed back or disorganized for a while by a rush of the rabble, a gentleman sprang forward in front of the carriage door, drew on the assailants, threatening to kill forthwith any one who approached nearer, and thus kept the mob at bay sufficiently long to allow the guards to rally round the coach and prevent any further assault. The King inquired about 'the name of his rescuer,' and was informed that 'it was Mr. Bedingfeld.'

The service, as will be seen, was simple enough in itself, and one which it was the natural duty of any gentleman to render in the circumstances. But the fact of its not having been recognized by a substantial recompense seems to have rankled considerably in the heart of Mr. Edward Bedingfeld and of his son.

YORK,
April 29.

DEAR NEPHEW,

Your kind information of Lady Bedingfeld's safe Delivery, and of the child being well, gave us all great satisfaction. You will convey our best and sincere wishes for the continuance of her Recovery.

I am much obliged to you for the desire you express to hear a good account of *my* health: The Water in my Stomach does not, I think, increase: but occasions flatulence. My nights are truly bad, and I am frequently obliged to sit up. The state of my Legs, from the Scurvy, confines me as much as ever. But I have always the consolation of my *confessarius* bringing to me the Blessed Sacrament, at every Indulgence. I am very sensible that this Delay is granted me by a most merciful Providence, that I may not be found quite unprepared.

We always thought (and our Son John knows we thought so) that some of the Administration should point out to His Majesty in what manner he might most properly reward a Person who had thus stood forth in defence of his Sovereign. We still hope that something will be done: and whenever it is mentioned here, we express the same opinion. But we avoid making any complaint, as we think it would answer no end.

I am sorry Mr. Wyndham is likely, as you mention to meet with opposition at Norwich: the name of his Employment should not operate, and we may be confident he gave his approbation, as a Cabinet Minister, to the late overtures of Peace: which nothing but Infatuation could have prevailed with the French to receive as they did and to return an answer of imperiousness and alienation.

We have had the great satisfaction to hear of our Son Peter's safe arrival at Malaga. We were particularly anxious about him, from an apprehension of being met with and examined by a French ship.

I shall not fail to acquaint Mr. and Mrs. Waterton with what you kindly mention relative to their Daughter, on the supposition of her going to Bodney. We desire to be affectionately remembered to all our Friends.—Amidst all my sufferings, an ill-grounded wish sometimes arises to be able once more to pass some months with my Family at Oxburgh: I call it ill-*grounded;* because it is not a hope, but a wish: it is however a soothing one.

I remain,

Your affectionate Uncle,

EDWARD BEDINGFELD.

P.S. Our Daughter Nelly is now at Walton—Miss Brown, at the Bar-School, desires her kind compliments to Lady Bedingfeld.

In the intervals of his legal studies Edward Jerningham seems to have been vastly engrossed in some genealogical investigation concerning his family. Charlotte lent the aid of her skill in drawing to the artistic furtherance of the documents. Some years later it was mainly through Edward's exertions in this direction that the task of obtaining a restoration of the Stafford peerage was seriously undertaken by the Jerningham family.

Saturday (June)

It is in human nature, my dearest Sister to be unreasonable, and as I have not the Pretension of being above its frailties, I must own that the Idea of having a *Pendant* to the very beautiful exchange, for my account of Poor L^dy^ Anastasia's death in your Room at Oxburgh, struck me almost instantly on untying the Pink Ribband—Not expecting any

thing, beyond a simple list of Female names, I never was more agreeably surprised.

I only felt for the memory of Poor Mr. Norton deceased in the East Indies, the last *rejetton* of his family, and whose ancient Coat was wont formerly to be Blazoned between the shields of Bacon and Tuddenham — The names of Norton, Purcell &c. bring into my remembrance, poor old Mr. Scott of the Rue Verte: His Paternal and ancient coat, My dear Sister, you have transformed I am affraid, from 3 catherine wheels to 3 sheafs of corn gules, besides making him an Irishman and calling him O, Scott!

I have one more query to propose, and that is: of which family of the Bacons, is the fess between 3 escallops? as the present Bacons bear gules, on a chief arg 2 mullets sable—I have thought of nothing since yesterday but of the *Pendant* I hinted at on the other side of this Sheet, have patience—

1. Jernigan.
2. Jymingham: arg, on a bend betw. 2 bendlets gules 3 buckles sable
3. Ingatdesthorpe: Gules, a cross ingrailed arg—
4. Fitzosbert: Barry of 6 gules and or, a canton arg.
5. Hirling: arg, an unicorn salient sable.
6. Kelvedon: gule, a Pall reversed Ermine.
7. Vise de Lou
8. Appleyard: a chev. or, charged with a mullet between 3 owles arg.
9. Darrel.
10. Clifton.
11. Scroop: Azure a bend or—

12. Baynham.
13. Dacres: gules, 3 escallops arg—
14. Throckmorton: gules, on a chev. arg, 3 bars gemells sable.
15. Moore: arg, a moor cock sab. comb'd and jollowped gules.
16. Hall.
17. Blount: Barry-Nébulé of 6, or and sable.
18. Plowden
19. Dillon: arg, a lion pass. guard. gules btw. 3 half moons of y'same.
20. A plain Coat.

The *7th.* Vise de Lou, the *9th.* Darrel, the *10th.* Clifton, the *12th.* Baynham, and the *15th.* Moore—Petition to be left Plain, not being as yet quite perfect in their lessons

Plowden's chevron surpasses my Heraldic powers to describe, it must be familiar to your eyes; think of the silver waiters at Cossey. I must search the Heralds' Office to fill the 5 plain shields, as there have been different families bearing different arms, of those same names

(Apropos de Bottes): Pray tell Sir Richard, I shall not be able I believe to go by Bury—my present Plan is as follows: on Wednesday Cambridge Ball, Thursday or Friday one night at Oxburgh—passing by Bodney, all the Matches except 5, beautifully Blazoned; in London Saturday or Sunday—time enough to keep term, some thought of passing by Holt, not determined. Very angry with Mrs. Fountaine for making Miss Stourton have a mind to be a Nun; much too pretty.

The end of this full programme appears to have been disastrous, as witnessed by the next letter from Lady Jerningham to her daughter at Oxburgh.

Tuesday, 21 *June*.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I have been very uneasy about Ned, who Came back on Saturday from his expedition, with an ulcerated sore throat and a great deal of fever, a rash upon his face; in short quite ill. He returned in the same miserable Little Chaise, where it seems the day before they had had Rain for several hours. Your Father luckily got nothing but an inflamation in one of his eyes, but Edward has had a real little illness. He is better to-day but yet very languid, with head ache, no appetite, his throat yet unhealed, and making me feel very uncomfortable. Jones, however, says he is getting well, and he certainly is a great deal better. I own I dread his journey to Devonshire, for he never absents himself but something happens to him. I hope at the end of the week to return you my thanks in a proper manner for your attention.

Miss Petre is going to be married to a Mr. Onslow of Hunts; his Father has, they say, a tolerable fortune but encumbered and she will have 20,000. Lord Petre was very much against the match on account of Religion, but has at length consented and Mr. Butler is beginning the writings. What a different Girl from you! 20,000 she is obliged to have, but it is thought that Lord Petre will not give her any more. The young man is in the army, a great acquaintance of Percy Howards—the eldest Petre and all that click.

Miss Mary Stourton, the Worker, is going to Bodney and L^{dy} Stourton wishes that she may be intimate with Fanny Dillon. I wish it also, but from a different motive. Miss Stourton is very shy and timid, particularly pious and even scruplous. Lady Stourton wishes her to acquire Fanny's *air du monde*, and I shall be glad if Fanny can get a little of the others real sense and solidity. Lady Stourton desired me to say to you, that she hopes you will call upon them, when you are in Yorkshire, and that she will expect you. I have no doubt but that Miss M. Stourton will much sooner get a little assurance and confidence in herself at Bodney than she would at home; she is as tall as Fanny, and feels awkward as a Child in the nursery coming down after dinner &c.

I had a letter yesterday from my poor Sister. She says that she is got much better, with taking Chocolate. But I am afraid her case is a very allarming one. Little Fanny the 2nd. begins to be in desolation about the Convent, but it is highly necessary she should go, and her Mother feels the necessity of it. You Cannot Conceive how very shamefully Mde. de Linery, her daughter, and all that party have behaved, in order to get M^{dlle} de la Touche for Amédée. The French are abominably meddling, and M^{de} Dillon has been obliged to forbid M^{de} de Levis her House.

Adieu My dear, dear Charlotte. Edward desires his Love to you and is quite happy to find that you were pleased with having Leonora.

Sr Wm Skeffington lives seven miles from Holt.

He sees Mr. Nevill's House, but the latter never visits any Body. Lumley is to be in town positively to-day or to-morrow. I dread the result of the Business for Lady Maria: her head is *montée* beyond Credibility. Considering the whole proceeding it will however be better that the thing should be finished with; if he refuses her this year it will for the Last. She hoped to succeed to his unsuccessful Passion for Lady Temple.

The Reconciliation of the Princess remains suspended, it is a dreadful Scandal, and would be very much to be wish'd that it was over. Lady Anne Lambton is going to Italy with her Husband for his health. Lady Jersey's Children are at Hammersmith, and she now ventures sometimes to visit them, but she has sadly lost sight of her usual prudence in managing her affairs.

Pray tell the Chevalier I beg he will write to me in French, for I cannot Consent to give up his eloquence in French for an Italian lesson. A kiss to the dear little girl, and many things to Sir Richard.

Yours as ever,

F. JERNINGHAM.

The Miss Petre mentioned by Lady Jerningham as going to be married was Ann Catherine, only daughter of Robert Edward, ninth Baron. Her intended husband, Mr. Denzil Onslow, rose to the rank of General. She was to die within two years of this date.

Miss Mary Stourton, to whom Edward refers as being 'too pretty to be a nun,' and whom Lady Jerningham calls 'the worker,' was the daughter of Charles Philip, sixteenth Baron.

'Little Fanny the second' was the only daughter of General

Arthur Dillon, by his second marriage with Madame de la Touche. This little girl was to become the helpful and devoted wife of 'that honest man,' Général Comte Bertrand.

The last letter for this year, in my excerpts, shall be one from the devoted Sir Richard in London, to his wife at Oxburgh.

Thursday night.

I shall be very glad my Dear Charlotte, when to-morrow comes, as I am very impatient to receive an other letter from You.

Thank God an other day is over, for tho' my friends are very civil, I find there is a very material comfort wanting, I mean the pleasure of talking over with a confidential friend every thing that has pass'd. *You are,* besides being the woman that suits me in Every respect, that same confidential friend. I assure you this absence from you, which has been the longest since we married, has more than ever convinced me that I could not enjoy life without You. But I must check myself, or I shall tire you with repeating what I have often told you and what I *trust* and *hope* you are convinced of.

Your Commissions are all done. To-morrow to Law and Lawyers again and I hope for the last time.

Now for an account of myself. Yesterday I dined at Mrs. Correys, who (as I find is her Custom) would not let us go till one in Morning, tho' that, for London, is not perhaps so late. We play'd a pool at commerce, half Guineas; the Winner to be entitled to a little Trinket; the Money to go towards

the Support of some Nuns whom Mr. Correy protects, but all Names were to be given in and then pray'd for. I subscribed for you, we were altogether 13, I won nothing so am entitled as well as yourself to their prayers. Your Uncle Henry was there, I dine with him at his lodgings on Saturday; I like him very much, a jovial good natur'd companion, and he speaks of you with so much kindness, expresses such an affection for you, that he cant fail to be a favourite of mine.

Edward has just set me down, we dined at Mr. F. Dillon's, a very good dinner *à la Horrex*. They seem very happy indeed amongst themselves—there was a great deal of Italian Singing in the Evening and a cold Supper to finish; so you see I live upon my friends. But, as I said before, I feel all would not do long without you, you *dear, dear* woman. Good night. I wish it was morning, I'm tired, but not in the least sleepy.

Friday, 3 o'clock. I breakfasted at Wright's and not finding a letter I was really quite uneasy; Edward who was also there, plainly saw it. But luckily it struck me you might possibly have directed it to the Hotel, so away I went there and was indeed quite an other man after receiving it. We have had another meeting, and every thing is settled except my attendance at Westminster to-morrow morning. The Money is paid.

You have not sent me word about the gownd, so I shall take upon myself to bring you something that is neat and knowing. I am engaged to dine with old Horrex at 4. It's now half past 3 so must bid

you adieu, you dear good creature. Robert will be at Cossey on Sunday; pray desire him to meet me at Attleburgh on Monday morning with Chesnut and Black. Once more farewell. I long to see you again.

D. D. D. L.

If the Stables at the house are full pray desire Robert to get them a *warm* stable at the Falcon.

A letter from Lady Bedingfeld to her mother, the only one dated 1797, gives an instance of the ruthless working of criminal law and its hanging clauses a century ago.

DEAR MAMMA,

I waited two days with proper *effects* for the visit you announced, but yesterday brought me a very polite Letter signed C. Cornwallis to tell me they had wished very much to come but that the Cadogans would not permit them to absent themselves for a whole morning.

. . . . . .

I have been rather *en l'air* these two last days, about a very melancholy business. On Thursday last, towards 9 at night, we received an Express from Wisbech. It was a letter to Sir Richd From the bailiff of the Hundred, to say that 4 Irish Catholics had been Convicted of Murder that Morning, and they being desirous of seeing a Priest of their own religion, he begged Sir R^d would Immediately send his Chaplain, as they were to be Executed on Saturday Morning. Mr. Patterson

went, and returned yesterday evening very much hurt at the dreadful Scene he had witnessed. *Two of the* 4 *died perfectly innocent!* The Sheriff and all those present are now Convinced of it from their behaviour on the Scaffold.

Their history was this: — They were in the Custom of coming over from Ireland to the Isle of Ely for the Harvest; they lodged in the house of a poor Shepherd, who was particularly jealous of his Wife, and he imagined (with or without reason) that she liked one of these Irishmen—One Evening about ten o'clock he began to dispute with his Wife and from Words, came to blows, which one of these strangers hearing, he went down to part them. They both fell upon him as soon as he enter'd and he, being in liquor began to fight also, and gave the Shepherd several mortal Wounds of which he died 3 weeks afterwards. In the meantime another of the Irishmen came down and took his Companion's part and wounded the Man and his Wife also. In short it finished by the shepherd, the woman, and a poor man (who also lodged in the house) being stretched out on the floor to all appearance dead. The two other Irishmen, who were the youngest of the set, were all this time in bed; but alarmed by the noise, or called by their Companions, they came down stairs and seeing what was done, were frightened and fled with the guilty ones.

Being shortly taken, they were upon the oath of the woman condemned to die also, she persisting in saying that she saw them all 4 in the room.—They died pe[illegible] resigned, with every Sentiment of

Piety. The Guilty ones declared, the moment before they were turned off, that the two young ones had nothing to do with the murder.—The Sheriff, Clergyman &c. &c. were particularly Civil to Mr. Patterson and Compassionate to the Unfortunate prisoners.—They were all 4 Sensible Men, well instructed in their religion, and felt the Comforts of it in their last Moments.

. . . . . .

A letter from Eliza Jerningham, a cousin of Sir William's, whilom '*a nun at the Aug. of Bruges, now refuged at Hengrave, near Bury*' (according to a note in Lady Bedingfeld's hand), bears reference to the proposed Government scheme for trebling the current assessed taxes as a means of providing part of the twenty-five millions required for supplies. We get here a side-glimpse of one of the invasion panics which followed on the failure of the negotiations at Lille in the autumn of 1797.

Janr the 3rd.

DEAR COUSIN,

As Mr. Angier had made off to Oxburough, I waited his return to seize him, which haveing happily done, I can freely acknowledge and return you my most sincere thanks. I am sensible the taxes must bear hard on you (which mortifies me, you should think on me). If the pig Tail Messrs. should come, they will make us smart more severely and leave us, at best, to run without a Shift. *Ainsi* we may be glad to do what we can to save the Nation.

If you and the Cossey Family hire a Convoi and Man of War to go over to America and take us with you to found a Convent, little Mathilda may then

indeed be our first Novice; but I confide we shall never be oblidged to leave good Old England which I love with all my heart *nonesuch.* On the 11th. (instant) I had a Letter from my B^{r}; he tells me to be in no pain about the French landing in England. They may as well pretend to land with balloons in the Moon: England is destined to humble those plunderers and destroyers of humanity; the All-mighty will at last punish their depredations.

His greatest satisfaction is to learn you are all well, and charges me with his sincerest wishes of health and happiness the ensuing year and many returns in which I unite and my Niece with Mr. Oliver, Mrs. More and the whole Circle. Before the Miss Bedingfields leave you it seems to me, as an Old acquaintance of their Father's, you might bring them to see Hengrave; I wont make them Nuns!

My B^{r} is as fond of his two boys as you are of your Eldest Girl, and of our Dr Novice Mathilda. My Niece, y^{r} wicked one, bids me tell you She is at present very bussy Catching butterflies. You may suppose we hope Lady Jerningham dont take it ill that we have Sincerely told her we cant keep Saisvalle any longer than her half year. She is a surpriseing oddity; they have reason to think her mind not right and the young Ladies are afraid of her, so you see we can't expose ourselves to the ruining of the School. When Cou: Willm was with you, why did you not send him to us? In two long Strides he might have made his way.

Yours most affectionately,

ELIZA JERNINGHAM.

The little Saisseval girl seems to have been a protégée of Lady Jerningham, no doubt the daughter of some *émigré*. Her name occurs frequently in letters of this period.

Of Lady Bedingfeld's drawings and pictures, for all the liking one cannot fail to feel for the limner herself, it is hardly possible to speak, after due and critical inspection, with anything approaching to praise. But they were much admired by contemporaries, and numerous are the allusions to these works of art throughout the letters. Many were actually engraved; the copies were freely distributed and gratefully received, if not as works of genius, at least as *souvenirs* of a most charming lady.

One of the recipients of such a gift was a Mr. Suffield, of Catton; his letter of acknowledgment was considered worthy to find a place in the collection. It is characteristic enough, at any rate, to be included among these excerpts.

From Mr. Thomas Suffield to Lady Bedingfeld.

CATTON,
20th. March.

Yesterday evening, as I was Sitting Solitary this Cold Weather (when Specimens of Sleet and Snow show themselves) over my fireside, and was warming, as well as Moistening, my Clayey Texture with a Bason of hot Tea, to which two or three tea spoonfuls of Brandy (by medical licence and authority) has been added, when a long Paper Roll to which a String and many Seals were subjoin'd Was brought to Me by my Servt. And on opening it I was agreably surprised to find that it contained neither Politics nor Law, but a beautiful Print, well Engraved from a Drawing of y^{r} Ladyship, of a handsome young

Damsel crying out in a Wilderness, or forest, that *she had lost her way;* which bro^{t} immediately to my Remembrance the Antient Tale of the Children of the Wood, and Dr Parnell's Hermit, the Title of which I remember'd tho' not the Particulars of the Poem, not having Read it for many years. And I would willingly have offer'd the lost Damsel, such fare and hospitality as my hermitage could afford, had she made her appearance in Person; but I find I must Content myself in having her Representation framed and glazed.

I hope y^{r} Ladyship will not call the first mentioned Random thought, a *Temptation*, for otherwise I must place it to your Charge. It however occasion'd me to take a Book from my Shelf, and read what is recommended to Hermits: the first and second verse of the thirty first Chapter of p. Job, and also the following lines from S. Chrysostom and S. Bernard, viz: 'When you go to Church, lay y^{r} hand upon your Mouth, and say: Stay here at the Door, Ye bad thoughts, ye Criminal Desires, ye Irregular affections and Carnal Concupiscences, &c. &c. *Superbe Raisonneur, Votre Maladie* (you would be apt to say to a modern Esprit *fort*, tho' not to me who am the Reverse) *est l'Orgueil, Dieu a voulu faire des humbles, l'humilité doit être votre véritable Sacrifice. Vous n'avez pas assez d'Empressement pour la Communion des Saints pour entrer en Societé de bonnes Œuvres avec Eux; &c. &c.*'

Permit me to present my humble Respects to you and Sr Richard, and my grateful thanks for the honour of your Ladyship's friendly and obliging Letter, as

well as the Print; which I shall not fail to hang up in Respectful Remembrance of the Donor, in my own house; without my Niece, Mrs. Wm. Gregory, who is now at Catton, should long and Petition for it, which She may do to keep in her house, as a Respectful Memorial of y^r Ladyship: for her Life promises the Continuance of many more years than mine.

I was much oblig'd to Lady Jerningham, before her late Departure to London, for her polite Present of some agreeable Poems dedicated to her Ladyship, by the ingenious Author, a friend of yours, the same friend I suppose you mention'd with so much praise the last time I had the honour of being at Oxburgh; and you either read or gave me to read, one or two philosophical and entertaining letters of her writing. Of one of them, I remember, you asked my poor Opinion, when I was desirous to hear your Ladyship's, as a pupil wou'd that of a Professor in Mathematics, Chemistry, or the most Occult of Sciences. It seemed to Me, in Respect to the Subject, as awful and Portentious, as the fourth Chapter of the book of Job, when a Spirit stood or passed before him.

I am now interrogated by y^r Ladyship concerning my health: my Doctor tells me that my Complaint, tho' better, is not yet removed—Fellow sufferers who live in this Neighbourhood and tell me they have experienced the same, prescribe riding on horseback as much as I am able. Others make use of Dr. Cheyne's appellation of the *Maladie Angloise*. All that I can say is, that whether the Complaint is called Stomachick, Rheumatick, or any other name,

It has occasion'd me for a long time, to pass many Uncomfortable Nights, as well as Days, with very disagreeable Sensations or feelings in my Chest or Stomach, so as sometimes to affect my Respiration, and has been attended at times with a jarring Pain elsewhere—These are the Particulars I have had to mention to my Doctor, and am sorry to trouble y^{r} Ladyship and Sr Rich^{d} with a Repetition of them, as I have had Reason to bewail them myself; being much more Mortifying to me than any Mortifications prescrib'd for Lent, a Mortification of the Will and Inclination to social Enjoym^{t}.

I have the honour to subscribe myself with the most sincere respect

Madam,

Your very humble, oblig'd and Obed^{t}

Servt

THO. SUFFIELD, of Catton.

Saunderson is at Oxburgh, or Mr. Patterson or any other Acquaintance, be pleased to present them my best Respects and best wishes—Robert my Nephew, begs leave to present the same.

CATTON, *March 20th.* 1798.

The peace concluded at Campo Formio between Bonaparte and the Imperial Commissioners (October, 1797) put an end to the long and mainly disastrous warring in which William's regiment had been engaged, and the young officer was able to enjoy a well-earned leave. We hear of him again in England.

At this time George Jerningham appears to have fallen seriously ill. Several letters from his mother are dated from

the sick-room in London. They express a state of anxiety for his moral welfare which the life of the future Sir George and Lord Stafford does not seem to justify.

Mr. Robinson was the Confessor.

Saturday, 31. *March.*

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

I have, I hope, not anything but what is good to say of your poor Brother. I say I hope, for too frequently an appearance of quiet and ease, has been succeeded by a Contrary effect, but I trust that he is doing better and that God's mercy will be to restore him. Since last Tuesday which was the day he first mentioned a Wish of speaking with Mr. Robinson, he has been positively better and much more patient.

Mr. Robinson came to him on Thursday, returned by his desire on Friday, and is to come again on Monday. I am persuaded that he had had a great Deal of uneasiness of Mind upon this score before he took his resolution, and I hope that Almighty God will give a Blessing to his good endeavour.

He now takes sufficient nourishment, and is chearfuller the Doctors find him better. I have my self this day got rather a bad head ach, which must apologise for my stupidity. I hardly see anybody. Wm and Ed. are well. I sent them Last Night to Mde. [illegible] assembly to make my apology, and this evening Mrs. Bagot takes Miss Dillon to the Opera. I thought it was better to Let her have to say she has been there. How has every thing gone on? It is here as cold as Winter. Adieu my ever dear Charlotte, yours always most entirely and affectionately.

Mr. Constable is in town, he has called here, but I did not know it, and he was refused entrance.

Clery Cried at the sight of your Little picture of the Dauphin hanging up at Mde. de Rothes. He is returned from Edinburgh.

Clery had been the *valet de chambre* of Louis XVI. during the latter's imprisonment. His '*Journal de ce qui s'est passé à la Tour du Temple pendant la Captivité de Louis XVI.*' was first published in London during this year. At that time Monsieur (*Monsieur, Frère du Roy*), that is, the Comte d'Artois, who since then became Charles X., was living at Holyrood, a royal refuge against the legal pursuits of certain alleged creditors of the Armée de Condé.*

Clery, who in 1794 had managed to rejoin the exiled Royal Family, was continuously employed on various secret missions, and it was no doubt when engaged on one of these, to Monsieur in Scotland, that he found himself in the kingdom.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

LONDON,
(*Holy Week*).

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

I wrote a few words to you yesterday, in a parcel, and I find that it will only set off this day. Your Father also wrote, and so you were not without hearing from us.

Your Poor Brother is much the same, and by his own appointment (for I did not know of it till this moment) Mr. Robinson is again with him. He is very easily fatigued and therefore I imagine makes but a Little part of the business at a time. He has

* See the 'Mémoires de Madame de Gontaut.'

taken the asses milk again this morning, and I have great hopes from it for strengthening him and as a sweetener of the Blood.

It may be that Almighty God has granted him this illness, thro' his mercy, to draw him back to his Duty, in reward for the Piety of his early days.

Edward has this morning had a tooth pulled out by Spinet and is eased from a pain he had had the whole night. William is now at St James's (the Levee) with M. de Startemberg. He look'd extremely well in his uniform, with a broad Gold Belt to hold his sword.

M. de Startemberg is a very handsome man. We have just heard by the postman, that Mr. John Mellish was shot last Night Coming over Hounslow Heath by a Highwayman. He is not dead, but Bush is gone down to him as he is particularly expert at gun-shot wounds. I suppose he must have made some Resistance.

I have not heard any more of Puss; she is to Come to London soon to Mrs. Dillon's, who is got into our old House in Portman Street No. 22. Harry Called here twice, but as it was in a morning and I am occupied about your Brother, I did not see him.

Miss Wodehouse is entirely Recovered and I believe that Lady Wodehouse's fears had been greater than there was foundation for, tho' it is said that she did ask one day if the devil was yet Below?

Poor Lady Maria I have been unfortunate about. Her Mother Came one morning and was refused, and I do not dare write to Her. But if you can

find means to tell her I should be glad and am ever desirous of seeing her, she may perhaps be made to understand that if I am deny'd, it is because the Servants are so foolish, they never understand the difference to be made among visitors, and that she may be sure I shall be glad to see Her.

William is this moment Returned, quite pleased. When the Lord in waiting said: '*Mr. Jerningham, in the Imperial Service,*' the King thought that it was poor George, and said He was grown stouter. M. de Startemberg then said that he had not before had the honor of being presented to His Majesty, having been 9 years out of England, '*Que l'on disait beaucoup de bien de lui, d'où il venait.*' The Royal Reply was: '*L'on dit du Bien de cette Famille de partout. Son Père, le cher Jerningham, est le plus Honnête Homme que je Connaisse.*' In short it all passed off extremely well.

Adieu my ever dear Girl, yes nonobstant—we dine early to go to *tenebries.*

Yours always most affectionately,

LA VIEILLE.

William, being an Austrian Officer, did not kiss the King's Hand. M. Startemberg said he must not.

Friday.

I hope that poor Little Fanny Continues well, that her fever has not returned. She has Certainly a right to be as cross as she pleases, poor Little Girl, with such a dreadful disorder upon her!

I must also enquire, My Dearest Charlotte, after

you, for this sort of uneasiness, tho' not mentioned in the abomination, is very prejudicial to the well being of my Little Grandson and his Mama. But I hope that all is now over, according to my way of reckoning, this is the last day of dying off, and they should be all turned by to-morrow.

Princess Charlotte has been extremely ill, she had the Confluent kind, and was blind for some days, but all now goes well again.

I went, as I told you, yesterday to Court. William stood by me, and the King and Queen were particularly gracious: they both asked if I had not a third son (they see Ed. at the ancient Musicks). The King said, laughing, he believed Wm was the stoutest of any. The Queen asked: 'Why do you not bring your daughter? I have not seen her since she married.' I said you would not come to London; she then said to William: 'Cannot *you* prevail upon your Sister to come?' William made one of his good foreign bows, and said he could not, and the Queen laugh'd and Look'd particularly pleased with him. She then said to me: 'Well but you have another Son, have you not? and I answered *Oui, en vérité.*' She then asked Fanny if she was glad to come to London, and then our glories were over.

Lady Harberter (formerly O'Grady and Pomeroy) was presented also. Mr. Stourton in the Room. I stumbled also upon Mr. Constable, looking very consequential, so that we were several Papists there.

I think Sir Richard's answer about serving a very good one; it is what Ed. wants every Catholick to stick to.

Young Stourton is very Like the Princess Augusta; they have so much the same way of laughing and speaking, that if they were Brother and Sister, it would be noticed. Adieu my ever dear Charlotte. Your Brother goes quickly advancing towards health, he goes out every day and two muffins are his quantum for Breakfast! Always yours.

'My little grandson,' as Lady Jerningham confidently expresses it, turned out, as appears in subsequent letters, to be another grand-daughter.

The following letter, not being signed, is docketed by Lady Bedingfeld: '*From Henrietta Dillon, daughter to my unfortunate uncle General Arthur Dillon, married to the Comte de la Tour du Pin Gouvernet, now an emigrant in England (afterwards Préfet de Bruxelles under Bonaparte, later on Ambassador from Louis XVIII. to the King of the Netherlands, and then to Turin).*' This description does not, however, tally with that given in the '*Note Généalogique sur la Maison des Lords Dillon,*' and is probably erroneous.

The epistle itself would appear to be in answer to an offer on the part of Lady Bedingfeld to take care of Madame de la Tour du Pin's children. 'La petite Charlotte' was destined to marry, in 1817, the Comte de Liederkerke, of the Low Countries.

RICHMOND,
Le Samedi,
27 *Avril.*

Vous m'avez écrit une charmante lettre, ma chère Cousine, et dont mon cœur vous gardera une éternelle reconnaissance. Je suis si peu accoutumée aux attentions et aux bontés que la vôtre m'a doublement pénétrée.

Il est bien vrai que je partois demain pour le

Continent et, entre nous, pour la France; je partois le désespoir dans l'âme de quitter mon mari et mes enfans, et d'aller dans cet affreux pays traiter des affaires si uncertaines, avec des gens dont l'atrocité ne peut qu'augmenter par leurs défaite. Mais un nouveau réglement sur les passeports des gens qui arrivent à Paris, m'arrête et je vois qui ce seroit courir à une mort certaine, que d'aller en France dans ce moment. Je ne pars donc plus, chère Cousine, mais je n'en suis pas moins remplie de reconnaissance de votre offre pleine de bonté.

La petite Charlotte auroit été bien heureuse avec vous, mais son père étoit sérieusement faché contre moi de ce que je me décidois à vous la donner, et vous avez excité la première querelle qu'il y ait eu dans le ménage depuis douze ans! J'entends dire que vous allez venir à Londres: assurément j'irai vous y voir, mais ne viendrez vous pas aussi dans ma maisonnette? Vous y serez reçue comme vous y êtes aimée et respectée par l'amie de votre jeunesse, qui sera celle de toute votre vie.

Vous ne me parlez pas de vos chères petites filles. J'espère qu'elles se portent bien. Le Chevalier prétend que la dernière sera la plus belle, mais j'ai peine à croire qu'elle le soit jamais autant que Fanny. Adieu, chère Cousine, j'ai l'espérance de vous voir, et de vous parler de ma reconnaissance et de ma tendre amitié. Mille Compliments de la part de M. de Latourdupin et de la mienne à Sr Richard.

In the next and sundry subsequent letters we hear of the preliminaries of the intended marriage between Sir Thomas

Webb and Fanny (the original example of 'Fannyism'), daughter of Charles, twelfth Viscount Dillon.

The 'Little naughty Girl,' who caused Lady Jerningham's third disappointment in her confident hopes of a son and heir to the Bedingfeld family, was Agnes, who was destined to marry Mr. Molyneux Seel. The birth of this infant took place on the same day as that of Frederick Dillon, son of Colonel Henry Dillon, whose regiment, by the way (formed from the battalion of the old 'Dillon's' taken in 1794 under the British flag), was to be disbanded before the end of the year.

Frederick Dillon was later on adopted by Lady Jerningham.

COSSEY,
Saturday, 1. *September.*

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

How are you? After my Letter was yesterday gone to the Post, I received Sir R^ds^ with the welcome news of your being safe in your Bed, and a Little naughty *Girl!* crying in the next Room. About an hour after Sir Richard's express arrived the bag from Norwich, with a Letter from Datchet, to say that Mrs. H. Dillon was brought to Bed on the 28. at ten at night of a Boy after a Long Labour, so these two Children enter the world nearly together.

I hope to be at Oxburgh on Monday, or Tuesday at Latest. Our affairs go on swimingly. Sr Thomas has told Mr. Darrel he intends to propose the affair to me and to tell his estate exactly, which is now said to be 4300; however that is very rich. He appears, besides, to be an excellent good natured young man and a very good Catholick, rather Clever than otherways, and extremely well looking. In a few years more he will be very like Mr. Laton, and has a good deal of that Gentleman like manner. Mr.

Darrel says Sr R. has been so good as to invite him, so that he may go the next week, if Sr Rd likes of it. What a weather-cock he is! But however *tant mieux*. God send things may always go as well as they do now! We have been shut up quite alone with this good company.

My little disorder is past off, but how unhappy I should have been at Oxburgh. As I was ill that very evening, and had been all day in bed, it would also have disturbed you, so Providence which always orders things for the best, even for our Comfort, disposed of this in its usual way. I expect Ed. this evening. Adieu my dearest Charlotte. I must not fatigue your eyes.

Yours most affectionately,

F. JERNINGHAM.

Monday, 3. *September*.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

I am very very stupid this day, but you wish me to write, and I have pleasure in obeying you. My disorder, with an accompanyment of fever, makes me sad and restless, but I hope it will soon get better. I beg you will pay continued attention to your Cough till it is gone, I should think that asses milk would be restoring.

I am glad Little Agnes is better.

Yesterday's post brought me a letter from Dublin! Ld D. thinks the fortune small, but in Consideration of his good character, and Fanny's approbation of him, Consents to the union. He then puts down on another Paper the settlements he demands for

her, which I am afraid are too high in every way for the Estate, and at present for her Head. 1200 a year jointure and 300£ in money, & other tyeings up. I have not yet been well enough to convey the intelligence further.

Sr Thomas writes very pretty Letters, neither fulsome, nor cold, but of a Rational Being.

The Darells are here, with Lady Mary Eyre's youngest Son. He interests me from having been the particular favourite and Consolation of his Mother. I see Ed. after my death—forgive me this Lowness. Poor Ed. is, thank God, well and his Mother and yours not dyeing. One reviving thought is the Hope of seeing you at the end of your month, I would not have you come before.

A kiss to little naughty Fanny.

Do you not find George returned in a manner to his old self? God send he may remain so. Adieu My Dear.

Yours most affectionately,

F. J.

I hope Sr Rd is without Rheumatism.

From Chevalier Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

No. 3 Berkeley Street,
Piccadilly,
ce 14 *7bre.*

Il me semble, ma chère nièce, que j'ai eù un très joli songe, que j'ai passé 8 jours très *comfortably* à Oxborough, que je vous ai trouvé belle, bien portante, et excellente à l'ordinaire sous tous les rapports (ce

qui n'est pas un songe), que S^r R^d m'a reçu avec cette bonne humeur et cette cordialité qui sont ses appanages. Et, quoique cela soit encore là une réalité, j'en ai joui si peu de tems, qu'il me semble vraiment que c'est un songe, tant le bonheur est rapide et passager.

Mais ce qui ne l'est pas, c'est l'impression douce et profonde que me fait chaque fois que je vous vois, le spectacle de votre union, et du parfait accord de votre interieur, l'esprit d'hospitalité et de noblesse qui le caractérise, enfin la paix et l'égalité d'humeur qui règnent dans votre bon vieux château, et qui rependent un sentiment de contentement sur ses habitants, comme sur le seigneur et la Dame du Logis.

J'ai été en, arrivant ici à Richmond où j'ai trouvé la belle accouchée en très bonne santé. Elle a eu cependant de la fièvre et des maux de tête, pour s'être levée trop tôt ; mais elle étoit infiniment mieux hier, et j'ai diné avec elle, son mari et Humbert, hier, septième jour de ses couches, sans qu'il parût qu'elle ait été incommodée : elle espère se rendre à Cossey dans les premiers jour d'Octobre, mais pour 24 heures seulement, et elle seroit fort aise de vous y voir, car je doute qu'elle puisse passer par Oxborough, son projet étant de prendre le Stage qui va directement à Norwich.

Je retournerai à Richmond dans un jour ou deux, je suis occupé dans ce moment-ci à me procurer un bon voisin pour le premier et le red-chausée de ma maison, et j'ai quelque espérance qu'un honnête homme, dont j'oublie le nom, qui a été consul

d'Angleterre à Madrid, pourra bien s'en accommoder pour un an, ce qui me conviendrait beaucoup, n'ayant ni femme ni enfant.

La nouvelle des succés de Buonaparte en Egypte, en est une bien fâcheuse pour ce pays-ci ; il y a toute apparence qu'il aura trouvé peu de résistance de la part des Mammelucks, et s'il réussit à organiser ce pays là et à en faire une province de France, il est impossible de dire le tort qu'à la longue un parei établissement apportera au commerce de l'Angleterre et à ses possessions aux grandes Indes. Il y a encore la possibilité que cette entreprise puisse échouer par la ruine de l'armée de Buonaparte, et la difficulté de la recruter, mais c'est un terrible pas que d'être arrivé à Alexandrie et de s'être rendu maître du Caire et de tous les ports.

L'incertitude du retour à Londres des habitans de Buckland, à raison des couches de Mrs. Throckmorton, m'en donne sur mon voyage de Berkshire, et pourra bien accellerer mon retour en Norfolk, si l'on n'est pas trop nombreuse compagnie à Cossey pour rendre ma présence importune.

J'en étois à cet endroit de ma lettre quand le coup du facteur de la porte m'a annoncé quelque faveur épistolaire, et jugez de ma satisfaction en reconnaissaint votre écriture. Je suis confus d'abord que vous m'ayez prévenu, mais bien plus de cette surabondante Générosité qui vous fait dépouiller votre lingerie à Oxburgh pour meubler ma petite habitation. Au reste pour n'être pas rebelle à vos ordres, et vous prouver combien je me soumets à être accablé de vos dons et faveurs, j'accepterai avec reconnaisance une

partie de ce que vous avez la bonté de vouloir m'envoyer, mais point le tout. Oyez sur ce, je vous prie, ma très humble remontrance.—Deux nappes sont tous ce qui peut m'être nécessaire, attendû que pendant que l'une est en activité, l'autre se blanchit; six ou au plus huit serviettes avec ce que j'ai déjà, me feront un Service très complet; j'en dis autant pour les towels, ou torchons. Ainsi, ma chère Nièce, bornez je vous prie votre envoi à cet étât, et croyez que je ne bornerai ni ne mesurerai ma reconnaissance au nombre des pièces, mais à l'obligeant Souvenir, et au bon cœur de l'aimable Donatrice. J'embrasse, sur ce, votre brave Baronet, en dépit de son vernis, dont j'espère qu'il éprouvera bientôt des effets plus décisifs. Je suis parti sans *settler* le compte que nous avons ensemble pour les chevaux de poste, mais il faudra qu'il consente à ce que je m'acquitte de cette dette quand nous nous reverrons. J'en verrai approcher le moment avec plaisir, en ayant un sensible à vous renouveller l'assurance da la tendre et sincère amitié de votre oncle.

If there are any letters directed for me at Oxborough from Yarmouth or elsewhere, I beg they may be sent to No. 3 Berkeley St. Piccadilly.

'La belle accouchée' was the Comtesse de la Tour du Pin.

A note from Edward Jerningham to his sister at Oxburgh contains the first mention (to be found in the collection) of Frances Sulyarde, of Haughley Park, the heiress who was to play so important a part in the fortunes of the Jerningham family. 'Miss S.' was then (according to a note by Lady Bedingfeld) stopping on a visit at Oxburgh.

TEMPLE COFFEE HOUSE,
Novemb. 28th.

I took up Cary at Attleburgh, in most desperate affliction, amidst the bustle of a Mail Coach, and the darkness of the night. It was some time before I comprehended the state he appeared to be in. I, for one instant, thought that the whole had been broke up, so incoherent was he in his distress—he however gradually became more intelligible, and I found that what had ruffled him so prodigiously at his first entrée into the Mail, was the impatience of the Coachman, who actually drove off, before he could finish 3 or 4 lines he had begun to write *to Oxburgh*—he was consequently obliged to pocket his unfinished billet doux—and overtake the coach as well as he could by running 50 or 100 yards in the mud — besides leaving his Portmanteau behind!

I shall send you, in a few days, the *arms*. Pray paint them as expeditiously as possible that the Hall may be compleat by Christmas in order that the accustomed Revels may be carried on with suitable decorum and dignity—Sir Thomas is a proper disposition: I think the approach of Lord Dillon had its effect. I breakfast to-morrow with Sheldon, and shall then be informed of the real state of things—Pray write immediately and fully.

I dined yesterday with a creature calling herself a Woman—but more like a Yahoo—very long grey hair, an indescribable face, a small beever hat, a cravatt, a waiscoat, a black riding habbit and a nose so long and inflamed, that it will certainly one day

or other set fire to a beard the most flourishing I ever saw upon a female countenance.

Adieu my dearest Sister,

I must finish in haste.

E. JERNINGHAM.

P.S. The wrist has been plaistered and is better—this for Miss S!

Without a date, but traceable to this period by its insertion in vol. ii. of the collection, is a letter of gossip from 'The Poet' to his sister, Lady Jerningham.

I Begin my chit-chattering with telling you an odd incident respecting Miss Townshend

As Mrs. Cornwallis and her young Ladies were Taking their slow progress to Town, at one of their stations (I forget at whose House) a Ball was proposed and some officers of the Scots Fencibles were invited, among whom was a Captain Thomas who danced with Miss Townshend—They had never seen one another before, and between the first and second Dance he proposed himself as a Husband, and insisted upon an *Immediate* Answer, or at least such a reply upon which he might Build the most confident Hopes—She declined the latter and consequently he explained her Answer into a refusal. Nevertheless they completed their second Dance, and then parted for good and All, for it seems Intelligence was brought yesterday that this very Abrupt Lover had proposed to a young Lady at Sudbury and has been accepted. This Captain Thomas is a gentleman well-born with a small Estate in Scotland.

To ascend a higher order of Amourship I think L^dy^ Jersey is now in the Transit of Venus—It was very evident her reign was drawing to its Period. I believe I have mentioned this circumstancce before, but the singularity attending the progression of this affair is that the Lady will not acknowledge any Difference or Diminution of Regard on *his* Side This embarrasses the Pr. exceedingly, for he wishes to let her down gently and to separate amicably, which he thinks cannot be done if he should Dismiss her in Town and unequivocally: I have given her Intimations and broad suggestions which she will not understand or at least does not seem to understand

This day sen'night The P. was confined with a sprain and he sent me an order to be with him at Ten o'clock in the Evening. He received me in his Bed-Chamber and, talking over this Business, said he would hobble to her the next day and Endeavour to Bring her to a conference and would promise never to withdraw from her and her family his protection. But she has had Art enough to evade the Conference, and after an Elapse of a week, Things remain in the same uncertain undecided situation—The Delicacy, the Reluctance, or call it what ever name you please, which he shews upon this occasion is very extraordinary.

I sent Lady Jersey word that I had been at Carlton House and that the P. had spoken in the highest Terms of her; that it was in her power to secure his Friendship and that the P. had desired me to say something to That Effect—She writes a Note and Desires me never to mention his name to

her, saying that I am under a mistake and That I am an *honest* Iago. I have declined calling upon her since her note, for I am at a loss how to act

I have not seen the P. since last Saturday, But he has sent a message to me, by Colonel McMahon, to continue my visits to her, but not to enter upon the subject of separation unless she begins, and Then I am to keep there the same Language.

. . . . . .

The Agnes Jerningham who penned the following epistle, shivering with cold on a bleak January evening of the year 1799, was one of Sir William's numerous cousins, many of whom were scattered abroad in foreign service or had taken refuge in convents.

From Agnes Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

HENGRAVE,
Jan. 15. 1799.

MY MOST DEAR COUZINE,

Thro' the dark mist of Owl light I am happy to acknowledge your kind favour; what consoles and which I value above all is your friendship and confide you will ever find in me a sensible return, tho' not in my power to express as I wish.

The Cold Weather dont better agree with me than with Sir Willm. I never was it's friend nor lik'd to shake hands with it: it pinches me to hard and I do not approve nor am I willing to encourage such violence, I therefore defend myself against it the best I can. And Self love I find ever ready to push me forward, and good Mrs. More to prevent and consider

me: so she would not permit me to rise to Mattins, which was happily for me (or I believe by this I should have been a pillar of Ice). It was singularly sharp, and from the time it grew moderate and that we flatter'd ourselves with a thaw in the Mornings when we rose, behold all the Windows deck'd in white Damask!

I am glad you had such a pleasant excursion. I agree wholy with you that Miss Fanny H. is a pleasing fine Girl. She has good sence, and a very fine temper, which is not commonly found, and I think preferable to bewty and Cash, tho' the latter, by what I hear, is not wanting to her.

I suppose a Vast rout at Miss Dillon's Wedding. Do you propose pushing among the throng? I dont think it, as I know you are not fond of blusters. I am very Angry at your Br Willm for Grumbling about their being no War. Your account of the rest of my Couzins is agreeable to me, being vastly glad the Eldest is so well recover'd and that Couzin Edwd will be more at his ease, being sad this weather to have so far to walk. Kind Comp^{ts} when you write.

I embrace my little namesake D^{r}, Agnes, and wish she was well recover'd of the small pox. I admire the Spirit of Mathilda; it will carry her courageously thro' the difficult turnings and windings of her Novitiate; but your quiet mild ones must be wipped and spurr'd or they can do nothing. So Charlot and Agnes you may keep to yourselves.

I heard a great noise one day in the Novitiate, I now suppose the Eccho of Mathilda's pranks. I hope she dont beat her Sisters as that would be to much.

My kind love to all of them and may allmighty-God bless them, my sincere wish. If you dont own this a long one in return for your account, I pray Sir Rich^d to whom my best Compliments, to trim you well round & round. I have not done yet: was you not vastly shock'd at Sir Thom^s Death? It was vastly affecting to us all and was frequently calld up in the Night to give from our Little Apothecary Shop what was wanted for him. He suffer'd much, made a fine end in the best of dispositions and all is well that ends well.

Pray do you know one in your Neighbourhood whose Maiden name was Alexander? Her youngest Sister is frequently with us and vastly oblidging. She is a great paintress and a very good fortune; which, it is Said, her Father consider'd her above the rest as being more homely. She is vastly desireous of being introduced to you.

My kind love and Respectfull Compliments to Sir Willm et le Chevalier.

What the young one will do I cant say, more than that she unites me in all most kind to all.

Mrs. More and Mr. Oliver presents their kind Compliments and I unalterably remain,

Yours for ever ever and Day

AGNES JERNINGHAM.

A frost and I am in my room without fire, *heu mihi!* —Oh, but the Screen protects me!

Jan. 16. 1799.

'The Lovers' in Lady Jerningham's gossip to her daughter are Fanny Dillon and Sir Thomas Webb.

Concerning 'Little James,' a note in Lady Bedingfeld's hand refers to him as '*The Hon. James Dillon—afterwards went into the guards, and died young.*' This was one of the then Lord Dillon's children by the 'French lady' whom he ultimately married *en secondes noces.*

Wednesday, 13. *February.*

. . . . . .

The Lovers have frequent Little tiffs, but I think, upon the Whole, that there is a better understanding between them. He is really so generous and attentive to Her, every day bringing some Little trinket, that war cannot subsist Long, with all these peace offerings. He gives her in diamonds a very handsome pair of earrings, and a Beautiful Diamond Cross which, if I had had 150 Guineas to dispose of, I would have bought for *you.* These diamonds were the property of a deceased Saint, who was daughter of the Duc de Noailles, and Mde. de Saisseval told me that she really believed them to be Relicks.

I did not ask for any particular sum for her Trousseau, as I thought it was better to order what was proper, and have the Bills paid. I have not yet Collected the whole, but as there is the Bill of her past Court Dresses, I fancy it will amount to about 300. I went yesterday to Colnaghy in Pall Mall in quest of two of your Prints, one for the Little Cabinet here and one for Cavendish Square. The man had not one left but said he should get some more in immediately that as soon as he put them in the Window they were Caught up, and I was very glad to hear of the publick good taste.

We dined yesterday 16 in Cavendish Mews, the Newburghs, *us* and Mesdames de Saisseval and

Luitry, your Uncle Ed. and Kendall. Lord Newburgh is become like every body else and I have no doubt but that next year he will be handsome, as he is in Continual progression.

Little James is a most sweet Boy dressed in a little regimental, white hair Cropped, but very fine Blue eyes with Black eye-lashes. Lady Newburgh asked Him if he had been well since he had been in London, he said: 'no, I have had a Cold.'——The answer is nothing but the little quick and yet mild way in which he says it is pretty. The girls learn of Cramer, and the Eldest has made very visible progress in her Playing since her Residence in London. They have begun also drawing with Ruypen. I wish I could have *La verteuse Athénienne* with the best to it, in short two of the naked arm Ladies, they would be better here with a fire than in the passage.

Adieu my dear Girl Yours always most affectionately.

Your Brothers are well; George in great Beauty, the other has his usual patent. Pray beg your Father to take a little Rhubarb at night in some peppermint water, Mrs. Claxton knows the dose, it always does him good.

LONDON,
February 27.

. . . . . .

We all went to town to dine at Lord Mulgrave's where we met Colonel Phipps, Augustus and his Wife, and Lord Dillon and Henry.

We were in possession of Sir Thomas who was also one of the *Convives*. There was a very fine tyresome Dinner, with a profusion of different wines, the tasting of which occupied most of the Conversation during our stay there; and when we four miserable women went up to the Drawing Room, I hear that Sir Thomas, who was beginning to be merry, held forth and kept all the others in gaping silence, he was at the Battle of Jemmapes, at Nerwinden, at Paris the 10. of August, the 2. of September, he saw the first execution at Paris: in short *Rhodomontade*, which I think may have succeeded better there, than any where else, and will I daresay give him a sort of tyresome consequence, more than if he had had the good sense to be silent.

He is really very good natured, but to us uncommonly fatiguing from his frothy volubility. The men remained at dinner till 11 night.

Lord Dillon wishes the Archbishop of Narbonne to perform the ceremony and I suppose it must happen next week. She has besides her Diamonds a profusion of Bijoux given by Sir Thomas, my present will be some good Books *reliés en maroquin*.

Lady Mulgrave's Little Boy is very stout and healthy, but highly ugly at present.

. . . . . .

Did I tell you that the Liège Nuns have got a delightful old Mansion near Chelmesford? New Hall, an old Palace of Henry the 8th. and several Rooms of very Considerable size. They bought it for 6000£. Miss Charlotte Clifford lodged two Nights

at Lady Clifford's, with Miss Fermer a nun of the same age, and both handsome, in black gowns and large Muslin caps. A little daughter of Lord Clifford with them.

About the beginning of 1799 William Jerningham returned to Austria for the purpose of taking the necessary steps to give up his commission in the Imperial service. We hear of him through General Charles Jerningham in Vienna—the same to whose 'voracious German stomack' Sir William made some allusion in a letter of the year 1786 (June 19). The good General's English and his French appear to be as completely Germanized as his digestion. The winter was one of extreme severity. Almost immediately upon his arrival in Vienna the young soldier fell seriously ill, and was treated with the usual 'kill or cure' veterinary remedies of the period. In spite of all this, however, the news of his recovery arrived in time to allow his mother in England to resume her interest in the marriage of her niece, Fanny Dillon, and to place on record her observations concerning the same.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

Holy Saturday.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

Our poor William is ill! very ill! I am afraid, as you will see by this Letter, but yet I trust in that merciful Providence which permitted he should have the visitation at Vienna, where all help is at Hand, that He will be restored again.

Robinson, at Mr. Wright's, had a Letter also of the 2nd. from Mr. Plunket late of Brussels. He mentions poor William's illness, and says that He had been administered two days before, but was

rather better that day. It is sad to be such a way off and unable to do anything but tremble for so valuable a Life!

I have only known the distressing news since yesterday, perhaps you may have heard it before, and that it has prevented you from writing, for I think it Long since I heard from you.

The Chevalier arrived on Thursday: he says your Father's cold is much better.

The Webbs are yet at Ditchley, well and satisfied, they go to Prayers at Heythorpe and Kiddington. Sir Thomas has hired a House for a year in Sussex. (Binderton)

Edward is, thank God, got pretty well. Young Henry is going to Ireland with the Oxfordshire Militia. The girls Henrietta and Charlotte went with me to tenebries, their Mother being ill. Adieu, my dear, Yours ever and always most affectionately.

How melancholy it is to be such a way from those we are most interested in. The very day poor dear William was administered I had Company at my House; it makes me shudder!

I hope your Health is good and the Little ones'.

My Brother Henry thinks it will be Cheaper for them to Live entirely in London than to be at Datchet.

Miss Browne has refused young ——, and her Father for Her young Gold.

(Note in Lady Bedingfeld's hand: '*Whom she afterwards married, with her father's consent.*')

Enclosed letter from General C. Jerningham to Sir W. Jerningham.

VIENNE,
23d Feby.

DEAR SIR Wm

Yr son Wm arrived here the 14th. inst. The 15th. he came and found me confined to my room with the gout, but the surprise and pleasure I had to see him soon diminished my pains.

He dined with us the same day and the day following. The 18th. he promised to come again; but on the 17th. at night, going home from the Comedy, he was seized with a violent chillness and pain in his right side which has confined him to his room ever since. He is in the hands of Prince de Croui's doctor, to whom I was desirous to speake, so took my resolution to be carried to yr sons who I found much better than I expected. His Doctor calls it *un fluxion de poitrine*, but as it was taken in time no danger is to be apprehended.

He has been three times blooded and we hope in a few days he will be quite rid of it. I got myself carried to him yesterday; he is in good spirits and hope to have a good account of him this evening. *Cette un contre-tems pr moi* to be laid up with the gout; the weather is so bad, that I dare not venture out, for my trip yesterday has renewd my pains, but I hope in 3 or 4 days to be better and see him again.

12 o'clock. My man Leopold is just come from yr sons he did not sleep well, was very uneasy and his Doctor, according to my desire if he was not

better, went this morning to take council with one I nominated, who is our best and most intelligent man here. And in consequence thereof they are to meet at y^{r} son this evening, which is a consolation to me as I cannot goe out, my foot is so painfull. Yr son was blooded again this morning for ye 4th time. Everybody is ill here, one hears nothing but complaints from every corner, if I am not too late for the post you shall know *le résultat du conseil* this evening. My kindest respects to Lady Jer^{m}: tell her to be easy about her son for he has not been, nor shall not be, neglected in any respect whatsoever. Every help and assistance he shall have that is to be had; my wife joins in all that kind to you and Lady Jer^{m}. She went to see Willm as I coud not, tho' she was herself much out of order with a violent cold. All my acquaintance are confined: such a winter I never knew.

I was much rejoyced when yr son told me he had quitted the service. Factions of all kinds were forming against him. M: Therèse is dead, foreigners have no support nor nothing to hope for. Adieu, Dear Sir W^{m} and be assured of my sincere attachment.

CHARLES JERNINGHAM.

I hope to see yr son Will flourish in a red coat; he is a good and brave off^{r} and doubt not but, fighting for his Country, he'll meet with recompense

5 heure du soir. Le Prince de Crouis vient de sortir de chez moi: he says the Doctors have decided he is to be blooded again this night and if not better to-morrow morning to apply a blistering

plaster. They agreed he is not in imminent danger but his disorder is treacherous. They'll meet again to-morrow at 9 o'clock in the morning.

I will write to you if necessary next post again.

From Sir William Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

March 22.

My last letter to you, my dear Charlotte, must, I fear, have allarmed you much about your brother William; but, I thank God, yesterday I received an account of his beeing quit well again. The underwritten is the Bulletin the good old general sends me. His first letter was dated the 23d—

VIENNA,
Feb. 25*th.*

I wrote to you yesterday and gave you an account of your Son William. My doctor attended him this morning to be consulted, and I am much easyer than I was since they two Doctors have agreed to Blister him this evening. As the both agreed it would be prudent to have him receive the rites of the Church, so he was administerd this Morning.

I beg'd the Prince de Crouis to propose it to him, from my not being able to quit my Room, which your Son immediately acquiesced to. I have great hopes, his pulse beeing very regular and not agitated, that the Blisters will Change Matters. He was blooded this morning, the Vein is again to be opened this Evening.

February 26.

Your Son reposed in the night and was very quiet, he finds himself much better, the Pain in his Side and breast are greatly Diminished, the blistering plaisters have drawn plentifully, and I look on him now to be out of danger, as this change for the better happened on the 9th. day of his Illness.

February 27*th.*

William has had a quiet night, his pains diminishd, and begins to look pale for he was very Red in the face before. His blisters continue to draw and he finds himself weak, but much easyier. Unless some unforeseen accident should happen, t'is probable he will get perfectly well again.

February 28*th.*

I am just come from your Sǫn, he is as well as one can possibly wish he could be. I stayed with him two hours and, as I am myself better, shall goe to him again to-morrow—I am in great Spirits at his having got over so severe an attack. He looks well and is in good Spirits; all Danger is over. In a short time I hope he will be able to get out again, but as yet he keeps his bed. I shall not so soon write again, which will be a proof of your son's recovery.

The Danube makes sad Ravages: here and the adjacent countries all is under water. Adieu &c. &c.

CHARLES JERNINGHAM.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

COSSEY,
Good Friday night.

I don't think I have ever had so Severe a Cold, it is now near 12 days I have been confined and cannot with all the care get quite well of it as yet. My hopes are now in change of air with your good and kind nursing I have no doubt of being well soon. My plan is still to come to you on Monday, but do not rely upon it, but Tuesday for certain. As I have not been out So Long I should wish to have one day before I leave Cossey to give orders to my Workmen &c. an take an airing before I take my journey.

I expect to-morrow Mr. and Mrs. Darrel for a couple of nights. She comes to make her Easter; I hope I shall find her better Looking than when I saw her last. I am told that Mrs. Norris favors her with a Dining Visit on Sunday to eat Pascal Lamb; I shall pay her your small debt. Freeman has sent me Sir Thomas Moore and Family and two other frames, which I shall bring with me. I hear Sir Richard did not attend at Thetford, I hope it was not any Rheumatism or other Complaints. My best Love to him and compliments to Mr. Sanderson.

Abbé Le Sage is here and has been all this week to help Mr. Eustace as Diacre. The Chevalier left me on Thursday: I fear the fasting and praying this week was too much for him.

Adieu, My dear Charlotte, *jusqu'au plaisir de vous*

Embrasser, ce qui, j'espère, sera Lundi on plus tard Mardi.

My Love to the three Loves.

Out of four half tickets in this Lottery, I got one twenty pounds; but beeing intitled to half I get a miserable ten pound—I hope Sir Richard has had better fortune.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

Thursday, 24. *March.*

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

The wedding is really over and all went off well. Sir Thomas had called yesterday morning at St. George's to desire the Clergyman in waiting should be in Boulton Row at ten o'clock this morning. Accordingly, at that Hour arrived the Clerk, enquiring for a room for the Bishop of Exeter to put his dress on, as he was coming. I was surprised, but the Clerk said the Bishop wish'd to show that Politeness Himself. He arrived accordingly and married them in the Dining Room. It is Dr. Courtney who is Bishop of Exeter, and Rector of St. Georges, and was formerly Rector of Spelsbury by the Gift of Lord Litchfield.

At eleven arrived the Archbishop of Narbonne and he performed with great dignity below in the Parlour, made a most moving and eloquent discourse, and the Abbé Sauvage said Mass. We then all went up again, and there was a large table with tea, Coffee and Chocolate.

About two, the Company filed off, and the new married Couple mounted a Chaise and four with

you return. I cannot say *exactly* what make here at present, as that must different circumstances. I think how- be in town the latter end of next week, afterwards go down and see what state the ll is in.

D er say every thing that is kind . I shall ever retain the at I owe to the D—s

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and happy B
G. JERNINGHAM.

dy Bedingfeld.

28.

The two following letters, the
of more than four months, occur
collection.

The first, from George Jerningha
glowing terms the beginning of his
destined to be rather protracted, for the
place at Christmas—with a beautiful girl—
youngest daughter and co-heiress of Ed
Haughley Park, Suffolk.

The second is from the young lady hersel
death of her father.

HAUGHLEY,
May 6th.

I was exceedingly sorry to hear, *My Dear Sister*, that you have been so ill, and am equally disapointed in the pleasure I proposed to myself in meeting you and Sir Richard here. I got to this Mansion on Wednesday and met with a most *friendly reception*. It is impossible for me to say *how much* I was struck with *my Lady's appearance*, she so *infinitely* surpasses in *every way* all I had figured to myself, from the *few* times I had seen *her*, and (as I wrote my Mother word the other day) when I look at her I can scarcely believe I had had the *happiness* to please *so Beautiful and charming a woman*. My fears before I came *were*, that her good opinion of me, might be lessen'd by further acquaintance, but I have every reason *to hope* that is not the case. Receive my most *grateful thanks*, for the very kind part you have acted throughout this business, and also for the *good character* you give me in your letters to her, which she shew'd me. It also gives me *great satisfaction* to find that her conduct is approved of by almost every one, even *intimate friends*, who all agree it was absurd to expect so handsome a young woman to throw away any more of her time in *useless waiting* &c. I think if possible, she is still more handsome in the morning, than by candle light, which is rather uncommon with the *modern belles*.

Pray thank Sir Richard for his letter. I should be exceedingly happy in paying you a visit at Oxburgh before your journey, but as I shall so soon see you in town, I will delay doing myself that

pleasure till you return. I cannot say *exactly* what stay I shall make here at present, as that must depend upon different circumstances. I think however I shall be in town the latter end of next week, and soon afterwards go down and see what state the old Mansion at Shifnall is in.

Adieu My Dear Sister say every thing that is kind to Sir Richard from me. I shall ever retain the *most grateful recollection* of what I owe to the D—s and beg you will say so when you write. My Dearest F. desires to be kindly remembered to you as also the remainder of the Family and Believe me, My Ever dear Sister,

Your affectionate and happy B^r^

G. JERNINGHAM.

From Frances Sulyard to Lady Bedingfeld.

October 28.

MY DEAREST LADY B.

After the kindness wherewith you have long interested yourself for this family, I cannot altho' in the deepest affliction remain a day longer without giving you information of an events having taken place so long dreaded by us all. On Thursday at the half after 2 our dear and respected Father render'd his soul into the hands of his Creator—We were witnesses of his last dear Moments. They were those of a just man. He expired without a groan and with a countenance brighten'd with an almost heavenly smile.

He only kept his bed 2 days and was very sensible

the last 12 hours—He said he was quite happy, and indeed he appear'd to have placed so much confidence in the Almighty as to have lost all apprehension of Death—it appear'd to him almost without a sting.

My Mother's fortitude in supporting the trying scene I could not render justice to, was I to endeavour it. She is as well as the Violence of Grief will permit her to be. I recommend to your and Sir Richard's prayers the dear departed soul of my Father, and I trust Mr. Sanderson will beg the prayers of the congregation to the same end—We doubt not but that he is receiving or about to receive the reward of a well spent life and of the patient and edifying manner with which he bore the Affliction it pleased Almighty God to send Him.

Yours, my dearest Lady Bedingfield, with the affection which my sad and sorrowing heart is capable of.

FRANCES SULYARD.

Saturday.

The last epistle bearing the date of this year is from the Poet. It is addressed, from London, to his niece at Oxburgh.

Here we have this singular personage in his oddest mood. It is possible that Lady Bedingfeld understood the whole drift of his communication, but the special interpretation of the allegorical New Year's greeting can now only be left to the taste and fancy of the reader.

DEAR LADY BEDINGFELD,

A gentleman who is just Touching the period of his existence, and whom every person about him is of opinion that He cannot survive to-morrow, has

earnestly entreated me to acquaint you with his situation, and hopes you will not resent his omission of a Legacy. He makes no Will, But He thinks his Eldest Son who is to Inherit every Thing will occasionally be very generous to you: in consequence of this suggestion of the Father I immediately waited upon the son, and entreated him to patronise the female genius of Oxburgh. He began with shedding a shower of snow-white tears at the thought of his Father's Dissolution and then replied to this effect: 'That he would be very partial and attentive to you: and the motive of his partiality (He said) arose from a prophetic intelligence or participation That one of his remote descendants would put an end to your existence. In consequence of this future extinction of so much excellence, He would order Hygeia to attend you, and not to quit you except for a few hours when he will give Directions to Lucina to wait upon you—He added that he would order Invention to present you with a pencil, and a pen, But at the same time He foresaw that Indolence would often snatch the pen from your hand. That He would command a Fairy, or a particular Oberon who was born on a Christmas Hearth in a Gothic Castle, to administer to you a mysterious Beverage which the Etherial Being will convey to your Lips when you are asleep, the mystic goblet will contain several glistering Drops of the purest Benevolence, some grains of Eccentricity—some gay-coloured seeds of satire; a quantity of Diamond dust a sovereign Remedy for Dulness.

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In the early part of the last year of the eighteenth century we find William Jerningham returned from his foreign service, and seeking a commission in the English Army.

George is now married, and, from all the evidence afforded by the collection, most happy in his circumstances, albeit that Lady Jerningham appears somewhat afraid of her wealthy daughter-in-law.

Edward, in the Temple, is beginning to busy himself seriously about 'the peerage question,' a matter which, however, he was not destined to see settled, and which, indeed, was not to be brought to a satisfactory conclusion before another quarter-century.

The 'Blue Nuns' are now migrating to England, and negotiations are being carried out, chiefly by members of the Jerningham family, for their proper establishment in this country.

Lady Jerningham is in London, and entertains her daughter in the country with town and other news.

Monday, 17. *March.*

I have got up, my dear Charlotte, at 8 o'clock, that I might be able to write at Least a few Coherent Lines, for I never Can afterwards feel quiet.

I am particularly anxious to hear that you are better, and I Can assure you, that I could not express what I felt at parting from you, the wish I should have had of staying, and the sad necessity that tore me away. But I find that every one who knows me or Edward, were desirous of my Coming to Him, as he was supposed to be in very great danger, (it

frightens me now to say it) and alone (tho not unfriended) in those chambers at Lincoln's Inn, so far from all immediate enquirey. He is now, thank God, well, but yet very much altered and weak. He dos not Come down to Dinner, but keeps *salon* in the evening with the Nuns, who have hitherto passed their Recreation with me. One is always dressed in the habit with the Blue mantle, as a sample of how they used to be, and an apology for their present appearance, which is that of Goody Moore.

Yesterday I had M^de^ de Saisseval (Looking uncommonly pretty in her Weeds) and M^de^ de Listry with tall Henry,* who was quite struck at seeing the dress: a very pretty young Nun had it on and she Looked so quiet and civil that He was really half moved, at he knew not well what. The abbess went with me to high mass in Golden square: there we met Lord and Lady Petre and all the *Beau monde* who behaved really with Respect to her. One Bench at the Chapel Contained all the Petre Faction, Mrs. George Petre with them, grown very ugly, and a tall daughter not pretty, with a sort of young Governess, a Miss Firman, she was formerly at the Blue Nuns, and quite overjoyed to meet Mother abbess, who is very Little taller than Fanny, the Little pretty Girl of Oxburgh.

The Bishop has given the abbess a general Leave to dispense, to those she chuses to give it to, of going to any Chapel; and, about their affairs, leave to visit any Body. The permission must be particularised, as formerly at Paris to enter the Convent.

* Afterw^ds^ Lord Dillon.

They are as quiet in the House, as if they did not inhabit it. Mrs. Green lays in Sir R^ds^ Room, better. She gets up early, the Bed is turned up, the Room cleared, mass is said there, then their Breakfast at Nine, dinner there also at one, and Collation at 6. Mrs Edwards is a remarkable well behaved, sensible woman, but extremely delicate, and has now a very bad Cough upon Her. The two young Nuns, (who made their Profession the day after the Bastille was taken) are very well behaved young women, and one of them Pretty, at Least very pleasing. They are altogether about 30. I wish Some body who did not inhabit their Country House would Lend, or Let it to them for a trifle. What becomes of Coldham? I am afraid that in Norwich, it may be too Confined for the young ones, who will then most Likely not go out.

Mrs Henry D. is a most unpleasant Subject of Reflexion; she has taken a Lodging at four guineas and a half a week, and has not litterally one Sixpence. Her Brother will not see her, but Lady Kenmare appears to protect her, and brought her here. She had her on Saturday in her Box at the opera. I went there yesterday, and was Let in by a great dirty footman, I believe a foreigner. She will really be arrested. Pretty Little Maria is very well, and more recovered from her small-pox.

The Nuns finances are thus: 800^L^ in the funds, and another 100 due to them by Bernard Howard as remains of money belonging to his aunt Mother Agnes. 5^L^ a year subscribed for them by Mrs. Porter, 5^L^ by Lady Mostyn, and I have reason to

reckon upon 5 from Lady Kenmare on account of her Mother, who was brought up with them.

The affair of Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince, becomes very incomprehensible, it is a fact that He meets her whenever he Can, and a Conversation ensues that takes them both out of the Company. On Saturday, Lady Kenmare tells me, that Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mrs. Butler, and the Prince were in a high Box all Night in Conversation, the Princess at the opera and also Lady Jersey. I Comprehend it no longer, for I had thought Mrs. Fitzherbert a woman of Principle.

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Wednesday.

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William has been with Mr. Windham, and it was to know of himself what he wished for. Wm said that if He Could have the Permanent Rank of Captn in the English army, that He would be employed in any manner that Could be supposed most useful to the Service. Mr. Windham said he should report his answer to the Duke of York, and we hope for some favor. Wm begs me to say that he shall write to Sir Richard in a very few days, and that you will Receive by same coach, a Box of tamarinds. Mrs. D. made her appearance, I hear, again at the opera Last Night in Lady Kenmare's Box, all over Pink Ribbons. It Costs her nothing, but how she has the Courage to go!

Madame de Fitzjames has a very fine fat Little Girl, but it has a horrid humor about the Head,

almost *la Teigne.* Mrs. Moon is tossing it about and she calls it *Mamsel.*

The Duke of Fitzjames is become a Saint. His Daughter was assisted by the abbé Carin, and died in a very edifying manner. She entreated of her Father that He would have a Conversation with the abbé Carin. He promised her that He would. The Consequence of it was a general Confession, a very exemplary Communion, and the most edifying adoption of Sentiment. He is himself in a very bad way, having had a paralitick attack, which he has never Recovered.

An English Conversion, is Mr. Townley's the owner of the Fine House at Westminster. He has been for many years, a bel esprit: *had too much wit to Pray.* His mind now is reformed and He is become particularly Regular. The Last event is the Chevalier's news: your Cousin Lloyd's Grandmother was Bedingfeld of Chesterford; she married a Mr. Wharton and her Sister married a Bedingfeld of Biningfeld, in Suffolk, where good old Mother Austin has often been, and says it was a very fine old House.

LONDON,
March 28.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

How do you do? Sir Richards Visit to Cossey was very acceptable as your Father informed me, '*it was well timed philantrophy*' etc. (vide Mrs Goodalls poor Last effusion in the album) I hope that at his Return to Oxburgh, He was rewarded for his Charity, by finding his own Home in order.

My convent goes on as usual, and I beg you will

endeavour to put your Father in a good mind about them, about their being in Norwich if necessary; in short you understand the bias it must take.

I was Last Night at M^de^ de Montesquieu's (alias Mrs Northay): she had a grand assembly in Commemoration of the happiest day of her Life, that is her own expression, and under the idea of nursing a Cold she had, appeared in a very fine Lace night cap, which was supposed to have been made 5 years ago. Mrs Cary and Miss Lucy Sulyard arrived there. There is a match plotted for Lucy S. with the Eldest Canning, who is a well Looking young Man, and very good Natured. He was introduced to her Last Night, but I am not sure that he was very much in earnest. He thought Miss Browne Looked very Handsome, and so she did, but that is not so suitable for Him, or rather He is not for Her, except every other Resource failed. Her fair hair becomes her very much. I was very sorry to hear yesterday from Altona, that Lady Webb had miscarried, she was very ill for 11 days, and then it arrived. She writes to me herself, and I have an account also from the abbé, a very pleasing detail of her having behaved with Religion on the occasion, for it seems that she was a good deal allarmed. M^de^ de La Tour du Pin was brought to Bed on the 13th of February of a Girl, at a small village in Hanover, not far from Bremen. It was before her time and the Child is very delicate, but it was Likely to do well, the Mother also. Edward (the dear) and Miss Browne are the Sponsors.

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The *malheur* to which the Chevalier Jerningham refers, in this letter to his niece, Lady Bedingfeld, was the death of M. de Luppé's infant daughter, to whom a careless nurse had administered a spoonful of laudanum by mistake.

The Luppés were French *émigrés*, great friends of Lady Jerningham, who took especial interest in their children.

From the Chevalier Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

3 BERKELEY STREET, W.
ce 30 *mars.*

J'ai diné avec M. de Luppé hier chez Ld Kenmare et il avoit les yeux baignés de larmes tout le diner. C'est mardi qu'il a éprouvé ce malheur. Celui de notre cousin F. Plowden est bien plus à plaindre encore, et j'ai passé deux heures avec lui, il y a quelques jours, à entendre le récit du duel (ou plutôt de l'assassinat) de Son malheureux fils, jusqu'à être accablé de l'affliction de ce bon père : ce jeune homme, aussi aimable de caractère que de figure, étoit aide de camp du Genl Churchill à La Jamaique, et rien ne pouvoit Surpasser les témoignage de satisfaction que le Genl Churchil donnoit de sa conduite, de Son application, et de ses bonnes qualités. On propose un bal de souscription à Portroyal, ou a Spanish Town ; le jeune Plowden nommé steward, est obligé pour soutenir les réglements établis, de prier un officier d'une autre garnison qui étoit entré sans être souscripteur, de sortir du bal par le désir de toute l'assemblée. Cet officier dont le nom est Fitz Maurice cherche sur cela querelle à Plowden, et demande rendez-vous sur l'esplanade le lendemain. Arrivé sur le terrain, il fait en présence des témoins toutes les excuses possibles à Plowden, reconnoit

qu'il l'a provoqué étant ivre, et ainsi finit La scène ce jour Là : elle recommenca peu de jour après, sans la moindre provocation de P. et finit encore sur le terrain, par de nouveaux pardons que demanda Fitz Maurice—le General Churchil découvrit en même temps que ce Fitz Maurice étoit un sujet exécrable et qu'il y avoit des charges Si graves contre lui qu'il fit assembler un conseil de Guerre, qui le condamna, après l'avoir Cassé, à quitter le pays—Il engagea alors un artisan de la ville, scélérat comme lui, à répandre les calomnies les plus atroces contre le jeune Plowden et à le provoquer à sortir de la ville pour se battre. Plowden au lieu de mépriser ces propos et de prendre l'avis du Genl ou de quelqu' officier de poids, se laisse entrainer par sa valeur, et accompagné d'un de ses camarades plus jeune que lui, il se rendit au rendez vous indiqué. Le témoin de son adversaire fait promettre aux combattants qu'ils ne tireront qu'à un signal convenu. Plowden souscrit à la condition proposée et aussitôt reçoit la balle dans le coeur, avant d'avoir eu le tems de lever son pistolet.

Le scélèrat qui a commis cet assassinat, ainsi que Ses complices, seront jugés et exécutés suivant l'atrocité de leur délit. Mais c'est une foible compensation pour une famille qui perd un enfant aussi interessant.

Les présentiments de Madme. Plowden sur un évènement aussi peu vraisemblable sont véritablement surprenants, et s'ils n'étoient attestés par son mari et plusieurs personnes de leurs amis, j'aurais peine à les croire : Elle rêvoit continuellement qu'une

miniature qu'elle a de son fils s'effacoit de plus en plus; une nuit elle crût qu'elle étoit totalement sans couleurs, une autre que ce portrait lui étoit enlevé, et aussitôt reveillée elle se leva pour vérifier s'il étoit dans son secrétaire. Ces songes lui donnoient de l'inquiétude et elle ne cessoit de dire qu'elle étoit sûre qu'elle ne reverroit jamais son fils. Son mari pour détourner cette idée engageoit son fils à leur écrire le plus souvant qu'il lui étoit possible: la dernière lettre qu'il écrivit portoit entre autres choses, qu'il jouissoit de la meilleure Santé, que le climat lui etoit très favorable, qu'il étoit très content du Genl Churchil qui le traitoit avec toute sorte de bonté et d'amitié; en un mot cette lettre étoit faite pour tranquilliser tous ses amis sur son compte. Mais sa mère en la lisant fondit en larmes, ne pût continuer la lecture de longtems, et persista à dire qu'elle étoit certaine qu'elle ne reverroit jamais son fils. A peu de jour de là elle fût engagée à aller diner en ville; les personnes chez qui elle dinoit, en la voyant entrer la trouvèrent si changée et troublée qu'elles lui demandèrent si elle étoit incommodée. Elle lui dit alors qu'elle avoit eû un songe qu'elle avoit caché à son mari, mais qui, comme Athalie entretenoit dans son coeur un chagrin qui le ronge: elle avoit vu son fils un pistolet à la main droite, tomber mort sur le terrain, portant un habit qui n'étoit pas son uniforme, en un mot tel que depuis on a vu que ce jeune homme étoit vêtu le jour de son assassinat, et qui par les dattes paroit être celui même ou la mère a eû ce Songe allarmant.

Je m'appesantis sur ces malheurs réels, pour être

moins sensible à une perte d'un autre genre, et qui sera sûrement sentie par Sir Richard, c'est celle de mon bon Rover qui est sorti de La maison hier à 8 h. du matin, du matin, d'onques depuis je n'en ai de nouvelle; je continuirai mes recherches aujourd'hui, mais je crains beaucoup qu'elles ne soient pas heureuses.—Il n'y a rien de nouveau, si vous exceptez la gaieté qui prend au Roi d'honorer de sa presence les assemblées et les routs: il a été Lundi, avec la reine et toute la famille royale (*14* en nombre) chez L^dy^ Cardigan, a joué au reversi, la reine au Casino, les princesses à une table ronde; on assure qu'il accordera la même faveur à L^dy^ Harcourt, à L^dy^ Salisbury, à Ld Hertford etc. Il doit recevoir demain dans son intérieur la visite des princess d'Orléans.

J'ai reçu enfin une lettre de George, qui dit comme Buonaparte de la Guerre. Notre silence n'aurait-il donc point de terme? Je lui ai répondu, et vous voilà au courant: il me mande qu'ils viendront à Londres après Pâques.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

Tuesday, April 8.

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The good Nuns get on in their Finances: Lord Shrewsbury has this morning sent me a 50^L^ note for them. They have had also 20^L^ a year subscribed allready, so that I think they will be able to do. I have written, by their desire, this day to Mr. Darell

for him to take the House in Norwich, and they have above 100L owing to them with which they mean to furnish it.

It is now necessary that I should get them Convey'd into Norfolk, and I have taken the Liberty (tho' unknown to them) of forming this plan, as your poor Father has been a little impatient about them, and that yet I should Like their first residence in Norfolk to be at Cossey, while their House could be getting ready. I wish that you and Sir Richard would give the good example of inviting your poor old Cousin, with a Companion to make you a visit at Oxburgh. She must travel in a Chaise, as she has a Rhumatick Pain in her neck which would destroy her in the stage. I mean her to set off Monday, or Tuesday in Easter week, remain one week with you, and then go on to Cossey. It will put her in fashion with your Father to have her invited to Oxburgh; *she* will I think be pleased with it, and they have money sufficient at present not to be troublesome to any Body. Would you have any objection to have Str Edwards with her? You must tell me exactly, my dear, your wish.

My favourite nun is a young one of 30 years of age, extremely sensible and pious, and particularly pleasing in her Looks and well behaved; but Sister Edwards is Sickly and knows the world, so that she would be eased by the chaise and understand how to pay the post Boys. The old one has always another in her Room, but is with care quite hearty, with an immense memory and a fund of private anecdote. I will enclose the Talisman with which

I draw subscriptions, accompanying it with an epistle.

. . . . . .

There was a Service on Saturday at the French Chapel, for Melle Adelaide. The poor Archbishop of Narbonne officiated, and made a very eloquent discourse, the whole chapel was hung with Black, and Fleurs de Lys. On one side of the altar were 12 French Bishops; on the other, facing the Bishops, *Monsieur*, the Duke of Orleans and his Brothers, and the Duc de Bourbon; all the French nobility in the Chapel. Every Body in Black. It was a very moving spectacle: the present, the past, the future, all was melancholy!—and formidable. The Orleans trio edified me, they never Looked off their Books.

We have a Pope, whom every one seems to approve of, he is 58 years of age, a Benedictine Monk, and Related to the Late good Pontif.

Adieu my ever dear good Charlotte. This is a sad rainy day, and I am afraid you are not well. If you have a Son, he must be Christened Austin, Yours most affectionately.

Mademoiselle Adelaide was *Madame*, aunt of Louis XVI.; she died at Trieste, in the sixty-eighth year of her age.

Monsieur (short for Monsieur Frère du Roy) was, of course, the Comte d'Artois, who became Charles X.

The new Pope was Barnabo Chiaramonte, consecrated as Pius VII., who was to crown Napoleon Emperor, and afterwards to excommunicate, and be imprisoned by, his anointed. His election had taken place on March 13.

LONDON, BOULTON ROW.
April 15.

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This Little Convent must Remain at Cossey, till all is ready for them at Norwich. Since I have been at London, I have, as their almoner, had to give them *£76.16.0.* Their journey to Cossey will be about 12L. The committee money is not yet settled. Lord Clifford has at last deigned an answer, and a gracious one, enclosing a note of five guineas. But the most essential is to get the Committee money, which for the 8 with Mr. Shelly would be exactly 15 guineas per month.

. . . . . .

Did I tell you that Lady Mary Howe who died last week, was to have been married *this*, to Lord Morton? that she had Liked Him for 15 years, and said, a few days before she fell ill, that tho' every thing was settled for her union, she did not think it Could take place, as she should be too Happy? (Think of the poker!) Accordingly, poor thing, the only Regard she Could shew Him was dyeing in her destined wedding night cap, and Leaving Him 20000L by will. She has also left 2000 to Melle de Mortemar, and 2000 to her Sister, the Princess de Beauveau, which is a very good natured Remembrance of them. She was Lord Howe's youngest daughter and very plain.

. . . . . .

Carriages are this year so Low, that it is almost ridiculous; and when, in my old fashioned Coach, I go by a fine Lady, it is exactly the first story Looking into the parlour.

There are two Miss Wyns going about, very young, Catholicks, brought up in Italy, excellent Musicians, very fine voices, not ugly, but Low of stature, above 10,000L a piece. Taltoni wants to have one, but I am not sure, *I* shall not take them both. Adieu my dear. I beg you will pray for me.

Yours most entirely.

The Chevalier de Craig is just come over.

DANS BOULTON
April 25.

You will have seen my good Nuns at Cossey, and you can I am sure, but be satisfied with them. Pray tell me about them.

Their Scriptural Quotation to me were the words of Tobias to his Father.—'What Reward shall we give to the Angel? what can be worthy of his Benefits? He Conducted me out, and brought me back again in safety. He Received the money of Gabelous, He Deliverd me from being Devoured, He made thee to see the Light of Heaven, and we are filled with all good things thro Him.' This text they paraphrased in the most affecting manner, alluding to their situation with Regard to mine. I am very glad to have so excellent a sample of them, as it has had a great effect, and I do not put their Light under a Bushel. I hear that they are particularly pleased with their House at Norwich. Fox writes word, that if it had been built on purpose, it could not have been better.

Did I tell you that Mr. Eyre of Warkworth wrote

me a most obliging letter about them? agreeing to give 10L annually during his life. May the King Live for ever!

. . . . . .

Your Brother sets off on Monday, as has been fixed with him these four months, he Comes with his own Horses, and arrives on Thursday, I shall give them up (tho I do not like it) my Room and George will dress below. I hope, my *belle fille* and me, we shall be agreable together. I feel half frightened at the novelty of the affair.

. . . . . .

On May 8 Lady Bedingfeld gave birth to her first son, the fourth child.

Monday, May 12.

. . . . . .

Pray for the sake of all those who Love you, take great care, to be very quiet. I yet feel the hurt I did you, or was the occasion of, when you were last confin'd and it seems to me, as if I was now in Pennance for it. I must hear every day, and as it would be being too troublesome to Sir Richard to expect Him to write, Miss Bedingfeld will I hope take pity on me. We go on here pretty well.

Mrs. J. is perfectly well behaved both to me, and to every one else, seems fond of her Husband and desirous of doing all that is Right. She is to be presented on Thursday, Mrs. Pearce makes her dress. Lucy Sulyard is quite giddy with her emancipation, and I shall be glad when she has tyed herself to a

proper choice; she puts on as much Rouge as a French *Dame mariée* and her eyes are quite elated with the project of Conquest. The other two, have a much more matronly tranquillity about them.

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Friday, 16.

. . . . . .

You will see by the papers what a horrid attempt was twice made upon our poor Good King yesterday, it is really dreadful to think of! He behaved with his usual courage, and disregard of his personal safety, but the poor Queen, and Princesses sufferd much.

I left you to go to the Drawing Room, where all went off extremely well. I remember Mde de Grignan's account of her *Belle fille*, which I can exactly apply to mine, 'vous Connoisez son air sage et noble, son air assuré et modeste, ne s'embarrassant d'aucune nouveauté; elle a paru dans ce Caractere, et en a été fort louée.' They all asked me who she was, I said: Miss Sulyard, of Suffolk, of an ancient family. The Queen said: 'But I want to see your *own* daughter, what can she be doing always in the Country?' I said that in this moment you were Lying in of a Son.—'Well, that is very well, but I want to see her here.'

Princess Elizabeth also enquired after you, and Lady Webb. In short, all went off very graciously. I shall hope to have a few lines from you on Tuesday, and that you will not then have touched a needle. My Dress yesterday was at Golliards as usual: a

Brown Crape Gown and train trimmed with Large white Beads, white Crape Petticoat with drapery of Brown Crape and Beads, white sarcenet Cap with silver. Mrs. J. all white and Silver of course, by Mrs. Pearce and very pretty.

Lady Stourton was there with her Eldest and third daughter. Miss Mary, the second, has been ill ever since her presentation, she sufferd so much interiorly that she has had a sort of nervous fever—she is really a very pretty Girl.

Little tall Fanny is arrangée by Mrs. Lancaster (the famous milliner that came from Paris last summer) and Looks very genteel. This is the accoutrement: Linnen drawers, a white sarcenet petticoat and a muslin frock, without starch hanging lank, no pockets; she really Looks very genteel so. Adieu my dear. I must not fatigue your eyes.

The attempt on the life of George III. was made on the night of May 15, at Drury Lane Theatre, by one Hadfield, who was subsequently proved to be a lunatic. The event gave rise to warm demonstrations of loyalty from all classes. The crowded state of the next levées and drawing-rooms is described in subsequent letters to Lady Bedingfeld, both by Lady Jerningham and the Chevalier.

'Little tall Fanny' was Miss Dillon, who afterwards became Madame Bertrand.

Monday, 18.

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This being your tenth day I am afraid working is going on; but pray do bestow upon yourself half the care you would give to any other Person.

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Mrs. Jerningham appears to have a very good Constitution; she is hardly out of order at any time and walks every morning about the streets with her Husband.

The Trafford Family have been in town a month, at the Royal Hotel, Pall Mall. They go in a few days. The eldest daughter is fat, Low and plain, but I hear there is a younger one of 16, very handsome. The Father is a good Honest Country gentleman, and the Son you know. Mr. Trafford built the Mansion He resides in, and has two other very good Houses on his Lands in Lancashire. I wish the Son would marry Miss Browne. Lady Kenmare has an assembly every Sunday, but there must be a more particular attack upon the individual whom one wishes to Capture.

. . . . . .

On Thursday we return to the Drawing Room, and it is supposed that it will be Like unto that after the King's recovery. Adieu, My ever dear Charlotte. My Love to dear little Fanny, and the three *marmots;* she must always be the Little Queen. Can you say: my Son?

Lucy Sulyard is quite wild, as her eyes discover, for her motions are demure. She has an immense quantity of Rouge, and is so eager in her looks that I am afraid she will some day blow up. Mrs. Cary is very proper and right and appear'd yesterday without rouge which was much more becoming to Her. Many proper and affectionate things to Sir Richard and Miss Bedingfeld.

Yours most extremely.

Tuesday, May 19.

. . . . . .

I have had a Letter from Ireland, from Lord Dillon, desiring that I will put Him down as an annual subscriber to the Nuns for whatever I please, as he says that he will always Remember with gratitude their kindness to Him and his Connections. I have thus put him down as an annual of 10^{L} and they have 55^{L} annual subscriptions.

The Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Georgina Cavendish and Lady Besborough have been at Lord Clermont's. They went to Bodney, and saw Mrs. Nevill whom they were quite pleased with, but did not name themselves, so that Bodney does not perhaps yet know the *illustrissime* nature of their Guests. Lord Besborough had a Relation, a Little Irish Girl of 8 years of age, whom the parents wishd to put in a Convent for a year or so; I recommended Bodney, but Mr. Nevill said they could not take Protestants. I am sorry they should Reject this Infant. The visit to Bodney was in Consequence of this project, and they Liked all they saw.

. . . . . .

I intended writing this day to Miss Bedingfeld, but have not time. I have two articles to answer in her Correspondence, in the one I agree, the other I am in total dissonance with.

No man ever showed so much courage as our good King disregard of his person, and Confidence in the overshadowing Providence on the pistol being fired. He went one step back and whispered to

Lord Salisbury: it is now known that it was to endeavour to stop the Queen, for that it was likely another Shot would be fired, he himself remaining at his post. The Queen however arrived a moment after, and he then said they had fired a squib. Adieu my dear.

From the Chevalier Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

No. 3 Berkeley St.,
21. *May* 1800.

La tranquillité et le calme de votre intérieur à Oxburgh reposent ma tête du broüas et de la cohüe où j'ai été hier toute la journée: un grand diner chez Ld Shaftesbury, une foule et une chaleur à n'y pas bénir No. 13 Bolton Row. Au sortir de là, même broüas et immensité de monde, quoiqu'avec plus d'espace, chez Mde. Wheler donc je suis revenu à 3 heure du matin. Mrs. Jerningham a dansé deux ou trois contre-danses (ce qui peut être n'étoit pas fort prudent, vu son état et la fatigue qu'elle aura aujourd'hui en allant à la cour ce matin et à un autre bal chez Ld. Hardwick ce soir).

Le lever du roi hier a été le plus nombreux que se soit jamais vû; le *drawing room* aujourd'hui le sera autant, et pendant qu'on sera à presser, à se coudoyer, à se culbuter pour arriver et pour s'en aller, je dois aller paisiblement diner en petit comité chez la bonne Mrs. Cary, Ormond Street—et je suis sûr que vous préfereriez cette partie à l'autre.

Le roi reçoit avec raison des congratulations de toutes parts sur le danger auquel il vient d'échapper;

il s'est attendri en répondant hier à la députation du parlement lorsqu'il a parlé de l'affection et de l'interêt qu'il éprouvoit à cette occasion de la part de tous ses sujets. M. Sheridan, au lever, a été très distingué, et le roi lui a parlé plus qu'à personne, et toujours sur l'évenement du 15. Ld. Hampden qui étoit à portée d'entendre leur conversation m'a dit qu'entre autres choses Sheridan avoit dit au roi, que Sa Majesté avoit certainement donné au public de grandes marques de courage et de fermeté, et qu'il auroit desiré qu'il ne se fût pas tant exposé, en se tenant plus en arrière dans sa loge, au lieu de s'avancer au risque de recevoir un autre coup de pistolet. Sur quoi le roi a répondu en riant : *O, I should have been quite ashamed of myself, if I had remained behind.*

Il est malheureux que M. Sheridan ait été interrompu dans l'examen qu'il faisoit du criminel par l'arrivée de Sir W. Addington qui, étant ivre, n'a fait que des sottises. On fait mille histoires à present sur cet homme ; il paroit qu'il n'est fol que par ivresse, et qu'il ne l'étoit pas au moment de son attentat. La lettre trouvée sous la voiture de Ly Albemarle de Lundi precédent, addressée au prince, et qu'elle a envoyée au Duc de Portland, annoncoit cet infernal projet, et d'autres lettres (*dit on*) d'Irlande et du Continent font mention de la même chose quoiqu' écrites bien antérieurement, ce qui fait craindre que ce ne soit pas l'action d'on insensé, et d'on seul individu.

. . . . . .

From Lady Jerningham.

Saturday, May 24.

I am very glad, my dearest Charlotte, that you are so well. Henry Richard is this day a fortnight old, and his Mama according to *my* Rule, would for the first time eat her dinner up, and put on a Corset, not having yet walked more than from the Bed to the chimney, but on the strength of this Corset walk a Little about the Room.

On Wednesday I had my third Rout: 96 visitants, and to entertain them, the two Damianis, Miss Wynne who has a very fine voice and sings in the best style, and Miss le Tourneur on the Harp. It all went off very well. Mrs. Jerningham at about eleven went to Mrs. Wheeler's Ball and *danced.*

On Thursday we went to the Drawing Room at three o'clock, and remained standing till six, in the most violent Crowd I ever yet saw: the three Rooms filled with hoops, and swords, and each step thro the Crowd bringing danger of suffocation. Every body had made it a point to go there. Mrs. J. was much approved of, and Look'd in great Beauty.

My dress is not at all dismal and very fashionable; the petticoat is white Crape, and a drapery up and down, one of white satin, the other of drab Crape like the Gown, and tassels of large white Beads, but not looking so close and heavy as my drawing. What hangs down is Like a Bell of Beads. The Lady Somersets had Gown and Petticoat of my Colour, train sarcenet, petticoat crape, and trimmed with yellow ribbons and jonquilles. I thought every

Body very fine, but the newspaper says they were not so.

The Queen was in very great spirits, laughing about the Crowd. Lady Georgina Cavendish had been presented. I came back very much tyred indeed, but in the evening we went to a Ball at Lady Hardwick's, and Mrs. J. danced again; she does not appear to be at all the worse for it. This day there is a meeting of cats to Consider upon the propriety of making an address to the King, there are good arguments for and against the motion. For it: that, as the Legislature *will* Consider us as a Band apart, we should in this moment profit of the distinction to present our Loyal good wishes to the Throne. Against it, that our *friends* among the Protestants think the most effectual means of serving us is individually, by being mixed up with the Crowd, and that proffessing ourselves unnecessarily to be of the unpopular side is courting disapprobation, and may point out to notice those who are engaged in the army &c. by acquiescence. In that Number is poor William, whom you will soon see Gazetted as ensign in the 57. Regiment of foot. He is immediately to pass to a Lieutenancy in Lord Mulgrave's Regiment, and to be his aide de camp; a Little favor may then get him Leave to purchase a Company, and he will then be as advanced as his age would demand. He appears to be happy in this arrangement. I long to see the Bury paper; you ought to send me the paragraph. Dear little Fanny's Grandmama is proud of the title.

. . . . . .

I heard the Duke of Clarence saying in the Drawing Room, that He wonderd the Bishop of London did not forbid the Ladies taking up their Hoops. There was not any place to take them up on Thursday.

For the behoof of the non-initiate, and as the expression 'cats,' which frequently occurs in the letters, appears here for the first time in these excerpts, it may be stated that this familiar term is used by Roman Catholics to refer to members of their own religious circle.

From Sir William Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

LONDON,
Monday, May 26.

I am much obliged to you, my Dear Charlotte, for your kind and very obliging enquiries after me. I am sorry I cannot give you a very good answer to them, this place never Long agrees with me, I hardly ever go out of an Evening and within these last three days I am confined with a bad cold, Rhumatism &c. I most certainly shall leave Town the moment my Petition is presented to his Majesty about this attainder.

I am in hopes the Duke of Norfolk will favor me in presenting it to the King, when this affair is over I shall with great pleasure then make you a Visit at Oxburgh, where I hope to get cured of all my infirmities by your society and good air.

Every year I feel more disgusted of this Town, and I am inclined to Think I shall not come up any more except upon some pressing business—

Seeing your Mother in a very pretty gown the other day, which she tells me is of a new manufactory, I cut a piece out which I enclose; you may have them of any colour with those spots or strip'd. Let me know if you like it and what colours you would preffer and what quantity of yards you desire of each, for I shall send you enough for Two Gowns. I have also Two Muslin Cloaks that the Baron de Kendal insisted on my purchasing of a French Lady. I had no objection when I thought they would be usefull to you, my dear Charlotte. I shall send them with the gowns when I receive your orders.

I feel quite ashamed that I never wrote to Sir Richard upon the Birth of ye young Henry. Pray make my excuses to him and any reparation I can make for my neglect I leave you to condemn me to. Your Sister-in-Law is very much approved of by every body and they do her but Justice. The Queen told me, as well as to your Mother, how much she wanted to see you. She told me also it was too much to have two such handsome Daughters—I am quite happy to hear you are so well after bringing forth an Heir to The Bedingfeld Family: receive my best wishes and Congratulations on the Event.

My Love &c. to Sir Richard and Comp^ts^ to Miss Bedingfeld. If you approve of my Sending a Gown or any thing Else to Miss B. for her kind attention and care of you in your confinement, pray inform me.

Adieu, my Dear, continue to restore yourself and believe me sincerely your affectionate Father

WM. JERNINGHAM.

We had on Saturday a Meeting of our Body, which was unanimous, to address the King. Lord Stourton carries up the address on Wednesday, I fear I shall not be able to attend.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

May 27.

. . . . . .

There are now extremely pretty ball dresses, which consists of a drapery over a Common muslin gown: pray tell me if you know what it is, they are sometimes in Coloured muslin or silk, trimmed with silver, and sometimes still more elegant in spangled muslin. At Lady Hardwick's all the dancers were so dressed and last Night I saw the same at Lady Kenmare's, where there was a most violent Ball, that is between four and five hundred people, all over the House. Half of them were in masks; but as there were a very great assemblage of Cats that all knew one another intimately, it was really very pleasant, the masks took off the form, and every one appeared diverted and pleased.

Mrs. J. was really Beautiful, she had one of these draperies, in pink sattin trimmed with silver her head dressed in a silver net with flowers and feathers. She danced a great deal, which always frightens me for her, but she does not appear to be at all the worse for it to-day. Miss Browne look'd very pretty, and danced a much with the Eldest Huddlestone. There were also a great many French: Ste Hermines, Le Tourneurs, Duc de Bourbon, Serrant

&c. I am obliged to Leave off this moment, as I fear the Coach will set off, so adieu, My Dearest Charlotte, Yours at all times.

29.

. . . . . .

Lady Charlotte Primrose's match was not sanctioned by her Parents' Consent. He is a near Relation of Lady Roseberys, and may become Earl of Effingham, but has at present only his pay, as Colonel in the Guards. Her Bands were mutter'd over in the Parish Church, and she walkd out at the Hall Door, and met Col. Howard at the end of the street, from whence they proceeded to the altar of Hymen. Lady Mary will perhaps do the same, with some presbiterian preacher, but she is a sensible girl, and has very good taste. I had a visit a few mornings since from Lady Rosebery and her three daughters; we were all seated, when a pretty young man enterd. Lady Mary Coloured as red as fire and I have ever since felt a partiality for her.

. . . . . .

Saturday, 31.

It is only three weeks this day since you produced my Grandson, Consequently a Reasonable Being of former times, would this day have perhaps walked a Little in the Gallery, from one Room to another, and Saturday, 7. of June, would be Churched, not sooner.

. . . . . .

Your Father is better but not well, Doctor Nikol has prescribed for Him this morning. Edward (the

dear) has been busy about the Peerage to try to make you *Honorable.* He had yesterday a Long conversation with the Duke of Norfolk, and the immediate resultat is an invitation to your Father and Ed. to Dine with Him on Tuesday next. Hargrave's opinion is, that the attainder on Lord Stafford must be taken off and that then the Peerage Descends of Course; it must however be taken off by the Parliament and the King must be petitioned for Leave to treat upon it. The Duke of Norfolk says it will pass thro' both Houses as easily as a turnpike Bill.

. . . . . .

The Mr. Hargrave mentioned with reference to the attainder must have been Francis Hargrave, the learned Q.C., Recorder of Liverpool, who published many authoritative legal works, amongst others a 'Collection of State Trials' (11 vols., folio, 1781). He died in 1821.

June 6.

. . . . . .

We went, as the newspapers will have informed you, on Wednesday to the Drawing Room, and at Night to the Ball. Mrs. J. was very desirous of it, and hurried off her Cold, which has obey'd her wishes. The Crowd was, if possible, still more immense than that of the Drawing Room we were at before; that is, it began from nearly the top of the stairs. Spangles, gauze, and Crape marked the way.

At the Ball, M. de Circello, the Neapolitan Minister, fainted, and his poor Wife, (you may Remember her at Brussels), who married Him *par*

inclination, and who retains her first doting kindness was frantic. I cannot now think of her without pity, she gave two violent screams, supposing Him fatally attack'd, and then finding it was a fainting fit, she called aloud with Clasped Hands '*Pour l'amour de Dieu, un verre d'eau!*' During this time notwithstanding the Confusion of the moment, the Minuet went on, and the King and Queen were to be supposed not attending to any thing else. Lord Grenville, as minister to the foreign department went to him, and after a Little while, he was Conveyd out of the Room, looking like death, Lord Grenville and Mde. de Circello following. Her distress affected me as it was evident that what she held to most upon Earth appeared to be slipping from Her. It is very natural, that no human etiquette could, in such a moment, awe her from expressing her misery.

I had sufferd in the morning a good deal of uneasiness: Edward, as a Lincoln's Inn volunteer, was to be in the parade of the Park, and, tho' it rained pouring from 7 o'clock, I knew that nothing would prevent his going there. He was accordingly up at five; they Breakfasted all together in the Hall, set off from Lincolns Inn on foot, marching, got to the Park before seven, and stood in the rain till past twelve, then marched back in the wet. But, thank God, he is not the worse for it. I, obliged to go to Court, you may Conceive in what a trouble! But I sent Mde. le Loire in a fiacre to enquire after Him & she brought me back the enclosed Bulletin. He gave a Little Dinner that day at his Chambers, eat fish for the *quatre tems*, and went at Night to

Dignum's* Benefit. He is however, thank God, well.

The poor Archbishop of Narbonne was taken suddenly very ill with the gout in his stomach on Monday, but He was Recovered with Usquebaugh, and is now as usual.

Lord Bradford is dead, so that Lady Torrington's Eldest daughter, Lucie, whom Mde. de Rodoan Corresponded with, is now Lady Bradford, late Mrs. Bridgeman. I have not place or rather the time to answer the sphynx to-day, but shall solve the questions next time I write.

Adieu my dear,

Yours always,

F. JERNINGHAM.

Your Father has been this morning to Roberts & Plowman and to Gedge, from whom He is returned with most Beautiful Gowns. He is a great deal Better in Health, but not quite well.

Thursday, June 12.
(*or, as the old Letters would have said, Corpus Christi Day.*)

. . . . . .

William was in the Gazette on Tuesday, as Ensign in the 57th Regiment. He is now going to be Lieutenant in the 31st. (Lord Mulgrave's) and will be, I believe, aide de Camp to Lord Mulgrave. This will be agreable to him, as it will Carry him to Mulgrave this summer, and give him an opportunity of seeing

* Charles Dignum, a celebrated tenor of those days.

something of the English world. The favor must then Come for to be a Captain, without waiting the regulated time.

Last night the Duchess of Devonshire had an immense Ball and did not give us *signe de vie.* As to my own private Liking I infinitely prefered staying away, but it would have pleased Mrs. J. to go and to say she had been. About 800 were invited, a great many French, and it will Cost it is said near 1000L. It was Computed at that if the garden was illuminated, but I am not sure that it was so. Lady Georgina is a tall, fair Girl, not ugly, but not handsome either. The second is said to be very stout; but it seems that Little *Caroline* is very pretty. She dos not yet appear.—Poor Lady Bagot! (Miss Emily Fitzroy). She was so happy at being married to a handsome young man that she Liked, with a good fortune, at Liberty to do her own will after having lived with her mother in the utmost Constraint! In fine she used to say, Last autumn, to Mrs. Cornwallis, who went with her nieces to Blithfield, that she felt too happy, that it Could not Last! She was too Prophetick: she died of a Galloping Consumption.

The Ceremonial of the Birth-night Ball did not order Humanity to be set aside, it only required a degree of Rule in the administration of it. Thus, instead of the whole room suffocating this poor fainting ambassadour, those alone who could assist him went; and the placidity of the King and Queen kept an equal equanimity with those who would only have encreased the inconvenience. In the same manner, and much more difficult it was, the Queen

and Princesses orderd their fears under, so as
encourage tumult and confusion, on that fatal
at the play House. Had they followd their
impression, sad might have been the Conseque
All would have been Riot, and perhaps manslaugh

. . . . . .

June the 16. *the day I made*
first Communion, that I
married, that my dear daught
was married.

Yesterday I was dreadfully ill all day, a *bad* Colc and I believe a storm in the air. It has dispensed me with going to Mrs. Fitzherbert's Breakfast this morning. George and his Wife are gone, with the Chevalier and the Kenmares. William is constituted Lord Mulgrave's aide de Camp and is going to be immediately a Lieutenant in his Regiment. He has been gazetted Ensign, in another Regiment, for form's sake.

. . . . . .

'The poor fainting Ambassador' was M. de Circello, the Neapolitan Minister, who had fainted at the Drawing-room described by Lady Jerningham in her letter of June 6.

George Jerningham, during all this time, appears to be more in love than ever with his handsome young wife. In a note sent during this month to his sister at Oxburgh he informs her that :

. . . . . .

Fanny is setting for her Picture to Hoppner for my Father, a half length, 30 Guineas. *Wood* the Miniature Painter has done her also for me, tolerably

well, but it is very difficult to make a *good Picture* of so handsome a Person. There is certainly at present no Woman in town as handsome as she is, Miss Jennings, the celebrated Beauty, *not excepted.* She has enjoyed her health much better since she has been in town and will return here in the Autumn to lye in. We shall then come to Haughley, which we have agreed to take for 7 years.

. . . . . .

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

VENDREDI, 20 *Juin.*

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

I have not time to say much, but I must endeavour, without Letting you see my Stupidity, to say something. My Embassy to Lord Kenmare had the fate I rather expected, and that the poor young man and his family did also. Lord Kenmare called upon me and said that, as Charlotte was 20 years of age, he thought her the properest Judge of what sacrifices she chose to make to fortune, that He therefore gave her my letter, and that (after some Little emotion at the idea of giving up thoughts of a Handsome young man who expressed Himself to be pleased with her) she had declared that she feard the difference of fortune, would make an unpleasant change which might not enable her to supply to her future Husband the chearful activity which would be expected from Her; in fact that she was not in Love with Him and nothing else could have brought the affair about.

I regret sincerely that it Cannot be, for I think Him a most excellent young man, in every way deserving of all good, if she *had* been set upon it. He told me (Lord Kenmare) that he should not have opposed it, but that He should prefer placing her in an equality of situation. They would like Trafford and I am sure He could not do better. Lord Kenmare told me He should pay her £10000 down, and had Left her £2000 more in his Will, so that she is certainly a very good Match. He is also sure of being an Earl, whenever the Irish Peers are made.

It is truly hard that those who have not fortune, are Cut out from every thing!

. . . . . .

Your tall Cousin, has fell desperately in Love with a Miss, whom he thinks will have a good fortune; but I have advised Him to be very sure of it before he declares his passion in form.

Lady Charlotte Howard is with her Husband at Norfolk House. Lord Rosebery has not yet seen Her.

. . . . . .

Charlotte in this letter is Lady Charlotte Browne, daughter to the first Earl of Kenmare by his first wife, the Hon. Charlotte Dillon, and consequently niece to Lady Jerningham. The engagement now *sur le tapis* is with George Goold, nephew and heir-presumptive to Sir Francis Goold, Bart.

'Your tall cousin' is presumably John Bedingfeld.

Saturday July 5th.

Plaignez moi Milady! for I am going this day to the Duchess of Devonshire's Breakfast. And a more

unworthy guest she will not have, but an invitation being arrived, and of Course my *Belle fille* wishing to go, it is impossible any way to avoid it. I am otherways grown so old, that I have Lost all taste for *fêtes* of this sort.

The Duchess has sent me excuses by Henry, and Livarot. She went out so Little in the world, she said, she had not known I was in town, &c., when she gave her Ball. I so entirely enjoyed not going, that I was far from acquainting her with it. However, every Body was invited for to-day, and so we are going, at two o'clock to Chiswick. We are to Convey your tall Cousin there, who is desperately in Love and says that he never knew what it was to be so before. I do not even know the name of his *dulcinea*, but she has only 7000 —not enough for such violent Regard! He really appears to be half in earnest.

. . . . . .

I have had a Letter dated Stonor, wednesday. My Child had arrived there, safe with his Cargo, the day before for dinner, and they were to Leave Stonor that evening. He says that the Brown shades, celebrated in Pope's Letter, are terribly devasted. That the venerable House is deposed and that a Roomy but modernised fabric has taken its place; in short it appears that the present owner is so different in taste from his ancestors that he has overthrown Litterally the Household Gods in 16 generation of Pictures. Mrs. Cary even accuses Him, of having dug up the dead, for she pretends to have found, some time since, when he was fumbling

about the tombs and monuments, a piece of Skull and auburn Hair which she knew (by the Parlor Picture) to have belonged to her great Grandfather! She is in real affliction about it. Such a descendant is Like an irruption of the Vandals! How I should delight to Run up 16 generations of the *Jerningham* face!

Monday, 7.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

I am returned Living from *the Breakfast.* I must even own that I found it extremely pleasant and was very much amused.

We got there a Little after three, and were told the Duchess was in the Pleasure Ground. We accordingly found her setting with Mrs. Fitzherbert by an urn. Several Bands of Musick were very well placed in the garden, so that as soon as you were out of the hearing of one Band, you began to Catch the notes of another; thus Harmony always met your ears. This sort of Continued Concert has always a most pleasant effect upon my nerves. There is a Temple which was destin'd to the Princes Entertainment and was very prettily decorated with flowers.

There were about 20 Covers, and when we understood that the Duchess and all these fine People were in their Temple, we Goths we took possession of the House, where we found in every room a table spread, with cold meat, fruit, ice, and all sorts of Wine. It is a fine House, and there are most delightful pictures in it. After the eating and quaffing was over, the young Ladies danced on the

Green. Lady Georgina Cavendish (a tall Gawkey, fair Girl, with her head poked out and her mouth open) dances however very well, she has Learned of Hillisbery. Lord Hartington (Like the Duke) danced also. There were several other young girls so that I never knew which was Lady Harriet or *Caroline.* There were a great many French, both men and women, among the Number, Mde. de Boële, your old acquaintance, the Vicountess de Vaudreuil, Victor's Sister, Mde. de Boullié (Miss Walsh), Mde. de Belsunce &c. &c. Mrs. J. danced with Eugene Montmorency. We left Chiswick between seven and eight. People returned for the Opera, and I to go to Bed, for it was a fatiguing day, tho' a very pleasant one.

The Prince was *en Polisson,* a Brown Dress, round Hat and a Brown wig, He stood almost the whole time by his Band, with Dr. Burney, ordering different pieces of Musick. Lady Jersey was Coasting round the spot where he stood, with her daughters, Lady Ann Lambton and Lady Elizabeth Villiers (who has not yet been presented and appears to be quite a girl). The Prince was quite annoyed with her and eyed her askance; but she is resolved to plague Him; she professes it to be her Resolution.

Sunday morning, 8 *o'clock.*
(*September.*)

. . . . . .

I had a pretty letter of thanks etc. yesterday from the *accouchée.* The child is named Charlotte in

Honor of you, Dolly for Mrs. Sulyard, and Georgina, as you may suppose. She wishes her to resemble her Aunt in mental accomplishments as well as in name. The infant has already, towards the outward resemblance, dark hair and Blue eyes.

I sat yesterday for the fourth time to Opie, I am dressed, *d'après le Breste*, in Black velvet and gold fringe, my French veil over my hair leaving out the Cap underneath. Every body finds it very like, and I believe it is so—only with 10 or 13 years taken off, so that it will do for Posterity. I don't dislike the flattery, as it makes a decent Picture.

. . . . . .

The *accouchée* this time is Mrs. Jerningham, whose first child, recently born, had made Lady Jerningham a grandmother for the fifth time.

The description of the portrait by Opie applies to the picture of which I am able to give in this volume a much reduced photogravure.

Saturday Morning.

Your letter, my dear, arrived Last night about 9 o'clock, in the Library. The description of Little Fan, given by my own primitive daughter, made me cry. Miss Betham appeared to be rather snuffing, and Ed. sayd: 'pretty Little Girl!' You were not worse, and that was a good deal, but I hope soon to hear that you are better, for it is too uncomfortable to Lose your Company, and be in the utmost uneasiness for your Health. . . .

Yesterday, about two o'clock going by Miss Betham's door, I looked in, and seeing her Bed

Curtains half drawn and the Cloathes all rumpled, the Room otherways in disorder & nobody in it, I Came forth in anger and meeting the Housemaid told her it was shameful to neglect People in that manner, and to Leave Miss Betham's Room unmade at two o'clock. She declared she had done it before 12, but that Miss Betham often laid down on her Bed, which turned out to have been the Case. How very odd!

Adieu, my dear. All that is kind to Sir Richard! You and he should be multiplied *à l'infini*, for the attonement of the general world who Resemble you so Little in anything. Your Brother Comes on Tuesday. Love from all,

Your old affectionate Maman.

From Helen Bedingfeld to Lady Bedingfeld, at Cossey.

September.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

You will think me long in welcoming you back to Norfolk, and of congratulating you that you are alive and well after having mounted the Skies.

. . . . . .

York is now so dull, that going to a *Sale* is looked upon as an amusement. There is a spirit in an Auction which is certainly entertaining, and I am ashamed to say it has enticed me to spend 5 hours each morning for this week past. There was some curious old China Vases and Pictures, that had you been there, you would have *bid* for—One Picture the Auctioneer told us was painted by an ancient

Roman! A great deal of Company is expected here this Winter, so hope it will not be quite a desert when you come, how impatient I am to see you! I keep grumbling at the Months for rolling so slowly on. Mrs. Salvin, the Widow, is coming to live here, her husband left her a thousand a year, in addition to her jointure, and left all his personal Estate to his youngest Son, which makes him richer than the elder. Nothing could equal the hoards of money that were found after his death. A pair of old *inexpressibles* were sent up to the Bank: they contained seven thousand Guineas! I should have liked such a Legacy notwithstanding it was deposited in so vulgar a *Garment.* Lady Stourton introduced her fourth daughter here at the Races—Miss Charlotte, a tall elegant girl, with a very handsome face, who made her Sisters look very ordinary indeed. Miss Haggerston was with them.

. . . . . .

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

COSSEY,
January 8. 1801.

I must make use of my frank, to enquire after my own Dear Daughter. How are all your Rhumaticks? well, I hope, and not ending in a Benedict, it is too soon.

Your Father went out yesterday in the Chairs, and would positively go this Day on Horseback, but I dread it may be Likely to renew his Cold.

The Family (three Sons and the two Ladies) dine

this day with good Mr. Suffield in St Giles's. I remain with your Father.

I had two days since, a Letter from Lord Kenmare to announce his having Received an official notice of his Earldom, so they are to be in town for to go to St James's on the 25th. He says that He Likes this Honor because it gives a title to his dear Charlotte, but that she is of that happy disposition that whatever affects herself dos not appear to make any difference. There is a good deal more to the same purpose, in short He Dotes upon Her, which I never knew till Lately.

. . . . . .

From Chevalier Jerningham to Lady Jerningham.

TOR ABBEY,
ce 23. Jan.

Je veux vous payer en partie, ma chère Soeur, de votre extrème bonté de m'avoir donné de vos nouvelles et de celles de toute la famille dont j'étois très impatient, en vous communiquant celles que je viens de recevoir de Mde. de la Tour du Pin (datée du 8). Vous voudrez bien faire passer sa lettre à Ldy Bedingfeld qui pourra me la renvoyer sous couvert de Lord St. Vincent, qui m'autorise à prier tous mes correspondants de m'écrire ici sous son adresse.

Ce Respectable Guerrier me représente exactement Godefroi de Bouillon, tel que le Tasse nous dépeint cet habile général: son âge, sa figure, son maintien, sa modestie, c'est lui même enfin.

Je suis arrivé ici à tems de voir sortir la Flotte de la baye, ce qui étoit un très beau spectacle; *La Ville de Paris* nous reste et Lord Nelson est attendu sous peu de jours de Plymouth avec le *St. Joseph*, qu'il mande a L^d^ St. Vincent être le plus beau vaisseau qu'il ait jamais monté.

Rien n'égale l'interêt et l'activité de la scène que l'on a ici constament sous les yeux, Tor Abbey est absolument un quartier général, et rien n'est oublié ni omis de la part de la Dame du Château pour en rendre le séjour agreable à ses habitans et à son voisinage—La semaine prochaine doit être une suite de fêtes en honneur de L^d^ St. Vincent; les préparatifs sont immenses; les dragons d'ordonnance ne font qu'aller et venir d'ici à Exeter, et d'Exeter ici. L'on a bâti une salle hors du château, pour un bal paré qui sera suivi de deux autres et terminé par une masquarade. Il y a plus de 150 personnes de priées, tout Devonshire enfin. Les décorations extérieures et intérieures, les surtouts du dessert, doivent représenter les victoires et les actions les plus brillantes du héros qu'on veut fêter: je vous dis d'avance le secret de la comédie, et cette anticipation n'est que l'annonce des détails que vous aurez par la suite.

J'ai quitté Bath avec regret. J'y ai trouvé très bonne compagnie, les premières artistes de Londres, et une occasion continuelle de faire et d'entendre d'excellente musique—Lord Clifford m'a envoyé sa voiture à Exeter, et j'ai passé deux jours a Ugbrooke avant de venir à Tor Abbey—Robert Clifford est parti hier pour Londres après un séjour de près de 6 mois en Devonshire.

J'ai été chercher Mrs. Porter deux fois pendant mon Séjour à Bath; elle a une habitation dans les nues, mais elle est toujours aimable, et quand on la trouve on est dédommagé de ce qu'il coute pour grimper jusqu'à sa hauteur. La D^sse^ de Gordon habite le crescent inferieur et m'a parû beaucoup plus gratieuse qu'à Londres. Savez vous l'histoire de sa soeur, Ldy Wallace?—En courant le monde elle s'est trouvée quelque part avec l'évèque de Derry, et ayant su qu'il avoit tenu de mauvais propos sur son compte, elle se rendit chez lui et demanda à le voir. Sur le refus du portier de la laisser entrer, elle se presenta une seconde fois, sans plus de succès; enfin à la 3ième elle tire un pistolet de sa poche, et se fait jour jusqu'à la pièce où elle trouve le prélat: elle commence par mettre le verou à la porte, et ensuite tirant deux pistolets de sa poche, elle dit à son Lordship qu'il eut à se defendre, ou qu'elle alloit lui bruler la cervelle: l'évèque tout ébahi, sonna toutes les sonnettes, mais personne n'osa enfoncer La porte. Ses gens s'attendoient à entendre d'un moment à l'autre une violente Explosion; mais, à leur grande surprise, après quelques moments d'attente, ils virent leur maître ouvrir la porte, conduisant par la main L^dy^ W. à sa voiture, où il est monté avec elle—Ici finit ma naration, mais mon historien ajoute, que L^dy^ W. n'en demeurera pas là, et qu'à l'aide de son pistolet et de ses charmes, elle reviendra surement dans ce pais ci, Comtesse de Bristol!

Ce récit m'a conduit si loin, que je ne puis vous dire aujourd'hui la reception de Ld Nelson, a Font

Hill, qui a été très curieuse; c'est là qu'il s'est séparé de sa Circé, qui a été bien trompé dans l'espoir qu'elle avoit de réussir par lui à être presentée à la cour. Elle a completement échoué dans tous ses plans a ce sujet.

Mde. Cary me prie de vous faire mille complimens. Si Edward est encore avec vous, dites lui que je suis logé dans ce qu'il a baptisé le George Inn. Tout jusqu'aux murs retentit ici de son nom, de ses faits et gestes, et de l'impression favourable qu'il laisse de lui partout. Mille amitiés à Sir W. à qui j'écrirai incessament. L'example de Sir R. Burton devroit bien l'encourager à aller à Bath. Quand vous disposez vous à vous rendre à la capitale, et à quitter les neiges de Norfolk? Agréez, ma chère soeur, l'hommage de mon tendre attachment.

C. J.

Si le jeune ménage est encore à Cossey, veuillez me rapeller à son souvenir, ainsi qu'à William. Il y a plus de deux mois que je sais l'histoire du Revenant de Witton, dont je n'ai jamais parlé pas raison de son absurdité. C'étoit Mr. Fouquaire qui un jour, chez Ld. Wodehouse, nous en fit le récit et nous lut les dépositions des domestiques, &c. Le revenant de Warwickshire est bien autrement intéressant: c'est un prêtre françois, dans le voisinage de Sir Walter Blount, qui a vu un cerceuil, porté par deux femmes, établi dans sa chambre au milieu de la nuit. Cette vision a paru trois fois. Sur le cercueil était un numero et le nom d'une rue dans Londres. Après plusieurs

invitations surnaturelles, ce prêtre s'est rendu à Londres au numero indiqué, a trouvé dans une chambre une femme eplorée assise sur un cercueil avec une autre femme qui étoit sa belle soeur; la cadavre étoit le mari; la mission du prêtre portoit de détourner La veuve des dessins de sa belle soeur qui étoient d'un genre à lui être funestes, il a réusi à brouiller les deux femmes, et le frère de l'accusée attaque le prêtre en justice pour l'avoir diffamée.

Voilà, en gros et bien à la haste, tout ce que je sais de l'histoire, qui est fort extraordinaire, et dont on parloit beaucoup à Bath.

'La Dame du Château' at Tor Abbey was Mrs. Cary.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

Summer 1801.

For heaven sake take care of your Leg. I will not hear any joking about it.

Mullaloch gave a magnificent strawbery Breakfast on Monday to the Kenmare Family and ours. Mrs. Blount and daughters, two Miss Stourtons, Mrs. Trevor, Lord Onslow and the Duke of Orléans and his Brothers. The Breakfast was in the Garden, under a tent. We then went to Hampton Court and returned to Dinner, 19, to the 'Star and Garter.'

The Comte de Beaujolois din'd with us. He is a very pretty, lively, pleasant young man. After dinner, we went in Boats on the Thames; the Comte de Beaujolois and Henry ran a race each alone in their

Boat and *en chemise.* Monsieur and his societé, who had dined that day at the Duke of Buccleugh's on the River, came down to view our navigade and was much diverted at finding that the Comte de Beaujolois was one of the *Champions en Chemise.* These three Princes speak English as if they had been born here; they were five years in Prison at Marseilles, and 18 months of the time in a dungeon on Bread and water; then they were shipped off for America. Mr. de Beaujolois was only 13 when first imprisoned. You may Remember how well he answered, when interrogated by the Assembly The two eldest were not so good, but all is now right.

The Comte de Beaujolais, the second brother of the Duc d'Orléans, who became Louis Philippe I., was then twenty-two years of age. He died at Malta in 1808.

COSSEY,
January 20. 1802.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE.

Great was my pleasure to see your Hand writing again, and it was not diminished in Reading your Kind and entertaining Letter. I can assure you, that it Hurt me very much to Leave you; for, independently of my anxiety for your Health, I have a great Relish for your Society, and (Like Mde. de Sévigné) *je me sais bien bon gré de vous avoir mis au monde.* May you long Continue to Bless your Little new Creation, with Precept and Example!

I beg my Love to the Chevalier, and that you will tell Him, I shall answer his obliging epistle tomorrow. On Monday we had the tenant's uproar.

—The Miss Taylors, quite fine young ladies in deep mourning, no Cap, no Handkerchief, Long train, in short might have been at any London assembly; the Mother in a good old fashioned mob, relating to me how she went out to service at Norwich at eleven years.

. . . . . .

The Mayors Ball was very splendid as to Numbers, the dancing very much Crowded in the tea Room, and a Cold supper with Hot Soups in the Great Room, three Tables from top to bottom, and above 50 people not sitting. Mrs. Laton was the whole night Mrs. Ives's *Dame d'honneur* and set by her at Supper, on the other side Miss Drake and by her that Handsome Fair Quaker Gurney from Earlham.

. . . . . .

The 'Handsome Fair Quaker' was a daughter of the philanthropist, Joseph John Gurney, banker at Norwich, author of several excellent works on religious subjects.

LONDON,
March 1.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Skully is, I hear (but not from Him), on a very agreable footing in Dublin; Lady Hardwick has put her in fashion with the nobles, and Lady Moira, (Sister to the late Earl of Huntingdon, a very high lady) says the Huddlestons are her Relations, so this has given a high idea of Mrs. Skullys nobility! What a fortunate ending she has made, after being so violently threatened, with Leading apes! On Saturday arrived on a morning visit, Lady Maria

Pinfold, and her Husband with Her, whom she introduced with great glee. She looks very well, and very Happy, enquired most tenderly after you. She Lodges at Chelsea. Her Sister and her Husband are in Ireland, and Henry says They are called, Lath and Plaster, Sr Wm. Homan being very thin, and she as is usual bedaubed with Paint.

. . . . . .

Several letters from, and many allusions to, Lady Maria Stuart (now married to Mr. Pinfold) occur in these excerpts.

From Chevalier Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

No. 28, Park Street,
Grosvr Square,
ce 9 *Mars.*

Une aussi jolie lettre que la dernière dont vous m'avez favorisé, ma chère et très chère nièce, mériteroit une douzaine des miennes qui n'en feroient pas la monnoye, quoiqu'il en sorte.

Je commence celle-ci pas vous rendre compte du Sigr Colnaghi chez qui je me suis transporté nombre de fois sans pouvoir obtenir d'autre réponse sinon qu'il m'enveroit celle que vous désirez de lui avant la fin de la journée. Enfin ce matin, il m'a fait dire qu'il vous avoit écrit Samedi dernier. Ainsi, comme il me paroissoit disposé à se charger du débit de votre Gravure, j'espère qu'il vous aura offert des conditions raisonnables, et que cette affaire sera moins longtems à terminer que le congrès d'Amiens, dont on attend cependant la fin de manière ou d'autre vers la fin de cette semaine.

L'armement que Ld St. Vincent prepare si ri-

goureusement mettra, je suis persuadé, fin aux délais de la négociation que Buonaparte trouvoit son compte à prolonger et la Paix se réalisera. Mais ces nouvelles usurpations sur l'Italie pourront bien ne la pas rendre très durable ; l'ambition de faire le Second Charlemagne, pourra bien renverser le trône sur lequel il commençoit à s'affermir. Il a été à la seconde ou 3ieme représentation de la piece intitulée *le Prince Edward* ou *l'histoire du Prétendant.* Les allusions à la maison de Bourbon ont été saisies avec tant de chaleur, qu'il a défendu en sortant de Continuer les répresentations de ce drame, et le public lui en sait mauvais gré.

En tout, il est revenu de Lyon moins *popular* qu'il n'étoit. L'acceptation de cette Providence de la nouvelle république, en mépris de la loi etabliée par lui même et qui prive tout citoyen françois du droit de Citoyen du moment qu'il accepte une place et une pension d'une puissance étrangère, cette acceptation lui a fait un tort Général et dont il éprouvera des suites très graves. Sa conduite à l'égard des évèques rappellés par le Légat du Pape et qui ont donné leurs démissions est au moins fort légère. Ceux qui sont partis d'ici ont été obligés de se rendre de Calais à Bruxelles et d'y attendre des ordres avant de pouvoir continuer leur route à Paris ; l'arch. de Bordeaux a été détenu à Boulogne, et l'on n'a pas certitude encore de son arrivée à Paris : celui d'Aix qui l'a precedé écrit ici que le concordat paroitra avant la fin de la décade.

En attendant Mrs. Damer and Miss Berry sont partir hier matin pour Paris.

Je n'ai pas le même empressement mais je me suis abouché plusieurs fois avec Lord Whitworth, l'ambassadeur designé, et je crois que lorsqu'il sera à Paris, Je pourrai compter sur ses bons offices, s'ils peuvent m'être utiles.

. . . . . .

March 27 was the date on which the Peace of Amiens was actually signed; but during the course of the prolonged negotiations which were to lead to it, a general return of *émigrés*, and of English people having interests in France, had already begun.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

LONDON,
March 13.

. . . . . .

Lord Bute's new Little Girl goes out an airing with three nurses, and two footmen behind the coach.

Everybody is surprised at your Father's good looks, and indeed I the first. He has in this moment got a Little Cold, but it has not altered Him.

I have been but at one assembly; it was on Thursday last, at Lady Harewood's, Hanover Square. All Yorkshire were there, and Lady Boston (a Miss Methuen I suppose) was creeping about followed by her daughters; I looked for the other, but they are not in London. She is with Child, and has been very sick.

Poor Miss Wilks died suddenly yesterday morning about 2 o'clock. She had invited Company to dine with her yesterday, and had an assembly for the even-

ing, she was ill about an hour and a half, her voice was so Choaked up for these last five years that one could hardly hear her, it was I suppose real destruction coming on.

. . . . . .

Wednesday 17.

. . . . . .

Poor, good, Lord Kenmare has just made me a visit. He *permits me* to tell you a secret, which must soon be known of but is not yet publick, and that is that, on finding that Lady Charlotte's Inclination was totally settled on Mr. Goold, who has everything for Him but birth, (on the Paternal side, for his Mother is of a very ancient Family) he has consented to their union. Mr. Goold is expected in town, where He will find Lady Charlotte Looking very happy, and much handsomer than usual from the satisfaction she now feels.

Lord Kenmare told me, that on finding his daughters happiness was fixed on this marriage, he would not any longer oppose it, tho' he feared that she would feel an unpleasant change of Situation, from the difference there must be in Mr. Goold's Style of Living. Unfortunately his fortune is not so Considerable as was reported; it is however Clear, 3000^{L} a year and there are expectations of more, from his Uncles. The interest of her fortune is 500 and Lord Kenmare means to continue the pin money she now has of 200^{L} for her private expense. At his death she is to have the additional 1000^{L} per annum, and Mr. Goold gives her 1000^{L} jointure, so

that all together it is not a splendid establishment, but, with the mutual inclination they have for one another, I think it may be very comfortable.

Lord Kenmare is certainly every thing that is good. He told me that he never could Like any of his Children so much as he Loved Lady Charlotte, and that in this affair He considered her Happiness before the opinion of the world. I endeavoured to Comfort Him, by saying that his character was such that no one would doubt of the motive for his consent, and that Mr. Goold's personal Qualities must prejudice every Body in his favor: he is remarkably well Looking, genteel and well Behaved. He had proposed when she was 17. and been refused, but nothing more eligible offering it now becomes under a very different aspect.

Poor Miss Wilkes died suddenly on Friday last. She had invited Company to dine with Her, and an assembly for the evening; among the guests *priés* were some of the Bishops (at the Archbishop of Narbonne's) so that her Butler thought it necessary to acquaint the Archbishop with the melancholy disaster, and this is the extraordinary Composition He sent:

'MOST VENERABLE LORD,

'The excellent Miss Wilkes became Immortal this morning at two o'clock. This happy change took place, after having been ill about an hour and a half. I have the honour to be &c.

'(Signed) JOSEPH PRICE.'

. . . . . .

The Duke of Bedford was positively engaged to marry Lady Georgina Gordon, she is to wear mourning for Him, and indeed it must be a dreadful disappointment.

. . . . . .

George Goold, who succeeded to his uncle, Sir Francis Goold, as second Baronet in 1810, was the son of Henry Michael Goold and Catherine, daughter of Donatt O'Callaghan, Esq., of Kilgory, Co. Clare.

Thursday, March 18.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

Here is an entertaining odd novel, and a most excellent Funeral Oration: Mr. Darcy is thought to be the most eloquent Catholick Preacher we have. He was invited over by good Father O'Leary, a short time before his decease, and belongs to Saint Patrick's Chapel, where he preaches the last Sunday of every month, so that I have not yet heard Him.

You will have seen perhaps in the paper, that *Sir William* and *Miss Jerningham* were among the Fashionables at the Pic nic. The Chevalier and I were there but neither of us subscribers, so I suppose they made a Confusion on hearing the Coaches called. This same pic nic is promoted by our old acquaintance Harry Greville, who has always Liked the Theatre, and French and English *men* act; for the women are done by men in female Cloaths, which Looks very Ridiculous. The Chevalier de Montmorency is a very good actor, Greville tolerable, and so on. Two Proverbs were *joués;* and, after, there was a Supper very prettyly arranged, in the

pit, in the Boxes all about. The Gentlemen who acted, supped on the stage, and entertained the Company with Catches, a Frenchman accompanying on the Piano.

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Friday, 26.

. . . . . .

The Cow Pox appears to be in universal Practice, and I believe that Doctor Jenner is going to have a premium from Parliament for having Discovered so useful a muzzle for the dreadful disorder all men are sentenced to have in the small Pox. Doctor Nikol advises it, and so dos Pritchard, so that I give up my first prejudice against it and hope that it is a Blessing almighty God has permitted shall be now discovered.

. . . . . .

Maundy Thursday,
April 15*th.*

. . . . . .

Lady Dillon's Confessor being gone to France, she has desired me to get Her one. I recommended she should have one from Saint Patrick's Chapel, and named Mr. Darcy, or Mr. Plunket, both excellent Preachers, and speaking French perfectly. She left it to me and so I have written a note which is now in Antonio's Hands to carry towards Soho, to Mr. Darcy, to enquire by Lady Dillon's desire, if He will have the Charity to assist her and her daughters

to prepare for their Easter duty; also to desire He will name a day for to go to Fitzroy Square, about nine o'clock in the morning. She said there was not any hour they were so sure of being quiet.

. . . . . .

William has got his Leave of Absence prolonged, He is good Humoured, and occasionally cheerful, but his usual tenour is profound gravity. It is very Singular, and must Look odd to Strangers. He is very handsome, and looks in Health, is well pleased with Lancashire, says most of his Regiment are Catholicks and that on St. Patrick's Day Mass was positively said in the Barracks by Mr. Kenyon, an Irish Priest, residing in the neighbourhood.

Edward was at Lady Kenmare's on Sunday, and a veil was playd for, by ten People. Edward playd for Lady Kenmare, and, among the intimate Cats, such as Mrs. Keating, Lady Newburgh, the Aylmers, Goold &c., were Lady Clarges and Lady Louisa Hervey of Chigwell. Edward, not *noticing* them, was quite merry and *frolicksome* about the veil, and Lady Clarges told the Chevalier that She never saw a young man so handsome and pleasing. He Looks well but has too much feeling! for to Steer safely thro' the World; at least I fear so. Dear thing! I am not yet tired of Him! Adieu, my most dear Charlotte, your active and elegant talents are Edwards type of Perfection in a woman, *you*, have now a Likeness in his mind, and He is not quite out, but there are other things wanting.

. . . . . .

The second Lady Dillon, the 'French lady,' whose maiden name does not appear in the pedigree of the family, was a Catholic.

TUNBRIDGE,
Friday, 11. *June*.

. . . . . .

Miss O'Reilly is *à mes ordres*, whenever I wish for Petticoats and she is a good sensible Potatoe Girl. We have been this morning to see the great House of Penshurst, five miles from Tunbridge, the Road most Beautiful the whole way, the Park, up and down, as are all the Grounds about Here, with Large fine Timber trees, the House immense, and full of Curious Portraits, and antique magnificence. The whole of the outside is ancient but Mr. Sidney has fitted up a wing within in the modern style, where they live. Mrs. Sidney is with Lady Hunloke in London, and he is at Penshurst.

The place was granted to the Sidney Family by Edward 6. Sir Philip Sidney was grandson to the first Sidney who had it, and a Tree that was planted at his Birth, 1554, is yet there. There are three Pictures of Him in the House—very fair, with a Large Ruff. Lady Dorothy Sidney, whom Waller has Sung as Sacharissa, is in Several Places—a Beauty with *Drawn* eyes; then Algernon Sidney, three Pictures of Him at different ages—a Handsome Man, but Looking violent within, and Sarcastick. There are the *old Children's* playthings, alabaster little tea cups like the Tunbridge ware, beautiful large alabaster Plates, and vases, most Curious tables, inlaid marble and ivory; in short it is a most

magnificent memento of former days. Mr. Sidney's fortune is not equal to the keeping of it up, which I regret.

. . . . . .

Friday, June 18.

. . . . . .

On Tuesday, the day of *your* Guild at Norwich, begins the first Ball of the Season at Tunbridge; and if you were yet with me, I should immediately become a person of Consequence, as Mother to the best Dancer (as said the Prince of Wales) that ever was in existence. But, alas, I am here without Children!

. . . . . .

What is called the season here began yesterday, and makes the place pleasanter. It Consists in having musick for an Hour, three times a day, on the Pantiles to facilitate the digestion of the water; from nine till ten in the morning, one till two, and seven till 8. There is a Harp and several wind Instruments. The place begins to look Like a public Lounge, and Company is daily arriving. I believe our Sunday congregation will be augmented, as the Abbé Guivard tells me He has been again enquired for and refer'd the people here. We suspect the O'Reillys and an Irish Family of Macnamaras Lately arrived enclude some Catholick People; for many are of that *persuasion* and many of the name have been such Brutes as to give their Faith up. Before next Sunday they will, I hope, declare themselves.

. . . . . .

Sunday after Mass.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I must have the pleasure of directing to you at Cossey, from whence I hope you will set off in a magnificent morning attire, enlivened with diamonds, to partake of the Mayor's grand Dinner. For many years I was a Constant attendant, and Remember it always seemed to be a particular joyous day, always very hot and sultry, but the whole affair was pleasant. Who is your *dame d'honneur ?*

. . . . . .

I walked yesterday with Miss O'Reilly to Lady Suffield's and a few minutes after arrived the Dow^r Lady Lucan—a *Bel esprit.* Lady Caroline and the Miss Harbords made up the Company, and we Commenced Scandal. It was really Like in a Play, various topicks were *effleurés*, among others the hope that Lady Hamilton has been invited to Norwich as well as Lord Nelson, if they really wished for to see Him.

. . . . . .

Our Sunday Congregation is augmented, Mrs. and Miss Ferguson and a Miss with them, all from the West Indies, the Mother is yellow as saffron, and drinking the Tunbridge water to Cleanse the yellow disorder; they arrived for Prayers, with a Black footman, who is quite a Saint.

. . . . . .

The Chevalier is now once more in Paris, where he re-established his residence and settled down. His first letters

from abroad give a picture of the dismal impressions of an *émigré* on his return to France after nine years' exile.

It would appear from the text of this epistle that Lady Bedingfeld herself contemplated a journey across the Channel. On this occasion we hear again of the good old 'Blue Nun,' Lady Anastatia Stafford, the last of her house.

From Chevalier Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

PARIS,
HOTEL D'ORLÉANS,
RUE DES PETITS AUGUSTINS,
ce 18. *Juin.*

Il y a aujourd'hui 8 jours, ma chère nièce, que je suis arrivé à ce séjour de regrets, que je trouve non seulement changé, mais dans un état de métamorphose si grand, que je puis à peine croire à mes propres yeux.

Je n'ai fait jusqu'à present que des reconnaissances pénibles et arrosées de Larmes, par le resouvenir de ceux qui ne sont plus, et par la situation de ceux qui leur survivent. Je vais désormais m'occuper uniquement de mes affaires personnelles. Le P. Emanuel de Salm, m'a recommandé un homme d'affaires qu'on dit parfaitement honnête et intelligent j'ai déjà eu une entrevue avec lui, et je suis à chercher le plus de papiers qu'il m'est possible de ramasser, concernant mes proprietés mobiliaires et autres, pour voir ce qu'il y aura moyen de sauver du naufrage. Les objets que je réclame, quoique bien importants pour moi, sont de si peu de valeur pour le Gouvernement, que, ne demandant rien que de juste, j'ose me flatter que je retirerai quelqu' avantage de mon voyage, par

la levée de ce qui est en sequestre. Je me suis arrêté, chemin faisant, à Crillon, la terre de M. de Crillon, près Beauvais.

. . . . . .

Vouz serez un peu vexée à Douvres, par de nouveaux droits sur les voitures et le bagage, qui cependant seront peut-être levés avant que vous partiez. Vouz trouverez aussi de rudes taxes à Calais et bien des Lenteurs dans l'expédition des passeports. Il faut que vous n'oubliez pas de vous en pourvoir d'un du ministre de France à Londres: il vous est absolument nécessaire pour n'être pas retenue à Calais—Ld and Ldy. Kenmare sont logés au ré de chaussée de la maison de M. de la Borde, aujourd'hui hotel garni; ils payent 60 Louis d'or, par mois. L'appartement est magnifique, mais on ne peut pas ajouter 'et pas cher.' Le Gen^al Andreossi qui va en Angleterre, jouit d'une bonne réputation et a, dit on, infiniment d'esprit et de connoissances—je tiens ceci d'une personne non suspecte, et qui le connoit parfaitement.

. . . . . .

Notre bonne Lady Anastatia est en enfance; elle m'a reconnu à peine; elle vouloit que Lord Kenmare fut son cousin, son neveu, son fils, et puis elle rit elle même de ses extravagances. Sa santé est bonne, et on a grand soin d'elle à la Communauté des Orphelines, où elle, réside, Rue des Postes.

. . . . . .

Que puis-je vous rapporter d'ici—une perruque a la Titus ou à la Marc Aurèle?

One of the characteristics of Edward 'the Dear' (to judge from frequent allusions in these letters to his energetic doings), was a tendency to busy himself with enthusiasm in the interest of other people's affairs. We shall find him, further on, employing all his efforts in an electoral contest on behalf of Sheridan, in Staffordshire; a little later bestirring himself lustily for the French Royal cause; and so forth. This year, during the course of the Middlesex elections, notorious for the riots that they caused in London, Edward apparently risked his life amidst the mob to go and record a vote in favour of Sir Francis Burdett's opponent.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

LONDON,
July 30.

. . . . . .

Lady Kenmare is returned in great Spirits Looking remarkably well, with Little twisted curls all round her face, and a blue Turban. Lady Charlotte is become quite Wild with Spirits She attempted to jump over a ha ha with pailing at the bottom, fell into it, scraped all her Leg, hurt her side, in short was Laid up for several days. She is upon the Leads, in the Gutters, in short cannot contain her spirits. Her father, wrote word that she was better of her fall, and so perfectly happy, that he was rejoiced at every Look she gave, and happy at the deed He had done in consenting to this union.

London has been all in an uproar, about the Middlesex election, the mob violent for Sir Francis Burdett, who has carried the day. Edward went off in his gig, three days since, (when no one dared appear with the Manwaring Cockade, but voted for

him with the Burdett Colors) with a large Manwaring Blue Cockade, his man the same. And he with difficulty got back, being pursued by the mob, to Hyde Park which he enter'd, and got safe to this door *au galop*. But some came on, to the ale-house, and said they would pull all the Houses down in Boulton Row to find Him, that He was a Papist, had no right to vote &c. Thank God he is safe, but Careless and Rash where spirit can be shown.

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COSSEY,
August.

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Madame de Tott is at Cossey. She is very Clever, and *particularly* Religious, going every week to the Sacraments, but she puts on white and red, Lames herself with small Shoes, and wears a Corset that tortures her from its Length and tightness. What an odd Patchwork! She tells me, with the most Dissipated Face and appearance, that she is always thinking of death and preparing for it!

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Mrs. Talbot's daughter, Maria, who was at the Blues in Paris with her two elder Sisters, is going to be married to Mr. Wheeble, Son to the Catholick merchant who died last year worth upwards of 100,000L. The family are quite happy about it. Miss Talbot wrote word of it to Mrs. Green at Norwich. The Bride is 22 and said to be pretty. He is a very handsome young man and very highly

spoken of; it will set up a Catholick Family. He has a house in Berkshire.

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COSSEY,
September 2.

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Edward has been carried off by Lady Charlotte Goold, in her Sociable, from Tixall, where they all were at Mr. Gillibrands, to Porton, where Mrs. Gillibrand the Mother, has a House. The Guild began last Monday, and lasts a fortnight, it consists in Races, Balls, Plays, Processions of the Mayor and Mayoress and finishes by a Masquerade. Edward says that Lancashire is Like a *Catholick Country and Classical Ground for a Jacobite.*

. . . . . .

Madame de Tott continues wishing to be *intime* with you. She is a pleasant woman, but laughs too loud for a Saint, she is however a woman of strict Principle, and has lived with Demons.

She was in the Château of Versailles, the miserable 5. of October, when the Sovereigns were taken prisoners by the Rabble. She lived then with Madame la Comtesse de Tepe, Sister to the Duc de Noailles a *Bel Esprit* and an unbeliever.

From Chevalier Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

HOTEL D'ORLÉANS,
ce 8. *Octobre.*

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Le Jardin des Plantes, qui est fort augmenté, et, entre autres embellissements, contient, dans une

extremité du côté de la rivière une ménagerie d'animaux très considérable. On est dans l'intention de les loger avec recherche, c'est à dire chaque animal aura une loge ou couvert construit dans le genre d'architecture de pays dont il sera ; les plantes qui l'entoureront seront celles de son pays. Ainsi le tigre, le Lion, se croiront dans leurs forêts. D'autres seront dans des rochers.

Cette idée feroit croire qu'on est plus occupé ici des bêtes que des hommes. Ne concluez pas cependant que ces hommes sont des bêtes : tout est ici donné à la representation, et la charlatanerie s'étendra surtout —J'ai été ce matin voir notre bonne Lady Anastatia, que j'ai trouvée, à 11 heure et demie, à son diner qu'elle mangeoit de très bon appétit—un ragout de veau à la bourgeoise qui avoit bonne mine et excellente fumée. De là en revenant je me suis paré du titre d'oncle de Mdlle de Jerningham pour obtenir entrée aux Dames Ursulines de la Rue St. Jacques. Mde. de Ste Agatha est la première qui sont presentées, et puis une douzaine d'autres dont les noms m'échappent (mais je dois les avoir par écrit, et vous les enverrai. Mde. de Ste Gertrude est encore en vie et doit retourner incessament au couvent, qui, à l'église près, est telle absolument que vous l'avez laissée, le jardin dans le même ordre, refectoires, dortoirs, pallages, degrés etc. On m'a montré jusqu'à la place ou étoit votre lit ; ensuite La classe ; il y a 50 pensionnaires et 15 religieuses. Elles sont rentrées depuis 7 a 8 ans.

Comme l'appétit vient en mangeant, des Ursulines j'ai été la curiosité d'aller voir le Val de Grace, le

plus beau couvent de Paris, la retraite chérie d'Anne d'Autriche, et le plus magnifique jardin possible— C'est aujourd'hui un hospital militaire, L'appartement de L'abbesse est converti en salles pour les blessés ; celui de la reine, est habité par la Pharmacie ; le jardin est dans le plus grand désordre ; l'église un magasin, et le magnifique choeur des religeuses une salle de dissection.

J'en suis sorti le coeur attristé d'un pareil culbutit, et bénissant les auteurs de celle cruelle révolution ! J'ai toujours la même complainte à faire sur l'interminabilité de mes affaires : je ne puis obtenir la levée de mon séquestre, parcequ'on veut que cela ne soit pas une mesure générale, que le ministre des finances promet et remet de publier de jour en jour ; mes preuves d'étranger, ne souffrent aucune réplique, mais beaucoup d'autres n'ont pas de déclarations à produire, et les étrangers véritables souffrent par la crainte que l'on a d'être trompé par ceux qui ne le sont pas. Les délais d'ailleurs arrangent les employés, autant qu'ils harrassent les réclamants. Lally n'est pas plus avancé que moi, et peut-être moins, attendu le lieu de sa naissance.

Les Anglois ici sont, dit-on, au nombre de 15 à 16 mille. J'ai diné hier chez le duc de Cumberland avec Lady Donnegal. Mde Butler vient d'arriver avec ses filles ; son mari, le Lawyer, doit la venir trouver. Je croyois qu'ils étoient à la chasse de Robert Clifford, mais la brouillerie est complette, et il ne leur parle même pas.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

COSSEY,
Saturday, 27. *Nov.*

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I am very glad that Edward appeared to be well. He writes me word that He dined Sunday and Tuesday last at Lord Trimlestown; that in the evening the *Corps Diplomatique* arrived, and that we might have judged of the state of Europe by the Behaviour of the four ambassadors. The Portuguese humble, the Prussian paying servile Court, and the poor Sardinian *La mort sur le visage.* Andriosi vulgar, fierce, in a Round Hat, and a tail tied up to the Roots of his Hair, Blue Coat, Black waistcoat and fine Shoe and knee Buckles. He playd at Casino, M. de Bertrand teaching him the game, and also paying Court to Maman.

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COSSEY,
Jour de Noel.

. . . . . .

Christmass has to me so many *Bouts de l'ans*, that I am always in the Past, afflicting myself with your Little angel Sister, attending my poor dear Edward just returned from Juilly, dining in London with my unfortunate and dear deceased Brother Arthur, in 1785, with my dear Father and Mother, once many years before, going to St. Germains for the first time when 14, and in great Happiness, and six years before the joy of being dressed in a Nun. And I must not forget in 1787 returning dismal from

Paris, without you, and *Little Ned* Coming up to London to comfort me, and crying with sensibility at meeting.

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Wednesday, December 29.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

After I had written to you yesterday, I had a Letter from Lady Clifford at Ugbrooke, announcing to me from her Lord, the decease of his Good Mother at Altona, on the 9th. inst. There is no further detail, but I have no doubt but that she ended a Pious life, by a Quiet and desirable death. It is a mourning of six weeks for us, and I feel an additional Regret in Losing this last Sister of my Mother's, who closes up the Lee Family and seems to Recall back the Remembrance of all my past Connexions who are gone!

Her Decease will be a great Loss to Miss Clifford, and to her son Thomas who Lived always with her. I should suppose He will Continue living abroad, and Miss Clifford be an old Maid, in a Lodging in London—a situation my poor Grandmother Lady Litchfield had a particular horror of.

My dear Edward is safe in the Blue Room, I hope asleep, tho' it is ten o'clock. He really looks in good Health, and was very agreable yesterday at dinner, making all merry by his account of the Secretary Portalis and his Wife, the man having no mouth at all, only a slit, and the Woman's whole face being mouth and Lips. She is a Comtesse de Hulite, a Dane.

1803.

A New Year's greeting from Edward Jerningham (the Poet) to Lady Bedingfeld.

Tho' I am not rarefied I take this opportunity, offered me by the rarefied Sophia, to send you a line pregnant of good wishes which I hope will not miscarry: and I Trust that every little Desire that was not accomplished last year, may be completed in the new—I don't think that you and I know one another; or rather I think we should suit one another, if we were to associate often, because in peculiarity, oddity, rarefication, Taste, study, we are not old or young, and those Attributes, when mutual, have nothing to do with difference of Age, or the Rank of Relativeness——Adieu, and sometimes admit me into that wild Hall of genius, your mind.

The Chevalier, writing from Paris, gives a tolerably connected account of the reopening, in the spring of this year, of hostilities between England and France. We hear of the historic 'scene,' dramatically prepared by Bonaparte, and successfully played on the occasion of his last interview with Lord Whitworth, then British Ambassador; and also of the working of that iniquitous decree which constituted 'prisoners of war' all British subjects between eighteen and sixty years of age who happened to be on French soil at the time of the rupture.

To Lady Bedingfeld.

PARIS.
1803.

. . . . . .

L'orage qui gronde depuis quelques jours se dissipera, à ce que font espérer les meilleurs politiques.

La Guerre Seroit une si grande calamité pour les deux nations, que sûrement, de part et d'autre on fera ce qu'il sera possible pour l'éviter. Je touche enfin au moment d'obtenir la levée de mon Séquestre: mon interêt particulier se joint au général pour faire des voeux pour la paix. Je regrette sincèrement le pauvre Constable; c'étoit un excellent homme; il est heureux d'avoir été assisté dans ses derniers moment par un homme du méritte de L'abbé Caron, qui n'a d'effrayant que le nom.

Le duc de Fitzjames est toujours dans le même état, sa belle fille est au moment d'accoucher. Madame de Châtillon est à Paris, j'ai été la chercher et j'ai eû l'honneur de la rencontrer quelques fois; mais ne vivant pas dans les mêmes Sociétés, je n'ai pas cet avantage souvent: je crois le jeune D'Oudenarde en disgrace; le Régnant paroit être Mr. de Mun. Il y a eû un beau bal chez M^de^ Amélie de Boufflers; un, avant hier, chez M^de^ Corionnon; un hier chez M^de^ de Luynes. Je n'ai été à aucun, le carême ressemble beaucoup à ce qu'étoit jadis le carnival. La d^sse^ de Gordon donne aussi à danser et joue partout au hazard, tenant les dès, et criant à tue tête *God D* . . . quand elle perd—Une jeune femme qui l'entendoit m'a dit un jour:—'n'est ce pas comme si on juroit par B et par F en francais?' Ld. et Ldy. Yarmouth sont encore ici, quoique '*old quiz*' soit mourant à Londres.

Lord Yarmouth, afterwards Marquess of Hertford, is generally supposed to have been the prototype of Lord Monmouth in 'Coningsby,' and of the Lord Steyne in 'Vanity Fair.' His wife was Maria Fagniani (whose paternity, says Mr. Alger,

From the Chevalier Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

PARIS.

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J'étois au moment de vous apporter de mes nouvelles en personne mais la mesure du Gouvernment ici d'arrêter tous les Anglais qui sont en France, comme prisonniers de Guerre, dérange mes projects de départ, jusqu'a ce qu'on puisse obtenir quelqu'exception ou quelqu'adoucissement à cet arrêté: Je suis sur ma parole à Paris, mais je crois que la majeure partie de mes compatriotes qui étaient ici, ont eû l'ordre de se rendre à Fontainebleau.

J'ai été assez heureux pour obtenir la rétraction de cet ordre pour quelques uns de ceux qui désiroient le plus rester à Paris. Lord Elgin qui passoit ici en revenant de son ambassade, se trouve arrêté comme les autres, ainsi que Ld. Yarmouth qui est revenu d'Angleterre depuis trois jours, pour venir chercher sa *Cara Sposa.* Nous éprouvons déja les inconvénients de la Guerre: Dieu veuille que nous n'en connoissions par les malheurs et quelle Soit courte, Si elle doit avoir lieu, car les dernières lignes du manifeste du Roi, respirent une disposition pacifique qui me fait encore Esperer qu'une nouvelle négociation, sur de meilleures bases et conduite par d'autres négociateurs, pourra nous délivrer du fléau dont nous sommes si vivement menacés.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE.

Here I am again on this pleasant Mount, in a very tolerable House, tho' not quite so pretty as that of Last year, nor so high up the Hill. I got here on Monday evening, and found your Father well and at the Sussex Hotel (tho' in possession of a House), for which they made Him pay accordingly. But He had forgot all Hotel keepers are audacious thieves. I brought Little Prissy with me for change of air, as she really looked ill in London, and was so. At the same time it is a Little Companion, whom I Can dispose of in any Closet when I want her Room.

We have on the first floor four good Bedchambers, and two Closets with Beds in them, two Bedchambers below Stairs, and two Parlours, besides a Housekeeper's Room, Garrets, and offices Sufficient. The Price 7 guineas a week; I think this very reasonable. Lord and Lady Dynevor, and Children are in the House we had Last year.

Lady Nelson has made me a visit, and I am going to Return it this morning; I have not yet seen her nor any Body, for it has rained almost incessantly, and *the season* not being begun there is no Musick on the Parade, and Consequently no Hour of assembling nor opportunity of knowing who is Here. The Houses are Said to be all taken, for People who are to arrive; the Kenmares are of that number. If Sir Richard had drove his *Carriole* here you need not have paid more than at Yarmouth for a better House,

since her departure. He knows a great many People, was intimate with Lady Winifred Constable, where He has often admired *Mademoiselle Jerningham.* He is too much of a *petit maître* but appears to be a Sensible Man, and at the Door of Goodness, a Little out of practice from the Revolution, but Right in Theory.

. . . . . .

Did I tell you that the Eldest Miss Dormer, now Mrs. Gould, was here with her Husband who is Colonel of the Nottinghamshire Militia? She is grown very fat, but is handsome. He has a Son and Daughter by a first Wife. (Lady Barbara Yelverton) whom He ran away with. The Son is 23, in the Guards, and became at the death of his Grandfather (Lord Sussex) Lord Grey of Ruthyn, the 4th. English Baron. The daughter is a very Little Woman, plain, but pleasing. The present Mrs. Gould has Children but I know not the number.

The O'Gradys are here with Pink Stockings. It is said that they have now lowered all their pretensions to their ankle, it is Certain that it appears to be their *Cheval de Bataille* in view on all occasions. There is a sort of a Wit here, who has Reccomended a novel Called '*The infidel Father*' (a shocking title) the Booksellers here have it not at present, perhaps you may be able to get it at Yarmouth.

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COSSEY.

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If you never Read *Henry* in four volumes *by the author of Arundel,* pray begin it immediately. We

have had it here these seven years and I never had patience to get further than the four first Leaves, but, having heard that it was written by Mr. Cumberland, I was Certain there must be good Sense in it, if not Entertainment; I therefore resolved to get further than the disgusting account of the Cawdle Family and I am now in the third volume, and delighted with it. Henry's is a most interesting Character. In short one feels there is more Body in it than in the Common flimflam novel. Since my two journeys to Tunbridge I am particularly acquainted with Mr. Cumberland who Lives entirely there.

. . . . . .

It would appear that neither Lady Jerningham nor Lady Bedingfeld were present at William Jerningham's wedding. The following is the only record of the event in the whole collection.

In after-life, however, the little bride proved herself the most staid and devoted of wives and mothers, and won all her new relatives' love. Her premature death from decline was undoubtedly the cause of general grief in the family.

October.

. . . . . .

I was much pleased and interested by an account Mrs. Norris gave me of the Wedding at Fitzwalter. William went the evening before to Mr. Clifton at New Hall and was that morning the first in the Chapel, went to Communion and edified every Body by the Religious Seriousness of his manner. I hope hey will be very Happy. She is young, and has the

Spirits of her age; but as she is fond of Her Husband, his gravity and *usage du Monde* will temperate what might, without this Help, Degenerate perhaps into the appearance of Levity.

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What a Situation we are in for the futur tense! The Chief Baron's Speech to the Lord Mayor is really alarming, tho' it Contains not anything new: but frightful Ideas Slip so naturally out of the mind, that, when presented again, they Strike as new discoverys.

Bonaparte's Invasion must, I am afraid, take Place; and what a Scene of Danger! I do not fear for my own personal Security, nor for Sir William's: but for the *younger* People who may find it necessary to defend themselves. I Cannot think of it without great terror. For quiet Housekeepers, the troop will (I Suppose) be under too good a Command for to have reason to fear private Riot, but what a State of Suspended Misery it would be. However I yet trust with a Confident Hope, that Providence will deliver us.

. . . . . .

This last passage gives a picture of the state of real alarm which prevailed in England during the latter part of the year 1803 concerning the threatened invasion by Bonaparte.

From Mr. Edward Jerningham (the Poet) to Lady Bedingfeld.

Dear Lost Companion of my tuneful Art, (I allude to the Lyre of Congeniality) I Beg Leave to be stir'd

up in your memory in order to make a little Blaze in it. You are only an Episode in the long epic of my existence, but then you are a delightful Incident, and the general Texture has nothing more Interesting.

I understand, by L^dy Jerningham, that you are still at Cossey: and the Prince and Princess of Cossey, who now Inhabit Bolton Row, I met at Dinner in Henrietta Street on Wednesday. Have not seen them since. The Careys were of the party, Mrs. Carey Exhibits such strong marks of *Infantism* that one is almost apprehensive that a little pack of Careys were coming. The play succeeded to the Dinner, But I did not attend them. I shall, however, dine with Them to-morrow.

Mrs. Lee Inhabits the House just opposite Sr William's; she appears sometimes at the window: George expected to Take a good view of her yesterday in case she was to quit her house to attend the Examination in Bond Street. It is an odd Adventure, and how it will Terminate is not yet foreseen. The maid at Bolton Row says Mrs. Lee screamed in the most vehement manner when the Gordons carried her off. Nothing nothing else is Talked of but This perplexed unaccountable story—Buonoparte will be jealous of Mrs. Lee

I dined in a French set yesterday and their observations upon This romance of the Day, were Entertaining. The Dinner was at Mr. Colemore: it was intended as a little *fête* in honor of Monsr Bourbon's Daughter who not long ago married a French gentleman,* but the Bride and Bridegroom were not well

* M. le Comte de Chaumont-Quitry.

and of the Ten virgins we had only two, The Duchesse de Pierre and Cary Verron, whose Lamps are not very bright. The rest of the Company consisted of the Duc de Bourbon, the Duc de Castres Baron de Rolle, Rivaro, the Count de Truchess, the Dean of Strasburg, and Emigré Gould. The Tenor of the Conversation Took its course from Mrs. Lee and, as it flowed, it Imbibed a Tincture from every person's remarks, till it sparkled with wit and gayety. Mad. de Pierre was the most brilliant, she ran along the precipice sometimes, But never fell in (But it was very near it once)—Cary fell in Twice but it was owing to her not being able to hold the reins of her French Poney.

To pass to another subject, I have been to pay my Homage to your Picture. I think it Like. It is the continuation of your story which Begins with Shee; on his Canvass you express (with your soul Beaming from your Eye) the candour of a youthful mind, coloured with gaudy hopes but subdued with the hue of reflective Doubt. On the canvass of the other your mind has lost its gaudy colouring and is succeeded by a glow of sensibility which diffuses over your countenance an assimilation of thought,* Disappointment, Energy, satisfaction, solicitude and the confidence of virtue. This may appear the flight of a poetic conception, but to me it appears reality; and, if my paper would allow me and your patience

(* My uncle made a mistake here, as well as in his comments on the first portrait, I never entertained 'gaudy hopes,' nor ever experienced 'disappointment.'

CHARLOTTE BEDINGFELD)

would Indulge, I feel I could write four more pages upon your two Pictures—But it is time to make my Bow—so adieu—

N.B. One of these Portraits is a Copy, the other by Opie at Oxburgh.

From Chevalier Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

PARIS,
ce 23. *Janr.*
le 23. *mais mise à la poste le* 24.

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Je vous félicite de votre acquisition à Yarmouth. C'est une ville de Bagni qui vous rendra votre séjour là plus comfortable pour l'avenir, et vos cinq ou six premières couches pouront se faire dans cette retraite fort tranquillement, avec la facilité de plonger le nouveau né dans la mer aussitôt sa naissance, et de le rendre ainsi un vrai enfant de Neptune.

Vous avez de la marge pour l'exécution de ce projet, si vous voulez suivre l'exemple d'une dame dont nous parlent ce matin tous les papiers publics. Voici l'article, tiré fidellement du publiciste: 'Mme Henriette Taillard, demeurant rue Négros, No. 2, agée de 61 ans et deux mois, est accouchée le 18 nivose, de deux enfans mâles bien portant, et qu'elle nourrit elle même.'

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Tout Paris a été entretenu depuis quelques jours d'un vol de diamants qui s'est fait dernièrement chez une dame Russe, Mde de Démidoff. Elle a demandé, à un bal qu'elle donnoit, une garniture nouvelle de diamants de la valeur de 60,000 frcs qu'une dame de

ses amies avoit envie de voir; sa femme, en allant chercher ces diamants, se trouva mal en trouvant le tiroir où ils étoient enfermés, vuide, et les diamants partis. Grande rumeur, comme vous croyez bien, en conséquence dans tout la maison. La police en est informée, et avec son habileté ordinaire découvre l'auteur du vol. Voici comment.—Une grande dame Hanovérienne, dont j'estropierai le nom si je tentois de l'écrire, étoit intimement liée depuis du tems, avec Mde. de Démidoff; elle vint la voir le lendemain de ce vol, en parla avec beaucoup d'interêt, insista sur ce que la femme de chambre pouvoit seule être coupable de ce délit, lui conseilla de s'en défaire au plutôt et de lui faire une pension de 1200F La dame Russe, ne pouvant se résoudre se séparer d'une femme qu'elle avoit depuis longtems, en parla au ministre de la police qui trouva la proposition de renvoyer cette femme avec une pension fort étrange, et en conséquence il pria Mr. de Démidoff de trouver bon qu'il lui envoya un exempt de police, bien mis et d'une tournure fort décente, pour diner chez lui un jour que la dame Hanovérienne y serait. Cela fut convenu. L'exempt, presenté comme un jeune étranger, ne parla peu ou point, se plaça en face de la dame soupçonnée, et pendant que l'on discourroit sur le vol, il la fixa et remarqua de l'embarras et de l'impatience dans ses yeux pour faire changer la conversation. Le lendemain matin deux préposés de la police arrivèrent chez cette dame, feignant un ordre du Gouvernement pour examiner ses papiers. Elle fit beaucoup de difficultés pour donner la clef d'un second secrétaire; il fallut cependant la produire. En l'ouvrant

elle voulut couvrir un vase de son mouchoir, le renversa, se brula par l'eau forte qu'il contenoit et découvrit enfin les diamants en question qu'elle y avoit mis. On trouva en sus beaucoup d'autres diamants, dont plusieurs à la Princesse de Rohan, née Courlande, qui s'étoit brouillée et retirée de sa société, sur quelque soupçon de son talent de s'approprier les bijoux d'autrui mais dont elle n'avoit jamais fait mention.

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From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

COSSEY,
March 7.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

You are in the full vigour of an enlightened active mind, and Can raise more ideas in solitude than society could multiply for you. *Dans la Jeunesse l'imagination peuple tout*, says Mde. Necker. I am happy to think of your being in such good Company, tho' it must not last too long; in musick a Chord is easily strung too high and, the finer the Sound, the nearer its want of being relax'd. I therefore hope that you are by now Come down more to market level, and that Sir Richard and other Company are with you.

. . . . . .

April 3.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I beg to be *Mother* and not *Madam*. *I* used to put Madam because it expressed both the distance

and Respect I had ever been taught to behave with. But, as I have always wished that no distance should subsist between us, I must desire that (Like your Brother) you will call me Mother. It is true that my eyes prefer'd the Look of *Mama*, but I feel I have the happiness of being Mother Grandmother, and may perhaps be great grandmother, so this is settled.

. . . . . .

LONDON.
13.

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The duc d'Enghien's tragedy is sad and dreadful. I think it the most atrocious act that has been Committed. His Father and Grandfather are Litterally inconsolable, and all the French in Consternation.

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27.

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There was yesterday a very Solemn Service given at St. Patrick's Chapel for the Duc d'Enghien by all the French. It is said that about 1400 People were present; the whole Square in an *embarras* of Coaches, for the Protestants, I believe, exceeded the Catholicks.

The whole Chapel was Hung in Black, with escutcheons of Fleurs de Lys, no Light but from Wax Tapers, an immense Catafalque in the middle, supposed to Contain the Corpse, with all the insignia of his orders, his Coronet, and naked Sword Laid on

the Top. Mrs. J. went with me, and we were well pleased for Seeing all I wanted to examine: *primo*, we were near the altar (the Bishop of Montpellier officiated) facing the Princes whom I could examine without being observed, the first Row being occupied by three Cordon Bleus, and all the Red Ribbons, Monsieur, the Duc of Berry, and the three Princes of Orléans, in Black with their Blue Ribbons, at a Long *prie-Dieu* behind Monsieur. Marquis de St. Hermine, Comte Francois d'Escars, and Mr. le Tourneur, on his Right his Aumonier, l'Abbé de la Teille, (who has made Monsieur quite a Saint and gave him his Book yesterday). He is a little man, Like Mr. Walker at Norwich, but has been the means, thro' God's mercy, of making Mde. de Guiche, at Edinburgh dye with great Sentiments of Piety, Madame de Polastron Lately the same; and Monsieur's entire Regularity has followed.

I am particularly partial to Monsieur; nothing can look more good natured and at the same time dignified. His Son has a Species of little tyger face, but is well thought of; the Duke of Orleans well looking; Duke of Montpensier frightful and the Comte de Beaujolais very pretty and pleasing. L'Abbé de Bouvan preached, and extremely well. It was a sort of Oraison funèbre, accompanied with very Religious Sentiments. He ended by Calling upon the Spirit in the Catafalque to Come forth and vouch for the necessities He had pointed out, of obtaining God's mercy (to withdraw his wrath from France) by great Reformation of Manners, in all that belonged to that unhappy Soil. A Ridiculous little

French Woman (Madame de Wilfort) was or pretended to be frightened at the Summons, and had an hysteric fit, to the annoyance of her neighbours for she screamed out, and as some French novel mentions, *se permit toutes les simagrées d'une frayeur Ridicule.*

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8 *Mai* 1804.

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The news Paper will inform you of the general Petition Bustle, if every Body could be in place, a *moments* Contest might ensue, but far is the goddess of Peace from us. I think Mr. Addington goes out like a gentleman, accepting of no place, Title, nor Pension, the King regrets Him as an agreable Friend, and has insisted on his keeping a small House near the Royal Domain.

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I have always liked Cambridge, and indeed am partial to every Regular Establishment, either Conventual or Collegial but I do not think Cambridge a place for a Catholick Priest, it is sitting too near the fire.

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Edward carried me off this morning at nine o'clock to drink of the Islington spa water, it is of the nature of the Tunbridge Spring, but not so clear, the fountain is in a garden, and there is a Room to Breakfast in.

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MOUNT PLEASANT,
TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
June 27.

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There is Company expected here, but not a great deal at present, the Kenmares come next week, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Baring are arrived. She has had 200,000L for her fortune, her Sister (married to a Baring) and little Brother the Same. The Father Mr. Bingham died last Winter at Bath. He was called from the World at the moment He was planning to enjoy his magnificent fortune. Mr. and Mrs. Wheble and Miss Talbot are here. Mrs. Wheble is in a weak state of health since the Birth of her Child, a Little Girl of a year old, she is a pretty Little woman and Mr. Wheble a sensible, well behaved, well Looking young man, it was a most proper match of both sides. He furnished money and she, a Line of Ancestry. Miss Talbot is pleasing, but plain.

. . . . . .

Edward says that Miss Middleton is the reality of which Henrietta was only the Counterfeit, and is a great admirer of her Supereminence in every excellence. But this troublesome Counterfeit is just arrived in London, and tho Ed. says He looks at Her, as He dos at a Chair, I wish she was again at Ditchley.

I think that Mrs. William should not fatigue herself so much. In her place, I should have produced prematurely long ago, but Constitutions seem in some measure to follow the fashion of the times, perhaps

however that a Little regard to original nature may be prudent.

. . . . . .

Lady Jerningham's maternal instinct did not deceive her. Emily Middleton (eldest daughter of Nathaniel Middleton, of Townhill, Hants), a young convert to Rome, and in consequence much taken up by the Catholic families, was destined within four months to become 'Mrs. Edward.'

Shortly after this we hear of the birth of William's second child. This was Lady Jerningham's eighth grandchild; she was then only fifty-seven years of age. After a circumstantial account of the confinement, she writes from Cossey on August 11 to her daughter:

. . . . . .

I shall have a posterity Like that of Abrahams, reckoned by the Stars in the firmament, the number is now 12.

Yours ever most affectionately.

Edward ('the Dear') was married on October 15 to Emily Middleton. He was then thirty years old. The collection contains a copy, in the hand of Lady Jerningham, of one of the letters penned by the young lady, which tells the reader a good deal of the bride's character. At this distance of time it may appear a little too sweetly honeyed in sanctity, perhaps also a trifle too homiletic for so young a person, but this extreme fervour belongs generally to young converts. One cannot help, however, fancying that her persecution by benighted parents, who would have preferred their daughter not to be estranged from the mode of thought in which they had brought her up, could not have been very cruel and relentless, after all. The marriage proved a most happy one, at any rate.

As to the inclusion of such a letter in the collection, there would appear to have been some little irregularity, both on the part of the bridegroom, and on that of Lady Jerningham herself,

who cheerfully records that she made a copy of a letter ostensibly not intended for her perusal. All this, however, was evidently done with the best of motives, and with every appearance of a clear conscience. The satirical, indeed, might even surmise that the edifying letter which Miss Harriet 'could not' burn would have failed in its purpose had it been allowed to repose for ever untouched in 'my child's' chambers.

Lady Jerningham's covering letter belongs to another month, but for the purpose of chronological sequence had better find its place here.

Saturday, 16.

How are you my dear Charlotte? I am not easy at these returns of disorder, and beg you will give me more detail of yourself.

I enclose for your perusal a most extraordinary letter from this Little Saintlike Emily, to her Sister.

The Sister has hitherto burnt the Letters she received from Emily lest they should be found, but not being *able* (as she says) to destroy this, she sent it back for Emily to keep for her. She gave it in this form, to be preserved at my Child's chambers, and sent it to me. I Copied it as a most singular and edifying Composition, and returned it.

I like also the mention she makes of her dear Husband. Edward's affair goes on now to a finishing period, but I am afraid all these money Projectors are uncertain in their funds: it is a sort of hazard table. Fortune depends on the moment you Leave off and I wish Mr. M. had been Satisfied with the million he was supposed to bring from India, without engaging in a Paltry Banking House.

I intend going to London for the Ceremony, which Ed. talks of, for the Second week in october. I

have always set my heart upon being mistress on this occasion, your brothers were not on their own domains, but I am at Liberty to visit the great town of London, and I may also be of use for the Catholick Ceremony. Pray tell Lady Charlotte of this Business of Edwards from me, as I have not time to day to write and if you please you may read her the Letter, as it is quite a memoir of her proceeding, and she may not have heard much of Miss M. if at all. My Love to Her, and hope She is in better Health.

I was really very Sorry to hear of poor Betty's ill fortune in meeting with such treatment. I hope she Continues Coming regularly to Prayers. I mean, being at Liberty so to do, for I know she is in that respect very Steady.

Old Barolz is an indelicate Composition of a man. But the Gallicans mean Less than they Say in everything. He told me, he Loved you as his Daughter—not me I hope, however, as his Wife!

Mr. Saunderson is raving after Gill, and will not allow me any time to replace Her. I am afraid her Return Cannot have a good appearance, and I could have resolved to have kept her, as she is got more used to take some authority over Fred which is necessary.

Adieu my dear. Your ever attached mother, to borrow a word from the Sisters Dictionary, which I find myself entitled to adopt.

Your Father gave a Barrel of Beer in your Ball Room to the village, and danced himself till near ten, without suffering from it.

[COPY.]

From Miss Emily Middleton to her sister Harriet Middleton.

TOWER HILL.
August 24. 1804.

MY DARLING AND MOST BELOVED SISTER,

Finding it impossible at present to see you, and having particularly to speak to you on a subject of the greatest importance to me, and Consequently most interesting to you, I have determined to write by our usual Conveyance, and by the assistance of our heavenly Protector, I trust my dearest Harriet will safely receive the Letter now traced by her agitated, but ever fondly attached *Mother*.

Oh, Harriet, I never deserved the name you gave me. Unworthy to be Called your Sister, I was still less capable of performing towards you, the doubly dear and tender duties your filial attachment required of me. Let me then, my dearly beloved Child, begin now, before I enter on the subject so near to my Heart and which I so much wish you to be acquainted with & entreat your forgiveness for all you may have found wanting in me during the several years of our existence which we passed together and which you made so happy by your affection, your confidence, and the docility with which you Listened to the feeble Councils, which your too partial fondness demanded of your unworthy Sister. I then indeed Little thought that the precious Hours we passed together, in which we innocently talked of Virtue and Religion, would be of such short duration, and

that ere I attained the age of 17, a Cruel tempest would Come on to separate those which nature had so strongly united, and cast wretchedness and misery into the Hearts of Harriet and Emily, by separating them from one another.

You have often, sweetest Love, declared that affliction Could be nothing to you as Long as it was in Company with me. I ever found it so with regard to you. You then alone, my beloved friend, Can know the extent of my grief at a separation which, tearing me from the dearest object I have in the world, rendered unhappy Emily the most miserable of Creatures.—Yet were all these trials sent to us to test whether or not we were true Christians, and really felt within us the Love of God.

I know your Resignation and doubt not but you made a profitable use of those dreadful moments, which by experience I know were so truly distressing. —But now, my Sister, all is Changed! By the merciful interposition of that Providence which never forsakes those that do not abandon Him, we have now a prospect of being again united at a happier Period than that we have just passed.

This Life is indeed of short duration, and it is foolish in us to fix ourselves too much upon any of its attractions. *We* have too severely felt what it is to suffer ever to forget we owe all to God. He permitted the Burden of the Cross to be laid upon his dear and only Son; Let us also have a share in it. But He is too Bountiful, too good, and much too generous to permit his unworthy Creatures to Continue Long in a state of wretchedness, without send-

ing them some Consolation in their misery. This I Can with Truth assert, as during my Long and painful exile from my Paternal Home I was always, by the Sweet Comforts of my Redeemer, encouraged to support with fortitude my cruel affliction, and I never experienced so much quiet and peace of mind than I did at a time when I seemed to be forsaken by all but those kind Friends whom almighty God gave me to supply the place of my ever dear and much Lamented Parents.

But, my Harriet, I need not any further prolong this melancholy subject which can but wound both our hearts. I did not intend to speak a word about it, as we must now *Both* forget the sad and unfortunate moments we have had, to Rejoice at the new, and (you will think) surprising Change, that is shortly going to take Place in your Emily's state of Life.—A few more weeks, my Harriet, and my home will no Longer be the same as yours. I shall still I hope preserve in your Regard the name you have given me, and which I so much delight in, but I shall have another Home, other Parents, in short become a Wife.

I see from hence your astonishment; but I know Likewise how great is your joy.—But (you will ask) how is it possible, that Emily, who seemed to have so great an aversion to any state, but that of a Religious, can have determined to enter into that of marriage, which must put an end to all her views as to being a Nun?

To all this, dearest Harriet, which I have asked myself a number of times, I will answer you. Ask

the Secret Searcher of Hearts what it is that has made me alter my sentiments as to my being irrevocably decided, as I thought I was when I used to talk to you, to take the veil.—You know me too well, darling Harriet, to suppose I could have made up my mind so easily to give up my favourite plan of retiring into a Convent *for Life* ere I could think of adopting another mind. Long has been my Consultation with my Heavenly Inspirer, and many have been the tears that I have shed in my private meditations, as I found my Vocation diminish. But, as I have ever been determined to follow the inspiration of God, and have never pray'd, but to accomplish his Divine Will, I have every Reason to think I do so in becoming the Wife of the most Virtuous, the most generous and most amiable of men.

You know, Harriet, how much in general I have despised the absurd Conversation of some parts of our Family, whose minds being totally taken up with novels, could think or talk or nothing else.—

You Remember your Promise to me, of never reading any. You may judge then my Sister, by all you know of me, that nothing but the most solid Piety and Virtue Could ever have fixed the affections of my Heart.

These I have found in the Person who is so soon to be your Brother; and, having Long Consulted with God, I find my Heart too deeply attached not to make myself *Certain* that my Heavenly Father intended me to be *Emily Jerningham*, which is my future Name. I Cannot now explain to you the whole of my acquaintance nor all the Circumstances

which make Mr. Edward Jerningham's proposal to me so generous, and promises me so much Happiness, in becoming his Wife.

You know how unfortunately situated I was, when, under the disgrace of my Parents, and (as we thought) *disinherited* as well as discarded by them: this did not prevent my dearest and Virtuous Friend, Mr. Jerningham, from Loving me and Looking upon me with the same Consideration as if I had been the acknowledged daughter of my Father and under his Roof at Tower Hill—Were I to dwell upon the innumerable obligations I am under to my future Husband, it would take up the whole of my Letter. I will therefore only tell you, my Harriet, that no one had ever so just a claim to your gratitude, (as you feel as much to those who are good to your Emily and take notice of Her) as Him, whom you will find every way much more deserving of the endearing title of Brother, than your unworthy Emily of that of Sister.

Do you remember at our Last mournful meeting in Piccadilly, how you fondly wished to be your own mistress, to Receive me in your Home? I can now make you the same proposal you did me, and I need not say, darling Harriet, how Happy I shall be when you look upon my future dwelling as your own. I can now flatter myself one day to be useful to you, when, like me, you will want an assylum, at the discovery of your Religion. It is unnecessary to tell you that my House will ever be at your disposal; a mother cannot fail of making a good Protectress, and you know I am yours.

Do not be afraid that my new Protector should not approve of what I say here. Being perfectly acquainted with every particular relating to myself, and Consequently to you, He desires much to see you and wishes for the acquaintance of a Person so nearly related to his future Bride and of whom he has heard her speak so much.

I have now been some weeks at Tower Hill, where my Cloaths are getting ready; if you can write to me, direct to Sutton Place, Ripley, Surrey, as I am going there now for a few days. Then I shall be in London, and again return for a Little time to Tower Hill.

I know not exactly the time when I shall be married, but I will Let you know it. Oh! what would I give for you to be present at the Ceremony, that is ever to engage me in so sacred a tye—Papa and Mama entirely approve of my union although it is of Course to a Person of a different Religion from their own; but they are both equally delighted with it, and have compleatly forgiven what they unfortunately call my disobedience and Error.

As for me, I should be Completely happy, Could I but see you, who are ever present to my imagination. A hundred times a day your dear name is in my mouth and I foolishly repeat: Harriet, darling Harriet, as if you could hear me.

Tower Hill seems to me the dullest Place in the world, without you, and yet I cannot help liking it. I think I see you in every Corner of the House.

Louisa sleeps in your Bed. She often Calls me in a morning. Ah, what a difference do I

feel when waking from a pretty dream, where I can forget I am far from you and see you all the time. I hear her voice so little resembling yours. I must confess I do not Rise with the same alacrity to answer Louisa's Call, as I did when you, darling Harriet, used to rouse me with your sweet and endearing voice which so forcibly always struck my ear. . . . &c.

I must now darling and best beloved Harriet Conclude with entreating you to write to me, and embracing you a million of times in Heart and desire.

Your fondly attached Sister, and most affectionate Friend and Mother.

your EMILY.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

COSSEY,
Thursday, 18. *October*.

. . . . . .

I am this moment interrupted by the agreable sight of a Letter from the Stray'd Bridegroom, asking for the Horses to Attelburgh to bring Him this evening to Cossey. The Monday evening was passed at Chesterford; the day after they arrived at Cambridge from whence he writes and finishes thus, 'If you wish to know how we do I can tell you that we are already Like a Couple of a Twelve-month Standing at Least.' Thank God for this happy event, and may his Blessings be deserved and continued.

. . . . . .

Friday, 19.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

I must tell you that the happy couple arrived Last night, about eight o'clock, with satisfaction on both their countenances; and joy appears to be so salutary to Emily that she is even since Monday altered to her advantage. She was in a neat silk Pelisse, with the tippet and muff that they unpacked on the Road. She was this morning with her Dear Husband at Prayers and is now writing in my Room to her Father a Letter which I could not read (as M^dme^ de Sevigné says) *sans que mes yeux se fussent mouillés.*

. . . . . .

The Archbishop of Narbonne, Abbé Dillon, another of Lady Jerningham's French uncles, comes from London to stop a while with his sister at Cossey. 'Your uncle' to whom she alludes is, of course, the irrepressible Poet, who at that time, it seems, abandoned the Muse for religious controversy, greatly to the distress of his family.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

COSSEY,
Tuesday, 11. *December.*
11 *o'clock.*

. . . . . .

Yesterday about one o'clock Came our good Uncle, the Archbishop, with his *valet de Chambre*, and the Abbé Racquin. He came from Thetford to Norwich and on here, arrived in amazing good spirits, extremely pleased with the entry, the House, his Room, and every one here, was uncommonly pleasant the whole day, and till past eleven at Night, after Supper repeated some Harangues of his Composition—one in particular on the abuse of what is called Liberty, in which He gives a Character of Cromwell which could I think stand in strong Competition with that given of the same Personage by Bossuet.

I have not seen Him this morning and I am afraid He begins to feel a Little the Coming 114 miles. However I understand He is well, but not got up.

He is in the Chintz Room, his man next door, and the Abbé in Mr. Porton's apartment. He ran away from London unknown to his Société and says He was tyred of the Remonstrances He knew his project would draw upon Him.

We are all as usual, and I suppose you are in a great maternal Bustle. The Archbishop was talking last Night of *my* dancing, which had also its fame (near *Louis* 14's time). My fort was the minuet and slow figured dances.

The Archbishop finds Edward like *Monsieur*. I believe that is why I am so partial to *Monsieur*. He says it is not so much his exact features as his tournure and manner—I Like the Resemblance. Mrs. Jerningham said she had often thought so before.

. . . . . .

14.

I am going this morning with the Archbishop and his Abbé to Horingham; the Lord thereof came in form to visit our Prelate. The Archbishop is wonderfully well and Edward wants to draw all the anecdote information He can of former times. He knew an old Man who rememberd Cromwell.

I intend to write down some particular points which I wish to have more ample information upon, principally owing to my own Family. My Grandfather was born in Ireland in 1670, and was Consequently 18 at the Revolution when He carried over the family Regiment. He died in 1733 of a Palsy on the Bladder (exactly what my Father had). When

my Grandfather died He was on the List for the next promotion of *Maréchaux* of France. The Archbishop had his Education at Plessis College, which was then *un Séminaire de St. Sulpice*, and afterwards Lodged at the *Missions Etrangères*. I mean that it Brought him from Good Clerical Company and mixed him more with the idle part of the World. The Abbé Racquin who is with Him is a clever, pleasing and good Priest. He was aumonier to the *Mesdames*, was with him 6 years at Rome, then at Naples, and accompanied them in their last dismal flight to Trieste, where they died within six months of one another. He has resided since in London. He is very useful to the Archbishop who is all morning studying and writing in his Room.

. . . . . .

Your Uncle has written a pamphlet to prove that *we are not born* in Sin. He has a mind to attack all Christendom at once. If we were not Stained with our first progenitors' ill doing there was no Call for a Redeemer and all the Mysteries belonging or rather proceeding from the Incarnation of the Son of God, Baptism is unnecessary; in short he wishes to lay the Foundation of Belief. I am very sorry that He will not Remain with his poetical Muse, from whence many pretty things have come forth. Adieu my dear.

All creeps on much the same, but I dread that time will Carry Edward to London with his holy Child, and that she will be very helpless, but one cannot have everything.

'The Poet' gives an account of the debate in the House of Lords concerning national defences. The subject was at that time of overwhelming interest: Bonaparte had now become Emperor of the French, war had just been declared against Spain, and England was in a state of anxiety from which it was only, but finally, relieved some eight months later when the news arrived of the battle of Trafalgar.

LONDON,
March 9. 1805.

In fulfilling my promise of sending you the other half of my letter I am afraid I may be like the Witches in Mackbeth who 'keep the word of promise to the ear but break it to your hope,' because I do not feel particularly rarefied to-day—owing probably to my having assisted at the debates last night in the House of Lords, where I was on my legs leaning against the Bar from Four till half past one.

The Inclination I had, or rather the strong Desire of hearing Ld Granville who was expected to be particularly great, Induced me to attend the contest on the Military state of Defence. The House was not crowded, either with Members or Company. The House is altered for the better; there are now three large magnificent Fire Grates, and six gorgeous Lustres which cast a Cheerful Brightness over the room, so that any person at the greatest distance can be easily Discerned.

Ld King made his intended motion. He spoke with Labour, and much Hesitation, but his youth and beautiful Figure and his modesty partly atoned for his Defect. He was answered by Ld Cawdor, who spoke worse, without the excuse of youth or

Modesty. Ld Stanhope replied, and ran into Digressions which were very entertaining and with whose Discourse upon the whole I was much pleased.

Ld Suffolk carries weight from his Age and Experience, and the conviction, with which both sides of the House are impressed, of his Integrity. Ld Hawkesbury was, I think, the next person on his legs, and he charmed me with his loud and clear voice, with his Energy, and with the beautiful Images with which He occasionally decorated his speech.

Ld Carlisle made a short reply. I was anxious for my friend, coming after so splendid a speaker, but there was no occasion for my Anxiety, for He acquitted Himself with distinguished credit, and very happily Introduced the Lines recorded by Cibber.—Ld Hawkesbury vaunted of the well-regulated Army Defence, tho' he allowed the number of the troops had rather Decreased; 'then,' says Lord Carlisle, 'Your Lordship reminds me of Dryden's line in one of his Bombast plays:

> 'My wound is great, because it is so small,'

which the Duke of Buckingham was said to have answered from his Box:

> 'Then t'would be greater were it none at all,'

This allusion created loud applauding Laugh.

After Lord Carlisle a succession of very indifferent Ciceros arose. But at Length Lord Granville got up, and then every noise and every whisper died away. He said He should feel himself contemptible if He should stop in his way to Ld Hawkesbury's

speech to notice what had fallen from Lord Westmoreland, who appeared to him to have alarmed his friends the ministers all the time he was endeavouring at an Argument, but He hastened to combat the speech of Ld Hawkesbury, which he did in the most dignified, most convincing, most enlighten'd and eloquent Discourse I ever heard. And he gradually effaced all the gaudy Picture of his opponent's Argument. He spoke Two Hours and nine minutes, and I was sorry when he sat down. Ld Mulgrave rose to reply, but it had the appearance of a Dwarf contending with a Giant, and was so unsatisfactory that I came away.

I was Thinking, when I got into my Hackney Coach, and debated with myself whether or no I had received more pleasure from Ld Granville that evening or from Roscius the evening before. The result of my Judgment, or rather perhaps of my feeling, was in favour of the orator. Little Roscius, I only saw for the second Time on Thursday perform Romeo. I had the luck of being very near Him; the Prince had given his Box to Lady Cawdor and she allowed me to be of her party. He is a sublime little creature, and he sometimes deludes you into a Belief of being the very person he represents. But in general (for I studied Him as He spoke) he excites oftener wonder than he stimulates sensibility.

To talk on less general subjects, I dined with Edward and his Saint Cecilia on Thursday before I went to the Play. She was better, and was going that evening to a private Party at the Marchioness of Buckingham.

The Kenmares are at last arrived, which I am glad of—Lady Kenmare is one of the few with whom I talk and converse at full length and not in Bust, If I may use the Expression. Ld Fingal, I believe, has not yet had his conference with Mr. Pitt. If Ld Fingal and his Associates are come with discretionary powers, Mr. Pitt will delude and Bully the Irish Delegates. There will never be a Time more favourable to the Catholic Demand: a much greater resistance would be made to the Catholic acquisition in another Reign. Ld Kenmare is strongly of the opinion of Entire Acceptance or open Refusal at this moment.—— Procrastination and distant promises will be the Death of the present claim.

I hope this will find you, and your last little Elegant Extract, in perfect health. I have been also brought to Bed of a little *Mental* Child which is now Two months old. Some may say that it is an Illegitimate Bantling, I entertain a very different Idea of it: a Lily would not change its nature in being called a Thistle!

Speaking of Literature, the English Press is at this moment barren, in an unmetaphoric sense. The gentlemen who are denominated Devils demand equal wages with the Compositors, who are a People of an Higher order and of some education. The Booksellers have entered into a strict compact to refuse the Demand, so that when the Devils have expended their money and are without *Fire* and *Food* they will give up the contest.

A gentleman of my Acquaintance, lately returned from Germany, passed some Days with the renowned

Wieland. Wieland is 79 years of Age, not worn down with study, his body naturally enfeebled from years, but his Intellect preserving all its accustomed Effulgence, like a bright Diamond set in a dim metal. He Dines once or Twice a week at the Margrave of Baden, or some such name; his name is established so high that the German Booksellers in all the Capital Towns published at the same Time 4 editions in different forms, which amounted to Twenty Editions on the same Day. He said at diner that, as He had not long to live, He thanked God He had met with the Disappointment once of residing two years at Paris, 'where,' he said, 'perhaps they would have made a *Deist* of me.'

Adieu, Thou portion of Celestial Promethean Fire —I trust, as I grow older that I myself shall preserve, thro' the Benevolence of Providence, the few particles of the Promethean flame that have been accorded to me. I am glad I never was Opulent, for then I never perhaps had trod the little path that has made and still constitutes my occupation and happiness.

I beg you will scatter with a wanton hand my Best and Affectionate wishes on my Brother and L^dy^ Jerningham. Select among them one very glowing wish and present it to Sr Richard.

Ld Harcourt, whose signature is to this cover, has received a valuable Present from the King. It is a piece of large Tapestry worked by Mary Queen of Scotland: the gold that is inwoven with the Tapestry is worn; the figures (for it is a group of figures) are her own Invention or a copy of a picture, but Ld Harcourt thinks that she Invented the whole. It is

supposed to be the Virgin Mary giving her Blessing to a little Boy which is supposed to be James I, and that Idea corresponds with the Tradition of its being brought from Scotland by James I

Once more, Farewell.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

COSSEY,
March 22.

I had some hopes, my dearest Charlotte, to find you in the neighbourhood, or even at Cossey, on Wednesday, when I returned at five o'clock for dinner, from Hauleigh. But all was gone, to my Regret, and your Little note alone spoke your having been Here.—How did the old Towers receive you? and your two pretty Children must have rejoiced to meet two more. I hope that poor Little Edward bore his journey well. I think that by the Circumstance of their first view of this World, Charles, should be a Seaman, and Edward a *négociant*. In five years hence, you may have *a Priest*.

I got to Hauleigh on Monday for dinner, found George and his Spouse in good Spirits and Little Charlotte quite well; but George has had for a Long time a Bad Cold, which occasionally encreases or diminishes but never goes quite off. I wish it would. The Eldest Boy is in a Nankeen vest, and an uncommon fine Boy, very Lively, fine Black eyes, very white teeth, and a flat Back. I think Him now, handsomer than his Sister. She is a pretty Girl and very Lively also, but I am afraid her Chin will grow

too Long for perfection. The poor Little twins want to be ameliorated; and the youngest Boy has at present a *Gourme*, that Covers both face and head. He would otherways I believe be pretty.

Mrs Sulyard was to arrive on wednesday, and the Smythes were expected for thursday.

You will be surprised to hear that on Tuesday we went to a Play at Woolpit, and that I was never better entertained. Four young Gentlemen who are with a Mr. Cobbould, a Clergyman, painted Some Scenes which they put up in an alehouse, made out tickets at half a Crown for the Benefit of the poor, and themselves performed *Douglas* and the Farce of *Raising the Wind*. They all got thro with their parts very well; but one, a Mr. Athill, whose friends are Said to Live at Yarmouth, is (especially in Comedy) a most Superior Actor. Every muscle of his Face contributes, as Edwin's used, to give animation to his Part, and we were near enough to enjoy it. He also Sung a Comic Song with great Humour. I went there out of Complaisance, not to prevent your Brother and Mrs. J. from attending, but was really much entertained.

When you go to Yarmouth, I beg you will enquire after Mr. Athill.

Mr. Lawless returned here yesterday for dinner, and is so much improved, since my *Reprimand* (which He has recorded in the album) that you would have approved of Him most if He had first been so. I believe Him to be a Clever—a good young Man.

The Chaise is arrived and your Father in the Hall,

so I must Leave off. I am going to visit Lady Bradford and Carry back her four volumes.

April 1.

. . . . . .

I had a long letter yesterday from Edward who is in good spirits, thank God, and occupied with his future Settlement in Lincoln's Inn Square. The House will be 130L a year: three Rooms on a floor, with windows down to the Bottom. He reckons that his Chambers will sell for a 1000L or Let for 100L per annum and so on makes it out very well.

Lady Buckingham takes very great notice of Emily. She has taken Her once to the opera, to hear Grossini, and Lately they all went en Famille (Pall Mall and Boulton Row) to see young *Rosières* in Douglas. Lord Buckingham had not been to the Play for 20 years. They drive in Pall Mall very frequently. The Connexion may be of great use to Ed. in his Law Business, and perhaps to the general Catholick Cause, for I trust that where ever Edward is known He will be Liked, and the Greville Party is a very Considerable one.

. . . . . .

12 *o'clock at noon,*
Wednesday, 21.

I am but this moment Risen from the fatigue of Last Nights assembly. Many Regretted your not being present, and I think I can dispute the pre-eminence of Sentiment with them. The Ball was fuller than the Subscriptions usually are, so it was said; Lady Bradford all agreable meekness as usual,

and Lord Bradford with a Cold. Emily began the dance with Mr. Foster, the Steward. She had her best Lace gown, diamond aigrette and Paradise feathers, looked really very pretty, her Hair went closer and diminished the Breadth of Face. It is wonderful the crowd that passed on to Look at Her, as a thing never having been seen, but she, unconscious of exciting any idea in any Person, was with the same equal modest look and no embarrassment.

. . . . . .

25.

What an eloquent Speech Mr. Hardinge made to that poor unhappy Girl of 16 for destroying her Bastard Child! I hope you have seen it in the Globe of this week. The Circumstance of preparing the Knife, and the Cruel perpetration of the murder by nearly Cutting the Childs head off, makes one fear that She would never have been under the Chastised restraint of Virtue: or must have been miserable in proportion to the sincerity of her return to it. Therefore perhaps, in this Case, her being removed out of the World was mercy to all; it may deter some, and may have prevented bad Seed from budding forth in Her.

But a sad Circumstance is that the Speech (which made me suppose Mr. Hardinge a most excellent as well as eloquent man), dos not Become the mouth of the Speaker—He has Himself been very irregular; so much so that his Wife parted from Him . . . and in Short, I am afraid it is something of Mrs. Inchbald's affecting Novel, where the poor girl Calls out

to the Judge who is going to Condemn Her—'*Not you!*'

Lady Buckingham has been in the Country since I came to town, but She is most intimate with Emily and very fond of Edward also. She is, by Emily's account, quite a Saint in the Belief and practice of every Little act of Piety that is Cherished in Convents. She walks every morning to Kensington to hear Prayers, at Mr. Eyre's Widow's (who was a friend of hers before she married) and is totally taken up with acts of devotion. Her very extensive Charity has Long been my admiration. She is extremely Chearful and has strong Health, so that She walks about to Succour distress, fasts to Subdue herself, and the whole is to be (by Lord Buckingham's desire) Conducted with Secrecy, but it is really the *Secret de La Comédie* that every Person is acquainted with. Lady Mary is to have a very Large fortune; Lady Buckingham Longs for a Catholick suitor for Her. She says *She* would not want fortune, but on account of Lord Buckingham is afraid She must find an estate with the Catholicity.

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A petition from the Roman Catholics of Ireland to be relieved from the civil disabilities under which they laboured, was in May introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Grenville, and into the House of Commons by Mr. Fox. The petition was rejected; in the Lords by 178 votes against 49; in the Commons by 336 against 124. Mr. Pitt, who had in 1801 quitted the Ministry professedly on account of his inability to carry such a measure, found reason on this occasion to oppose the motion.

May 5.

I have intended, my dear, writing before and, in the Continued Hurry of this Place, have been prevented, not by the town amusements, but by the *Décousu* of Hours and unexpected Calls of visitants—the Bane of all Settled Comfort.

The Catholics are *en l'air* and in a ferment about the Irish Petition which is to be *Cast* on Friday in the House of Lords, and on Monday in the House of Commons. No one expectes it to pass, but, if a tolerable show of Friends Can be produced, our present ambition will be satisfied. Our Norfolk Lords are our known Enemies: *poor* Lord Wodehouse, naughty Lord Bayning, and mad Lord Townshend, the Duke of Grafton (God Bless our Cousin) violent for the Catholick Cause, also Fox; Bishop Horsley of St. Asaph, Llandaff and Bangor Bishops; the Smiling Canterbury of Course against the Cause; Lord Carlisle Strenuous for it, but the King (poor man) *Contre;* and the Courtiers and placemen follow the Royal Nod.

Mr. Grattan, it is Supposed, will make a most eloquent Speech for the Cause. He has been brought in by Lord Fitzwilliam for the occasion, and is of Long date our Staunch Friend.

Bishop Milner is in London, in frequent Conference with Fox and the Party, and has written an excellent pamphlet which I will Send you.

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A private grievance He has mentioned to me which I hope the *Dames Bénédictines* at Bodney will not draw upon themselves the weight of. A Miss

Blackburn is in their noviceship, daughter to a Rich City man, (a Protestant with a Catholick wife). They are both of them extremely displeased at her positive Refusal of Returning to her Paternal Residence and the Bishop dreads the Father's making a formal Complaint against the Convent at the *Alien* Office, where Mr. Reeve, who is no friend to the Catholick Belief, might be glad to issue an order for the Nuns Leaving England.

At Bishop Milner's request, I have written to Mde. de Levis, and I really hope they will send this young woman back rather than endanger the Salvation of their House, especially in this moment when it is Said that the Princess Louise de Condé a professed Nun, in Poland, is Coming to Reside at Bodney. Her being there will be of great advantage to the Pensioners, by the excellence of her Ton, and her Talents for Musick, Drawing, &c. which M. de Bazolz (who had seen a great deal of Her at Chantilly) tells me are very great.

Miss Petre's affair is more incomprehensible than ever. I have heard from what appears to be good authority, (Lady Throcmorton to Miss Wright, the Cousin) that Mr. Berrington, the Priest, was sent down to Oxfordshire to Her, that Phillips said he would Leave the Room so that Miss Petre might be at entire Liberty to do what she best Liked of, that on their being thus alone Mr. Berrington spoke very plainly what he had to say, which was I believe offering her to return and an enquirey if She Could make up her mind definitely to give her Parents that Comfort. Her answer is said to have been with an

air of Levity that she was tyred of Phillips, but that she prefer'd being away from her Family, and should therefore marry Phillips, in short talked in such a sad way that Mr. Berrington has told Lord Petre that all that Can be wished is, that Mr. Phillips should in future prevail upon his Wife to Live quietly and decently and not make any further *esclandre.*

It is supposed by all that every advance was made on her side, and Phillips begins to be the interesting Personage instead of the Seducer. I do really think it makes one tremble for degraded Human Nature, and the watchful care that some dispositions require.

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The Miss Petre here mentioned was Mary Juliana, eldest daughter to the tenth Baron. She had been married (after some scandal) on April 30 preceding, to a Mr. Stephen Phillips, her drawing-master.

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15. *Wednesday.*

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We have been here quite occupied with the Catholick Business. George and Edward were in the House of Peers, both times, till four and six in the morning. It is avowed that the most splendid Eloquence and high Birth were, in Both Houses, employed in promoting the Catholick Cause; but the silly majority of Numbers carried the Day, and I am surprised and sorry to find that Lord Bradford was of the prejudiced Majority.

Bishop Milner is in London, and very much interested as you may well imagine. He dined here yesterday with Lord Clifford and they were really

Hand and Glove, which I enjoyed. The Bishop says that Lord Grenville and Mr. Grattan have immortalized their oratorical Powers. Mr. Grattan particularly is said to have surpassed every high expectation that had been formed of him—You have heard me of old Cite Him as a great and powerfully Eloquent Speaker.

Good Lord Wodehouse Called here on Sunday—fell upon this subject. Edwards eyes flashed fire upon him, but so well tempered by good reasoning that He prevailed upon Lord Wodehouse to Carry away a Little Pamphlet. He has been here again, full of the Common prejudices, and I have given Him Bishop Milner's Pamphlet. He *could* be converted if alone, but returning to that fountain of Protestantism, Lady Wodehouse, he takes back his original blindness.

Pray read the debates, Fox's Speech is very good: it *will* be History, so you must not overlook it, even in the Gossiping Leaf of a Daily Paper. The Morning Chronicle is supposed to give a good account of the Debates.

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The Duchess of Devonshire, Georgiana, daughter of John, Earl Spencer, died on March 30, 1806.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

COSSEY,
Tuesday April 8. 1806.

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Young Norris writes his Mother word, that the real Cause of the Duchess of Devonshire's decease

will *never* be known, that the Physicians entirely mistook her Case—It is very singular and would almost make one adopt Dr. Girdlestone's opinion!

Mrs. Baker (young Mrs. Norris's Mother) saw Her the whole time, and to her Daughters Enquiries always said that there was not any danger, that the Duchess was in good Spirits, but most extremely yellow, and that it was only quite at last that alarm was taken. I think her whole existence and exit, a melancholy and interesting subject of meditation. The Duke is said to be very much affected.

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20.

I had a letter yesterday from Bodney, mentioning that the dear Little Girls were well and particularly good, *si bien elevées!* As if they had owned their Birth to the Bénédictines de Montargis. 'La Princesse me verra avec Plaisir.' That is very benevolent of Her!

Edward says that He heard in London, that the poor Duchess of Devonshire had applied to the Duke for Succour in her Pecuniary State of Affairs, and that the Duke told her in so positive a manner that He had engaged himself never to do more in the Business, having paid enormous sums, that the Duchess in despair of ever prevailing in this her last and only Ressource fell ill; that the first days the Duke supposed the illness a Little put on, but when He understood that She was so bad and in danger of her life, He entreated the Doctor who sat up with her, if She had a lucid interval to assure Her that

every wish she had should be complied with, and that He would purchase her Health with any thing she could command. But, poor thing, I suppose it was then too Late. I pity the Duke who, they say, is very much affected. And well He may!

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LONDON,
May 2.

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Lord Dillon has persuaded and over ruled my opinion, and in short sent Père Elisée to me. His prescription is (*du tems d'Adam*) to take *Petit Lait* for three days, then un Bain of his Composition, resembling *Les eaux de Plombières*. After I have sojourned some days there I am to Remove to Barège, and, with Patience and 70 or 80 Baths, I am to be entirely Renovated, I am to walk as I did 30 years ago, and to feel as if I Came from the *Fontaine de Jouvence*. I think I will try the nastyness of his *Petit Lait*, but the Baths I must invent an excuse against.

I told him that some Physicians thought mercury necessary in my Case. He said '*Gardez vous en Bien. Les médecins de ce pays ci en font un grand abus*' He says the Duchess of Devonshire had two large gall stones and ought to have been bled several times, to have swallowed oily medecine, and have been constantly in a Bath. I am however a great deal Better since my removal here, and I think that the very journey, down to Buxton would Cure me.

Edward and Emily are gone to-day to Westminster

Hall, to see poor Lord Melville. It is a thing to be made acquainted with, when the Country has such an unfortunate Business going on as the great Legislative Power of the Kingdom in Exertion.

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Lord Melville: Henry Dundas, a distinguished statesman, created Viscount Melville in 1802. He had been impeached in the previous year (1805) in the Commons, for alleged malversations as Treasurer of the Navy. He was tried by his peers in Westminster Hall and found not guilty.

June 4.

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This is the important anniversary of our Good King's Birth and the usual uproar is going on, tho' I understand that the King will not be at the Drawing Room; the Manner of Receiving is too fatiguing for Him—and indeed for every Body else.

I went (upon Mrs. John Cary's great entreaty) this morning to her Villa at Hampstead. The Spurious Mrs. Cary is Staying with her, and She said that all she wished was that I should see Her. John and his Wife appear to be much pleased with Her Hitherto; she expresses the utmost wish of obtaining the good opinion of Her Husband's family and is actually under instruction to be a Catholick.

Mrs. J. Cary promised that she would not mention she expected my visit, as I have too many young people belonging to me to make a formal acquaintance with the new *Thais* but as by chance. I found the two *Sisters* together, Mrs. John presented Her, and we sat down. *Thais* wishes to look modest and

will, I hope, attain to it in time: at present there is a downcast Leer which, Looking over very red Cheeks, has not the appearance of a primitive Catechumen. She was reading, when we entered, the Duchess of York's Letter to Lord Clarendon, in the 'Elegant Extracts,' and Looked a little embarrassed on saying so in answer to your Father's enquiry about her Lecture. I said it was a very Clever Composition and she replied 'yes, I think an *unanswerable* one.' I do not think her pretty. She seems *passée;* she has an elegant Shape and pretty Size but is evidently now Rowing up tide, and if (as I hope) she Perseveres in all her good Resolutions, she will, I have not a Doubt, be a very different sort of Person in two or three years hence—when more accustomed to be Limited to good Habits.

You put me into so good a temper with Mrs. Manners' Little round Head that a Card Coming that same day to invite your Father and I to dine at Lambeth, we accepted of it. I also like much to be in that venerable old Palace. I have never dined there since the days of Archbishop Cornwallis.

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13th.

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Lady Lansdowne gave last Night a Masked Ball, the whole Garden and House illuminated. From our Windows we partook of the Musick, and the beautiful illumination of the Garden.

Poor Lord Melville is out of hot water, and every one but Lord Ellenborough seems to be rejoiced at it.

From Edward Jerningham (the Poet) to Lady Bedingfeld.

June 18.

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The Jerninghams went to Tunbridge yesterday.

This new Arrangement of things overthrows my dear little favourite project of passing a month with you near the ocean: But now that Project is metamorphosed into a pleasing chimera! I think Distance an odious appendage to mortality.

The news of the moment is the Acquittal of Ld. Melville. I was four times at the Trial. The Speech of Sir T. Romily, had I been a Peer, would have obliged me to have pronounced him guilty upon two charges. There was however a mixture of party in all that Business—which operated on both sides—

This Trial is already giving place to the Trial of Mrs. Fitzherbert, relative to the little girl—I am perfectly glad the Lords have check'd the literal application of the Law to this cause: It would have been the actual Death of the child, she is so fervently and exclusively attached to Mrs. Fitzherbert. And Mrs. Fitzherbert, having manifested her unequivocal Intention of rearing her little orphan in the Established Doctrine, it would have been a cruel persecution for the Lords to have acted otherwise.

I have read this Winter scarce any thing new; but yet I have read a good deal, and have lived much with the Authors of the last century—particularly English writers. Lately I ran over Moore's new Poems which Ld. Carlisle sent me (they cost a guinea and a half). They are Elegant—a monotony of ex-

pression and of thought frequently occurs—but I think in time He will do great things. The Lay of the last Minstrel which I had the high gratification of reading to you remains on my mind. It was a mental feast to which we sat down by ourselves, like two angelic gluttons—What now particularly occupies your bright Intellection ?

I have passed thro' the winter with much sickness encircling me on all sides without receiving any wound or Inconvenience: I was another Daniel in the Furnace—Plays I have seldom attended. They had so little Attraction—The Opera I have frequented, for it is every Thing: company, the place of Intelligence and the best assembly in Town. The Prince continues to favor me with his Ticket which saves me a good many half-guineas! The pamphlet by Jeffries, the Jeweller, is a Libel and can make no Impression but upon minds that are actuated by a malignant Disposition. The facts are distorted, and Interspers'd with falsehoods. The Introducing Mrs. Fitzherbert into This Pamphlet is illiberal. The Booksellers refuse admitting it into their Shops, But curiosity and malevolence excited numbers to purchase the Trash of the person by whom it is printed. It will occasion a few hours Talk and then drop into the vortex of oblivion, which happens to every transaction in this busy overgrown Metropolis.

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I was Looking over, the other day, Dryden's Preface to his Fables. He says: Before the reader censures this work I must tell him a story I saw the other Day—An old Gentleman getting up on his

horse, some young women who were near smiled. The old Gentleman said to them: 'Ladies, before you Laugh I wish you to count ninety eight'—Now, continues Dryden, I would have the reader count sixty eight before He criticises me, not (says the old Bard) that I find my faculties the least Impaired, or my Health, meaning to Translate the Iliad, old as I am.

Now as I was reading these lines of Dryden it forcibly struck me that I was just at that period of life, and tho' not gifted with such eminent powers, yet enjoying unimpaired all my Inferior Facilities. In one respect I have the Advantage over my great Predecessor, He Complains of a total Disability of Legs! He lived I think only three years after.

Lord and L^dy^ Wodehouse return to-day from Kimberley. They Left the girls behind them. Miss Wodehouse, having obtained the Chariot for a week, she set the Town on fire for she Lived a very gay Life was out all day long, dined out &c. &c.

Tell me, I Entreat, Dear Extraordinary creature, what are your projects, and let me know something about you. Direct me under a cover to Ld. Bayning. Say a thousand kind Things to Sr Richard and let me add that I am your Affectionate Friend and Relation.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS
June 27.

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The Princess's Business is Like a Cover'd volcano; every one wishes to talk, but it is generally under-

stood that it is a dangerous subject of Conversation. Captain Manby is the Paramour named, and some have whispered Sir Sidney Smythe, but the Morning Post and Morning Chronicle talk of the Scandal of Defamation and seem resolved to white-wash this poor unfortunate Creature.

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July 1.

Edward is now I reckon at Shiffnal since Last Sunday. He passed some days at Tixhall, where immense Rejoicings were going forward for the Birth of a Son and Heir—a whole ox Roasted, dancing, Fireworks, everthing that is noisy and jolly to usher this Little man into the vale of tears! But I hope He may resemble his Father, and He had the Reputation of wiping away those of many. Edward says He is an excellent man and I think Ed. should know what goodness is.

William and his Anne were to have driven over here to-day but he has hurt his Leg in getting off a Coach Box, and so his journey is postponed.

We are not full of fine company here, but there is perhaps more Sociability than usual, so that every evening there are meetings at the Rooms or in private Houses. And the Hours are delightful: Dinner at 4, meeting a Little after seven, and parting before eleven, so that Tunbridge is Like a Large Convent, every one asleep in their beds before 12.

A Widow, Mrs. Eden, whose Husband was a Brother of Lord Auckland's, is an interesting Woman. She lost her Husband above a year ago and has been ever since in a miserable state of health. She has

two tall daughters, very good Girls, who are *out*, the eldest 19, and seven Children younger. The Widow, tall, very thin, and Looking ill, but Calmly Cheerful. She told me that She was married above 20 years but that she had lost a Lover as well as a Husband, one whose sole occupation was the promoting of her Comfort, and that she was so unused to think about herself that she often *forgot* to take her meals. She praised her daughters, said she had always prevented their mixing with other Girls, but was delighted they should be with Emily as she appeared to be everything that was most modest and sensible. I encouraged her idea from a knowledge of the truth of her observation; so Emily walks about on the Pantiles with them and the Mother converses with me in the Library. She has a House at Wimbledon but the Girls have not resided at London.

Mrs. Heneage and Miss Ainslie do not go out at all, except to the Well. Mr. Heneage also keeps quiet and has called I believe only upon us.

To night is the first regular Ball. On Thursday there was a hop at the Rooms, begun by your Father and Lady Boyne. He is quite well and in great spirits; this place and the Company of this year particularly suits him.

Adieu my ever dear Charlotte,

Your entirely affectionate

MOTHER.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. lxxvi., part ii.) under date July 5, 1806, can be read this notice:

'At his house in George-street, Portman-square, Arthur-Richard Dillon, Archbishop and Duke of Narbonne, Primate of

the Gauls, President of the States of Languedoc, and Commander of the Order of the Holy Ghost. This venerable Prelate, who was eminently distinguished for his knowledge, talents, and eloquence, was the youngest brother of Henry the eleventh Lord Viscount Dillon, of Ireland, and son of the Hon. Arthur Dillon (third son of Theobald seventh Viscount Dillon), a marshal-de-camp and lieutenant-general in the French service. He was born at St. Germain-en-Laye, 1721; ordained Bishop of Evreux, Oct. 28, 1753; Archbishop of Thoulouse, 1758; Archbishop of Narbonne, 1762; and Commander of the Order of the Holy Ghost, 1776. When the Revolution took place in France, which was a total subversion of every principle that all good men hold dear and sacred, he retired to this country, where he has since constantly resided, preferring the sacrifice of his high rank and situation to a dereliction of those principles of duty and honour which uniformly guided his conduct through a long and meritorious life. At half after 9 in the morning of the 11th, all that remains in England of the antient Royal Family and Nobility of France began to assemble at the French Catholic chapel in Little George street, King-street, Portman-square, to do honour to his obsequies. The chapel had a truly solemn and dignified appearance; and an additional degree of respect was excited by the appearance of the many illustrious personages who have taken up their residence in this country in consequence of the revolution of affairs in France. The deceased was related to some of the most distinguished persons under the ancient Government of France; he was also nearly a-kin to a noble family in this country; and, besides this, was a person of considerable rank as a man of letters. Consequently, every professor of the Catholic faith, every friend of the late Establishment of France, and several distinguished literary characters, were present. The chapel was hung with black, decorated with lozenges and escocheons of the deceased's arms. M. M. Colbert, Bishop of Rhodes, performed the service, in his full pontificals, in the presence of all the other emigrant French Bishops now in London, and a great number of the most distinguished of the French Nobility, with the crosses and ribbons of the different orders to which they belong. After the usual

prayers and anthems, the body was removed in a hearse and six, followed by four mourning-coaches, Lord Dillon's, Lord Trimblestown's, and a private gentleman's carriage, to St. Pancras church-yard, where prayers were again read by the Bishop of Rhodes. In the carriages were several Bishops and other Ecclesiasticks, as well as his relations and friends.'

On the 6th we begin to find various references to the event in the family letters.

July 6.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

You have lost your poor Great Uncle, the Archbishop of Narbonne, and I trust in Almighty God's Mercy that He has received Him to a Place of Rest. I had a Letter yesterday morning from the Abbé Raquin, at which I was much alarmed, saying that the Archbishop had been very ill for two days with Gout in the Stomach; that Doctor Saunders, whom Lord Dillon sent, thought Him in very great danger, and that, a favourable moment having presented itself to speak of Religion, He had shewn every desirable sentiment and had received the Sacraments in presence of some of his Confrères.

This morning I had the melancholy Confirmation of what yesterday's letter made me fear. The poor man died at 8 o'clock yesterday, 5th July, in the morning, and (the Abbé says) with a Christian Fortitude and Resignation that was very affecting. I am glad to repeat his words and hope to have more Comforting details. The Gout turned upon the Bladder, exactly what my dear good Father had and the same, as I have heard their Father died of.

I am glad that my Brother is in Town, to order

the Last Tribute to this Long-known Relation who had Certainly great talents, Eloquence, and a pleasing temper. I beg you will Recommend Him to the Prayers of the Little Innocent Congregation at which you Preside. There are no frankers here, and yet I wish to Send you the Abbé Bourret's letter. It would be a pity to have an Abbé who could neither teach, nor Converse without hurting your ears, and I am sorry *the Saint* should have pointed out so nugatory a Being.

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15.

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This is the letter that *Dumot*, the Archbishop's man, wrote to Mde. Chevassut who had enquired after Him—

'J'ai Perdu un Maître que j'aimois et Regardois comme mon Père.

'Réjouissez vous, Monseigneur est mort Confessant hautement sa Foi en presence de plusieurs de ses Confrères Evêques et de plusieurs ecclésiastiques. Il a demandé hautement à Dieu le pardon de ses Péchés; il a declaré n'avoir rien à se Reprocher; il a reçu par son aumonier Le Sacrement de Penitence. Le Pretre qui disoit La Messe pour Lui a été Peiné de ne pouvoir Lui donner Le Saint Viatique, vu une inflammation de Poitrine qui exposoit à La profanation.

'Le 4 Juillet, à midi, il a Reçu Le Sacrement d'extrême unction, moi present et les Personnes y dessus nommées. C'est alors surtout qu'il a demandé

hautement le pardon de ses fautes, de tout son coeur; il a declaré n'avoir rien omis. Il a Répondu, toujours avec onction et Contrition, aux interrogations du Prêtre qui Lui Parloit. Enfin Samedi 5 du mois, à huit heures précise du Matin, j'ai vu son dernier soupir. Il est mort comme un agneau et nous a édifié par sa foi vive et sa Résignation à La volonté divine.

'Vendredi, à dix heures, on Rendra à La Chapelle Françoise les derniers devoirs à ses obsèques. De ce 7 Juillet, 41 George Street, Portman Square.'

From Chevalier Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

PARIS RUE DE FAUBOURG ST HONORÉ
ce 25 Juillet.

J'ai lu, avec une émotion dont je n'ai pas été le maître, dans les feuilles publiques la mort de l'arch. de N. à l'âge de 85 ans—Votre Mère aura-t'elle été à portée de lui rendre ses derniers soins? Serait-il mort subitement, ou de la suite de la Goute et de ses infirmités? Je vous prie de me mander ces détails, et s'il a été sensible que sa fin approchait. J'ai trop vécu dans sa société pour ne pas avoir conservé, malgré son égoisme et son indifférence pour moi, le souvenir de ses agréments dans sa vie privée et de ses talents dans les affaires d'administration et surtout de représentation.

Assurez, je vous prie instament, ma belle soeur de la part que je prends à ce triste évènement, et dites-lui que je ne lui écris pas pour lui éviter une

importunité. Lady Shaftesbury, que viens d'obtenir que son mari puisse venir la rejoindre à Paris, me dit qu'elle imagine que Sir Thos. Webb et sa femme en feront autant des qu'ils le pourront. Mde. de la Tour du Pin sollicite vivement que le Colonel Henri puisse quitter Bordeaux, où ses dettes lui font craindre qu'il ne soit arrêté d'un jour à l'autre; il lui en arrivera autant s'il vient à Paris. Je ne sais comment sa femme s'en tire, je ne la vois jamais. Sa Société principale est, je crois, Ldy Clavering (née marchande de modes française) et dont la réputation n'est pas brillante.

La fille de Ld. Shaftesbury m'est paru jolie; elle est petite pour son age mais n'a cependant pas une figure d'héritière. Sa mère redoute les préventions qu'elle aura à son retour, elle ne voudroit pas la marrier si Jeune, et ne peut pourtant pas refuser un bon parti. Il faudroit, il me Semble, qu'elle epousa le Jeune Howard, le fils de Barney. Vous aurez l'hiver prochain à l'opéra la Célèbre Catalani. C'est la plue belle voix, pour l'étendue, la justesse, et la qualité des sons, qui ait peut-être Jamais existée. Son style de chant est celui de Marchesi: elle y est attachée parcequ'elle y Excelle. Je desirerais qu'elle chantat le *Cantabile* parceque Sa Voix est très Susceptible d'expression, mais elle est emportée par les succès qu'elle a du Grand nombre,—toujours plus Sensible aux difficultés d'exécution qu'à celles d'émouvoir. Sa figure est noble et agréable, son âge 26 ans; sur le théatre elle doit être Superbe, elle est grande et a très bonne grâce. Son mari, M. Vallabrègue, est un français qui etait officier avant La révolution;

il a passé long tems à Vienne en Autriche où il vivait dans la meilleure société. De là son étoile l'a conduit à Lisbonne où il a épousé d'amour et d'admiration M^dme^ Catalani. Il est plus jeune qu'elle. Elle avait 100000 francs de fixe par an à Lisbonne: elle est assurée du double en Angleterre, et S'y achemine. En attendant, pour payer les frais de Ses couches ici, elle a donné un concert qui lui a rapporté au moins 2 mille pièces, et L'empereur lui a donné la Salle de L'opéra pour une autre Soirée dont elle ne fera pas moins bon usage. Je Suis charmé que votre petit Henri, à l'instar de Son Grand père, apprenne à Jouer du Violon: nous Jouerons un duo ensemble un de ces jours. Ce sera réûnir les deux extrémités!

Ce que vous me dites si plaisamment Sur la possibilité du retour des aventures chevaleresques et héroiques, se réalise déja trop sevèrement sur les pauvres Croy. Le duc de ce nom vient de perdre sa femme (fille du duc de Mortemart) et en même tems Sa Souveraineté en Wesphalie, ce qui le réduit avec Ses 4 Enfans à presque la mendicité. He may sit down on the Grass and begin. . . . Je Suis au reste trés affligé de ce que lui arrive de fâcheux, Je Suis attaché de tous tems à sa mére, Soeur de la feue D^sse^ de la Trémouille, et Le dépouillement qu'ils éprouvent est d'autant plus picquant que c'est pour Les d'Arenberg et les Hohenzolern, leurs plus proches parents.

Il vient de Se passer à Verdun un duel trés grave entre le Capt. Walpole et le lieut. Miles, tous les deux *of the navy*. Le dernier est resté sur la place; ils se sont tirés cinq fois à 10 pas de distance.

Il n'a rien paru ici de curieux en livres depuis les mémoires de Louis 14 et M^de^ de Maintenon, ce qui est le meilleur ouvrage de M^de^ de Genlis. Les mém^res^ de M. le Cte de . . . (Vauban) sont une critique bien cruelle dans ce moment ci, de M. le Cte d'A: et dont tout le monde est indigné—mais ils sont curieux à lire—

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From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

5, PAVILION PARADE,
BRIGHTON.
July 26.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE.

I had the pleasure of a Letter from you yesterday, sent from Tunbridge (that Elisium of quiet, pleasant, Sociable Intercourse) and it is a week to day Since we have inhabited this great Staring, Bustling, Unsocial Brighton, where a tree is not to be perceived, and where (as Wilkes says of Scotland) Judas must have survived his desperate Intention.

On Tuesday arrived Mrs. Fitzherbert, and on Wednesday the Prince. His Pavilion is facing our Windows, and upon the Lawn before the House I hear that there is usually Musick Playing whilst He is at Dinner, but there has not been any yet.

On Thursday there were two Horses Ran on the Lewes Course, 6 miles from here. We went there, and the immense Show of Carriages of all kinds, with the Concourse of Company, was a very Chearful Sight. I thought of you (as I often do) but more particularly of Sir Richard, for I think He would

have Liked the various display of new-invented Vehicles.

The Race Horses were belonging to Lord Darlington, and Mr. Mellish. The Latter Lost 10,000L as his Horse, unexpectedly and in Sight of the Haven, snapped some Nerve in his ankle and became Lame.

Yesterday Morning was ushered in by a duel between Lord Barrymore and a Mr. Howard, formerly a Surgeon, or rather bred up to be one, but now a fine gentleman and honord with the Prince's Protection. They Quarelled at Whist about Setting up Honors, between 12 and one, and at five in the morning went off to Settle Matters, provided with Seconds (Sr John Shelley, and Mr. Mellish) and after a mutual exchange of fire, became renovated Friends.

The Brighton Races were yesterday and will Last four days. The Course is about a mile from the Town. A Great Number of Gentlemen are arrived to Pay Court to the Prince, who particularly protects these Races and has always Horses that Run Here. He was on the Course, on the Box of his Barouche; Sir John Lade as Coachman by Him, *5 Horses;* Mrs. Fitzherbert, in another Carriage and four, with her Brothers and other Gentlemen—the two Barouches Standing by each other, and the Prince frequently in Conversation with Her from his *Box.*

Lady Berkeley and Mrs. Walpole, of Dover Street, paraded together. Lord Berkeley is the great man here. His Gloucestershire Militia is a very fine Regiment, has an excellent Band of Musicians, and, by the Prince's desire, is always quartered at Brighton.

Lady Berkeley was a Housemaid, but always a Virtuous Woman. Lord Berkeleys Fancy for Her was so Imperious that He resolved upon regular Matrimony. After a time, Repenting of this measure, he prevailed on the Clergyman to tear the Leaf out of the Register that witnessed his being a married man. But then again Regret Came, as a Child had arrived every year, so He married the said *Maid* again; and the fourth Son was Supposed to be the inheritor of his title. But soon after, the Clergyman who had first tied Him in Wedlock dyeing, He then declared the date of his previous Marriage and proclaimed that his first Born Son was Lord Dursley—He Could not Say this during the Clergyman's Life, as the tearing the Register is Felony. So all this made a sad work, but Lord Thurlow declared there is not a doubt but that the first marriage was Legal, and the Eldest Son is accordingly Stiled Lord Dursley. There are nine Sons, and two daughters.

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August 3.

Since I wrote Last we have been invited to a Little Party at Mrs. Fitzherbert's who has a Beautiful Little Residence here, near the Pavilion. All the best Company were there, and a few minutes after our arrival, the Servant announced *His Royal Highness the Prince.* This Royal Gentleman was only distinguished from others by his great affability and Good Humour. Your Father sat by Him some time on a Couch and They were making Jokes and Laughing most heartily. At Last He said, Looking at Emily and I, who were

of the other Side of the Room in Black: 'So we have Lost our poor old Friend the archbishop!'—Then He Came to me, was very gracious and Reccollected hearing Emily play at Stow. He insisted upon Handing her to the Piano, where She played, if anything, beyond her usual Style; for, the more Splendid the audience, the more brilliant is her exertion.

The Prince was *really* delighted, for I perceive He Likes Instrumental Musick. Grassini afterwards Sung and had not with the Prince the Success She is accustomed to. He does not Like her voice, which is very Low and to *my* taste. But that evening She was not in fashion. She is also very handsome and a most Superior actress at the opera.

On Monday Last, it being the Race Ball, The Prince, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and all the fine Company attended the Rooms—Otherways People of Distinction never go there in Summer. We followed the Fashion. The Room is magnificent, with Sophas Like at Almacks.

The Sneyds have a very good House at Brighton and it is their Constant Residence. He is one of the Prince's Chaplains; we have dined there and met Lord Thurlow, who is here with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Brown. He is in a most uncomfortable, unwieldy, debilitated State of Health, but his mind as vigorous as ever.

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Mrs. Brown married against his Wishes, and He has only Seen her within two years. The Husband He will not admit of—He is a Major in the army

and is well spoken of, but Lord Thurlow will not hear of Him. She was his favourite daughter and appears to be very aimiable.

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10.

On Sunday Last, after I had Closed my Letter to you, arrived (on foot) Mrs. Fitzherbert, & Little Miss Seymour, a pretty Child not quite 8 years old and a Little taller than Agnes. Mrs. Fitzherbert was very pleasing and Conversible, said She imputed her Late ill Health to the uneasiness She had undergone for this Little Girl; that She was particularly fond of Children, and Should have Liked to have had a dozen of her own.

About 8 o'clock I had a note from her, Saying that She was ordered by the Prince to desire we would go that evening to the Pavilion. So we put ourselves immediately in proper attire and went at 10 oclock, the usual Hour. But the Prince having dined at Lord Berkeleys with all his Set, we found Him alone Returned, with a Major Bloomfeld who is always in attendance upon Him.

When the door of the Long Chinese Room opened, and I saw Him and the Major Solus at the other End, I stopped a minute uncertain whether to enter. He called out *Come in* and then Ran down the Room to make excuses for the peremptory order, saying He did not know who was at the door. He then welcomed us all four, and it is really not to be described how aimably Polite and facinating his manners are, on his own ground.—The most finished

Civility, joined to the utmost degree of good natured affability.

He was sitting by a Piano when we first entered, which He said was Lately arrived, and wanted to know if it was a good one; Desired Emily would try it, then brought me a chair, insisted on my sitting down, and not to mind his moving about. Emily played, and He was much pleased. We were above a quarter of an Hour thus, *en Societé*, and then arrived Mrs. Fitzherbert who told me she had written the note at Lord Berkeley's, during Dinner, by the Prince's order. Before She arrived He said to me, 'so you had old *Gruffy* at Dinner, How is he?' (Lord Thurlow—I had mentioned to Mrs. Fitzherbert that we expected Him). He then entered into Conversation Like any one else, excepting with infinitely more fascinating ease about Him. We have been at the Pavilion again twice, and on Friday the Prince went to London.

On the Pavilion Nights two Rooms are open; there are Card tables in the Long Room, and the Prince's Band of German Musicians playing in the next. He is uncommonly fond of Musick. Mrs. Fitzherbert usually is at Cards, Mrs. Walpole also; the other Ladies walk about or Converse softly, for there Reigns a proper Subordination in the appartment, and his affability is not abused of. There are perhaps rather too few People there, but more Company is expected. Lady Downshire, Lady Barrymore, the Duchess de Castries, Lady Emily Best, Lady Charlotte Lenox, Mrs. Browne (Lord Thurlow's daughter) Mrs. Musters, are the Ladies I have hitherto

seen there, with various Men, also the Sneyd Family. On Tuesday, the Prince's Birthday, there will be a Ball and Supper at the Rooms in Compliment to the occasion. All the good Company go there, otherways the Rooms are quite *mauvais ton.* The Prince Himself will go on Tuesday. We Shall Leave Brighton this week, so pray direct your next letter to Bolton Row.

I believe the Dinner by the Sea side, must have been at Lord Thurlow's, who has a House on the Cliff.

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14.

On Monday last all the Royal Brothers, except the Duke of Cumberland, arrived at the Pavilion, also the three Orléans Princes. In the evening we were Summoned and found there the usual *private Party* of Ladies, with the addition of Royalties, and numerous gentlemen. The Concert and Cards in two Rooms, and the middle magnificent Octagon Room open.

The R. Brothers were all in great Spirits, and particularly Polite to everyone there. The Tuesday, the Prince's Birth Day, the Band were all morning Playing upon the Lawn, before our Window, the Prince and all his Royal Guests walking about, and the two Little Fitz Clarences and Miss Seymour, Running. There was a grand Review by the Duke of York, and in the evening an assembly at the Rooms where every Body attended to pay their Compliments.

Last Night there was a magnificent Ball—the whole neighbourhood invited, all the Pavilion illuminated, and a very fine supper. We Came home this morning at three o'clock.

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LONDON
Saturday. 16.

I left Brighton, my dear, a few Minutes after writing to you, and nothing entertaining has happened since to Relate. We Stopped to dine about 6 o'clock at Crawley, and, as we were yet in the scent of Royalty, the Duke of Sussex arrived a few minutes after, in a Landau with three other gentlemen, foreigners. They dined at the same Inn and the Duke marched out to Look at the arms of our equipage. He is grown to be of an immense size, but has extremely bad Health, violent fits of astma—He had two during the short time He was at the Pavilion. At the Post after, where we were obliged to Stop, were the three Orléans Princes. Yesterday morning we reached London and I had the pleasure of your Letter. John Joseph, overflowing with hideousness, Came for dinner.

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19.

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John Manners has made a great match. The Duchess of Roxburgh and He had a passion for one another, before the Duke intervened his opacity between them. Now, *vogue La Galère!*

21.

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I think myself obliged to Say that the account I receive from the Abbé is really Satisfactory, and that *Dumont's* Evidence Corroborates the other. In short I find that the Archbishop's Last moments have given Edification, and that it pleased Almighty God that His all powerful Grace should Cover the Sinner. This is the Abbé's Narrative:

A good pious Priest, the Sunday before his Decease (tho' quite as well as usual) remarked that His manner of attending Prayers was different. He had no Reading occupation and appeared to be Listening with the decorum that such an occasion Requires. After Mass was over He said to the Baron de Pujols (an elderly Friend of his, who usually Came there on Sundays) and to the abbé Raquin:—'Allons, Messieurs, nous avons rempli notre devoir de Chrétiens, allez faire une promenade, et moi je vais m'occuper dans mon Cabinet.'

Monday and Tuesday passed as usual, Wednesday He Complained of feeling *une Goute vague*, but had his Little Party as usual. On the Thursday morning, at five o'clock, He sent for the Abbé Raquin, said He had not Slept but was putting his feet in a *Bain de foin* to draw the gout out of the Stomach. He then returned to Bed, and fell asleep. When He rose He Looked very ill, said he felt so. Lord Dillon then arrived, persuaded Him to go to Bed, and said that He would Send Doctor Saunders to Consult with the French Doctor. After Lord D. was gone He

had a strong *frisson*, Looked alarmed, and mentioned an idea of dyeing. When He was undressed and in Bed, He got better; the Doctors Came, and something was ordered for Him. From that moment the Abbé says He Became as a Lamb, not a word of Complaint or an uneasy Look, said: '*La volonté de Dieu soit faite, il m'a donné une Longue vie, et il est Le maître de La faire finir.*'

That Night the Abbé Clément and a Nurse set up with Him. In the morning the abbé Clément told Raquin that, about 4 o'clock, He had thought the Archbishop so ill that He had assisted Him, in the most unctious manner He Could, for the next World; that the agonisant had expressed the greatest Contrition for his Sins, joined to an Humble Confession in the Boundless Mercy of Almighty God, and that He had pronounced the Solemn absolution upon Him. Some of the Bishops then arrived and Came into his Room. He spoke to them all, but desired the Bishop of Rodez to Stay behind. The Abbé of Course Left the Room, and the Bishop of Rodez Came out to desire the Holy oils might be brought, as the dying man had a Continued want of bringing something off his Stomach and He Could not receive the Viaticum. The Abbé Clement gave Him the extreme unction and He desired Raquin to bring a Latin Bible and a Breviary, to read different passages to Him. Thus He was employed the whole evening and said several times to Raquin, '*Tu me rends un grand Service.*' The abbé presented the Crucifix to Him, and he joined his Hands saying '*mon Dieu ayez Pitié de moi.*' In a word, thus was he occupied

and Sensible to his Last moment, which was on the Saturday at 8 o'clock in the morning.

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From Edward Jerningham (the Poet) to Lady Bedingfeld.

MY BELOVED EXCENTRICITY,

I am just come from a Dinner that was remarkable only for being an assembly of virgins—The Dinner was at the House of Mr. Baber, who is unmarried, with his Two virgin sisters. To whom were added Mr. Meade (just arrived from Paris with *his* Two maiden sisters) and your humble servant, who has a presumptive claim to that Appellation. Another *Dramatis persona* was a favourite Tom Cat, whom they assured me had never been out of the cloister and consequently was one of the order of celibacy—

I have seen Two persons who have assisted at the play when the young Roscius performed at Liverpool—And no words, nor even Imagination, they pretend, can arise to the wonderful professions of this genius—He is to Exhibit six Times before Christmas at Covent Garden—I have seen the Prologue written by a friend of mine, to be spoken by Kemble. I Think I could have written a better, but it is not devoid of merit on that account. The Idea of Minerva rushing from the mind of Jove He has happily chosen.

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The news of the moment is That Ld Grosvnor has purchased The Queen's house for one hundred Thousand Pound.—

I saw the Harcourts yesterday evening. They told me That the King really Intends going to the Play at Covent Garden *en garçon*, and That the Prince has resigned his private Box to his Majesty for that purpose. He means to go with one or Two attendants—I do not see the object of this singularity —It is letting Down Royalty and nothing in my mind can sanction This unprecedented Act but an invincible reason—But all the reason I can collect is to deversify to the Evening and to promote his sleeping, which his going out is calculated to promote. I still hope He will be persuaded to decline This Intention which appears to be so unpopular.

The Town has resumed something of its winter Bustle, But next week it will relapse into Quiet! The month of November is gloomy but warm, and towards the middle it affords me a peculiar Entertainment at the close of Day—which is the going to Westminster Abbey at the half Hour past Three during the service: The last glimmer of the Light, and sometimes the faint ray which hovers over the summit of the monuments, the chant, the organ, the growing darkness, the whole scene diffuses an Enchantment, and I retain all the rest of the Day a certain pleasingly meditative, poetic, Cathedral sensibility which I cannot describe.

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December 27.

Lord Dillon was in town a few days, and inadvertently got himself into a scrape. Supposing that perhaps you have not heard the account of it, I will briefly say that, previous to a Dinner at Sir William Moseley, Ld. Dillon was asked how his son's election in Ireland was going on. He replied That Tyranley has used the most unjustifiable means of opposing his son &c. &c.

This excited the Indignation of Mr. Cuff, who, in Terms Equally provoking, endeavoured to vindicate his Father. The Two opponents however remained Dinner: and an awkward Dinner it must have been —Mr. Hutchinson, who was to have been Mr. Cuff's second, proposed himself as peacemaker and the business was amicably settled.

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From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

COSSEY.
27. *December.*

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I had yesterday a Letter Franked—*H. A. Dillon* and dated Clare, 19. December; the inside was, *Castle M'Garrett,* and to Let me know that He was there and going to be married to the young Lady of the House, Miss Browne, daughter to Mr. Browne of the said Castle, 'one of the most ancient Families in the Province and a great Conexion.' He adds: 'all I shall say at present is, that Miss Browne is every thing that you Could wish Her to be.' (I am in hopes she may be a Catholick) His Father however

has not answered the overture made to Him; but He says He is quite resolved upon it, and I do suppose the owners of Castle M'Garrett will not easily let Him off.

He says again thus: 'pray give my Love to my dear Cousin, Lady Bedingfeld, and tell Her of this. I Cannot make Miss Browne's Elogium more, than to say in the Irish way, that they will be dear Friends.' He tells me to direct a Letter to him, *Hollymount Ireland.* What will be the result of all this I cannot in my own mind determine, but I am glad to see that He is Constant in his Regard and opinion of you. The poor Little *Agnes Matilda Fanny Charlotte* will, I hope, be well brought up by her poor Mother, and have some Little provision made for Both; the Mother is a Catholick. He has sealed this Famous Epistle with 4 quarterings, Dillon, Lee, the Royal arms with the *Baton* (Fitzroy) and the Fourth is a Chevron and a Little thing in the Corner—I cannot guess what Arms they are.

Adieu My Dear, I have began a Cold and my Head announces Snow, but I hope I am mistaken.

Ever your affectionate Mother.

From Edward Jerningham (the Poet) to Lady Jerningham.

Feb. 7. 1807.

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London is said to be very dull but I find it much as usual: The great Assemblies I no longer frequent but

the places I haunt wear much the same complexion. The Theatres are seldom favoured with my visits, tho' I have free access to them. Dinners I perceive are creeping more into the Evening which excludes almost any Theatrical amusements. I have however frequently attended the vocal Prodigy—Catalani.

In a long course of operas I do not recollect a voice of such Power and Extent — and of such volubility. I have not yet been *pleasingly* affected by her; The music she has sung hitherto has been chiefly Adapted to Astonish. I had the unexpected pleasure of hearing her in a private Room last night, It was at Ldy Stafford. The card only said a very early and small party. There was only, as a musical Performer, Ferrari who accompanied her upon an indifferent Instrument. She Executed three or four difficult Airs; her voice, to use her own word (*voce gigantesca*), is too loud for a chamber and she does not appear willing to withold or restrain it. She is rather pretty, a very fair skin, beautiful shape and the best temper'd and chearful creature to appearence.

Somebody—I think it was Mr. Knight, the Author, who was one of the party—said that her voice was like a great Picture by a great Master that required Height, space, and distance; with which she was pleased. She had with her a large red-morocco case to carry her songs, upon which were written in gold letters *Angelica Catalani*. I told her that was not her name (I was holding the case while she took out a song); she said '*Comment donc?*' I said the first word was certainly hers in every signification, but

that Catalani was not her name, as she was married. This nonsense which I thought and Intended only for her ear, so delighted her that she repeated it to every body who was near the Piano forte—There were not above Twenty persons present, Among whom was the Prince who requested her to sing a pathetic slow song which she ornamented too much.

I had not seen the Prince to speak to but at the Opera, and *en passant*, but the full and long view I had of Him last night gave me pain. I find his countenance altered, not so much from the reduction of his enbonpoint, as from a sallowness and an expression in his eye as if he suffered mental and corporeal pain. He assumed a chearfulness but it was visibly put on from his good humour and a wish to please. He did not stay supper—at least I heard Him say He would not. I had an offer of a carriage and so I did not remain for the supper, to which all were asked and which was to take place at Twelve.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

LONDON,
May 22.

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We have received by Lady Shaftesbury various papers Relating to dates &c. belonging to the Family, and now the grand affair of the *Title* must be commenced. The *Dear Lawyer* in our Family says that it turns solely upon one question: the Viscount Stafford and the Heiress having been first created

Baron and Baroness Stafford for them and their Heirs. There is not a doubt of its having Comprehended the Female Line and that Conveys the Honor directly to your Father. But Lord Stafford's Blood was Contaminated by the attainder—Query: Could his Wife *solely* convey the Peerage—when the Creation was to Both and their posterity? It must be now decided upon, tho' it is a bad moment for to Revert to Popery and to the injustice that has been done in former Reigns from that foolish cry.

The Miss Le Tourneurs have again this year their subscription Concerts; on Wednesday it was here, on Thursday next it is to be in Hanover Square at Mr. Warre's House (He is brother to Mrs. Hardy) and the third will be, at Mrs. Baldwin's in Grosvenor Square. It is quite the fashionable way of having Musick and gives very Little trouble.

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25.

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I am afraid I am getting into Mr. Hargrave's style, *alembiqué* and unintelligible. You will see a Learned note *de sa façon* in the paper, following all the Heirs Lawfully begotten on the ancient Bodies of Stafford Ladies, from the time that Millicent married the Bagot. Hargrave says that your Father is Earl of Hereford, Essex, Stafford, &c. &c. If we get the Barony it will do very well for the present. Lady Stafford was a *whole Peeress*, but the question in Law is, whether she could Convey singly the title, the words being *their* Heirs.

I went a few nights since to Cramers benefit, and heard Naldi Sing; he has a delightful voice.

The poor Duc de Monpensier died at Salt Hill on his Road to Bristol or Dawlish. In the Morning He felt a Little Better, and wished to take a walk in the Inn Garden; the Duc of Orleans, who was dotingly fond of Him, and another French gentleman supported him, when suddenly He sat down, Leaning upon his Brother, and said '*Je me meurs, Dieu ayez pitié de mon âme*' and expired. The Duke of Orleans was quite raving with distress. He was convey'd to Lord Bute's House at Luton where He is yet. The Body will be brought this evening privately to town and deposited in the French Chapel. Priests will attend all Night, to-morrow the Burial Service will be performed, and, by the King's order, He will be conveyed to a vault in Westminster Abbey. He was supposed to have the most *Charactère* of any of them, and had a talent for Painting equal to an Artist's.

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From Edward Jerningham (the Poet) to Lady Bedingfeld.

DEAR DIVINITY,

I must have recourse to you in all my Difficulties—I left a pair of shoes at your House—and I am now a slip-shod old sybil instead of a veteran Bard—I should be much obliged if you could contrive to convey the children of crispin to me.

Yrs in great haste,

YR DEVOTED BARE-FOOTED BARD.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

COSSEY, OR LAPLAND.

Friday, 12 *February*.

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Your tall Cousen has sent me, an *extrait* of a *Letter* from *Paris* which is interesting.

1807.

Madame de La Fayette est morte à Paris, Hier Le 24 décembre à minuit. Elle étoit Fille du Cidevant *duc d'Agen* (fils du Maréchal de Noailles) et Femme du Général La Fayette.

Elle doit être Longtems et généralement regretée. Fidelle à tous Les devoirs, ils furent toujours ses Seuls Plaisirs, ornées de toutes Les Vertues, Pieuse, Modeste, Charitable, Sévère pour elle-même, indulgente pour Les autres, elle fut du petit nombres des Personnes dont La Réputation pure et intacte a Reçu un nouvel éclat par Les malheurs de notre Révolution. Ruinés par nos orages, à peine parraissait-elle se rappeller quelle avoit joui d'une grande et Brillante Fortune.

Les Malheureux et Les indigens seuls la regrettèrent; C'était Leur Patrimoine quelle avait Perdu.

A peine delivré des Prisons de Robespierre, où elle avoit montré une fermeté inaltèrable et d'où Sa Mère et sa Soeur n'étoient Sorties que pour monter à L'échafaud: elle Courut avec Ses Filles se jetter dans Les Cachots d'Olmuts en Moravie, pour y partager Le sort, et Le Sort affreux de Son Époux. Son Courage Héroique, Ses Soins tendres et Continuels, y soutinrent Son existence: mais Son Sang

Reçut dans L'air infecté de ces Souterains Le poison, qui après des Souffrances Longues et douleureuse vient de terminer Sa vie.

Elle est morte entourée d'une Famille nombreuse, qui adressoient au Ciel des voeux ardens pour sa Conservation. Les devoirs Saints de La Religion Remplis, elle Cessoit de Parler, mais Sa Bouche exprimoit encore un Sourire Reconnoissant à l'aspect de son Époux, et de Ses Enfans, qui arrosoient de Leurs Larmes son Lit, ses mains, et Son visage.

Tout Le monde doit pleurer Madame de La Fayette, elle fut Le Bonheur de sa Famille, L'appui des Pauvres, La Consolation des affligés, L'ornement de sa Patrie, et L'honneur de Son Sexe.

She was really I have always heard a most truly Virtuous Woman!

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BOLTON MÊME.
March 24.

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The House Looks quite Comfortable, and Clean, bright yellow. Antonio is gone out, so I Cannot yet give an account of the man in Charles Street. I hope that Mr. Vansittart Came to you, when one Considers what Sums people pay for Houses in London the Rent for enjoying so noble a House and game Land is nothing. Lord Kenmare paid annually 800^{L} for his House in Portman Square and Lady Clonmell was very glad to take it off his Hands at the same Rate; some Houses are 1000^{L} a year.

Lord Shaftesbury's in Portland Place is Let at that Rate, and then to think of poor dear Oxburgh having Bogglers about the Price! it is odious.

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Your tall Cousin has just been here. As you will perceive his Subscription is got up to 1800^{L}; the Duke of Devonshire gave his 500^{L}, very quietly. He met Bedingfeld in Piccadilly and asked him to Come in to Devonshire House. They went into the Duke's Room which He says was a very modest one, and the Duke taking the Candlestick said: 'If I Can get a Light, I will give you a draft for 500^{L} for I have read your Papers and highly approve of them.'

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April 4.

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Mr. Lawless has published his Life, in two volumes, which I shall Send you. He mentions his visit to Sir William *Jennington* at C., four miles from N., where He found Sir Richard and Lady *Bedingrove.* Talks of the Last Locks, your genius gave to His, on the N. turnpike. Your Uncle thought it an impertinent performance, and gave it me to Read as Such, but I do not dislike it at all. He mentions my having even in *declining years* Intelligence and Spirit. In short it is an odd Book.

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It was early in this year that the Comte de Provence, or, rather, King Louis XVIII., as it was the *bon ton* to call the heir

to the throne of France, begged the British Government to receive him in England. He had spent several years at Mittau, the guest of the Tsar, and some time in Sweden, but was now desirous of drawing nearer to *Monsieur*. Some opposition, however, being made to his being received as King, he came to England as *Comte de Lille*. The landing only took place in August, but the Duc d'Angoulême, his nephew, left England early in the spring to go and meet him.

22.

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If you had been at Yarmouth you would have Seen the duc d'Angoulême, who goes there from Gosfield to a frigate the government have ordered for Him, to bring over his Wife and the Queen. The Piety of the Duc and Duchess d'Angoulême is said by the Worldly part of the emigration to be extreme, but I believe it is only Super-eminently Perfect and Innocent. She saw early the sad miseries of this World and imbibed from her aunt, Madame Elizabeth, the knowledge of the Cross of Christ as the only Source of Consolation. The duc himself was always pious, but is become infinitely more so since his marriage. In short the French Princes are eminent examples; that is Monsieur and Louis XVIII.

The Comte de Beaujolais is in a Consumption and his Brother is gone with Him for change of air to Malta.

Lady Shrewsbury is at home every Monday, to Cats; and Lady Buckingham every Wednesday, to all her Acquaintance. I have Cards from Both, but Cannot even make a morning visit, to be Let in, much Less an evening excursion.

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Lady Mary Primrose walked out of her Mother's House to meet a Mr. Shepherd, a young Lawyer of 24, and they were married. She is 30. Lord Roseberry is in Scotland and They dread his *premier movement!* Mr. Shepherd is Son to a Considerable Lawyer and is himself very Clever.

May 21.

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Yesterday I went to See Mr. Lancaster's School in Southwark, and a most wonderful Sight it is. In a very Large Room that He Has partly Built are Rows of Desks, and five hundred Boys are taught Reading, writing, orthography, and areithmetic, at the rate of about 7 shillings per year. Lancaster is the only master over these Children: and they are all in the strictest Military order. Boys, whom He Calls Monitors, overlook those Less advanced than themselves, and the whole goes on Like Clock work. He teaches writing, reading, and spelling together. A great many School Masters from the Country were walking about to examine the method of it. He is a quaker, and has the most good natured Countenance and manner that Can be. I do not myself yet Comprehend why the Children Learn reading sooner there, but He says that six months is Sufficient for a Common knowledge of Reading; and I saw Slates of Boys about 10 years old written in a Master's Hand.

Flogging is unknown of; there are various other marks of disgrace which have a great effect. The

little Boys are put into a wooden Cradle; and if the Cradle is ordered to be rocked the Obloquy is dreadful. Others are Sentenced to keep their Finger in their mouth, and this has the double effect of making that Habit, which many Children have naturally, be felt as disgraceful. The bigger Boys have wooden Collars and some are drawn up in a Cage, but all goes on without manual infliction. There is a great Party against Him, but, I trust, a Still more Powerful one for Him. He gets no pecuniary emolument, the Subscriptions go for the Charity.

You will have read in the Paper that Lady Bovingdon has Left her Husband and three Children, and has eloped with Sr Arthur Paget. She was Lady Augusta Fane, and is very pretty. Lord Bovingdon is a very handsome Man also, but had the indelible Stain of being her Husband. Sir Arthur Paget is reckoned particularly ill tempered and has already treated several Ladies very improperly.

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24.

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Lord Bovingdon is now greatly Blamed. He had kept up an intimacy, formed before his marriage, with Lady Elizabeth Monk, and the Knowledge of it had Caused a great deal of uneasiness to Lady Bovingdon. But the fatality is that she has flung herself for Protection on the man Least Likely to behave decently towards Her, Sir Arthur Paget being notoriously ill tempered and having made a

Practice of Playing with the feelings of the miserable women He Could engage to notice Him.

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The Marchioness of Buckingham has taken poor Lady Kenmare's Place, for receiving all Cats at her assembly. . . . And I am afraid Emily will hurt herself by sitting up too Late: three and four in the morning she has lately undergone, and with the permission and Company of her dear *Sposo*.

Miss Jones is become the most famous Minature Paintress in London, her price 30 guineas and 25. She says that, had she to begin the world again, she would not Learn of any Body, but Continually Copy from the best Masters.

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30.

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What a dear delightful Man the Bishop of Norwich is! He dared in his Bench declare his upright and Liberal Sentiment; and what is more his Speech is said to have been the most eloquent of any made that Night. Indeed He spoke the Honest dictates of his Heart; all the others, pro and con, were from Political motives. Edward was there the whole Night; also Lord Fingall, Robert Clifford, Bishop Milner and many other Cats. Bishop Milner's Book was often quoted, but a mistake was made about the Irish proposal; *one* name is to be presented to the King; and if He rejects it, another; and so on till there is approbation, but not three at a time, as it might then degenerate into ambitious Contention,

and not so well bespeake the Humble episcopacy, that is to be named to.

The Stafford Petition has been ordered by the Lords to be printed for their table, and I hope there will be time for it to be heard. Banbury and Roxburgh go first.

London is now at its fullest Period, but it is not a Place for invalids, as people are too fond of a Crowd to make evening *visits*.

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Lady Bovingdon always Liked this Sr Arthur Paget, had even talked of the matter to Her Husband and Father. It is said that she went to the nursery and kissed her Children before she walked away. What a dreadful thing!

LONDON HOTEL, RAMSGATE,
June 2.

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The evening before I left London I was agreably surprised with a visit from the Popes Nuncio, Monsignor Cappelli Archbishop of Nisibio. He was Nuncio at Lisbon, and is here on his way to the Brazils, to be with the same Sovereigns. He and Bishop Milner had dined at Sir John Hippessleys, and they all three adjourned to Bolton Row wishing to visit where they would give Pleasure.

The Nuncio is a very tall, Elderly Handsome Man, the Countenance I should have given to St John Chrisostom. He speaks French perfectly. He expressed his gratitude and partiality for the English

Nation. Government gives him a Frigate for America; and at Plymouth a great Dinner was given Him where the Pope's Health was drank standing, and He could not help shedding tears of gratitude and *attendrissement*. He says the whole Continent is a Prison. What wonderful Changes are permitted to take place!

Sir John Hippsley is a most strenuous friend of the Catholicks.

Sir John Cox Hippesley, Bart., F.R.S., F.S.A., one of the managers of the Royal Institution. He was engaged in various diplomatic negotiations. From having been employed in arranging the marriage between the Princess Royal of England and the King of Würtemberg, Sir John obtained letters patent from that Prince, granting to himself and descendants the right to bear the arms of the House of Würtemberg. He died in 1825.—*Journal of Mary Frampton.*

8.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

I write to you from Lapland, there never was a Colder Place than this has been ever since the Day we arrived. The Sea our only companion—not a Single Being here but Lady Edward Bentinck, who is Such very *Mauvaise Compagnie* that she Cannot be recognised, and Lady Dunmore and two Daughters who are reigning upon another Cliff with their String of Peccadillos round them. This account gives an idea of great Prudery on my Side; but I should really be disposed to be otherways, for Society Sake, if it were possible.

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TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
Sunday, July 3.

. . . . . .

We dined and slept on Wednesday at Hales Place, where we met with the most Friendly Reception. Lady Hales is, as you know, a most pleasing Woman, and Sir Edward an excellent poor good man. I Can now really see a Likeness in Him to my Grandmother, Lady Litchfield, when she was past 50. She was his great aunt, so there may be family Likeness.

The whole Darell Family were there: the Father, whose manners and Looks are pleasing, the Son, a chearful pleasant young man, two unmarried daughters, and Mrs. French, a Widow with five Children. She is very much alter'd but agreable. The eldest Miss Darell is, I think, on a visit at Fitzwalters. Part of the House at Hales Place is taken down, and the distant Wings hold to the Body of the Mansion by a Colonade, but it is yet a very noble dwelling and the State apartment that I Lay in are very magnificent—Light Green Damask Hangings and Bed with a great deal of Gilding, Beautiful French Comodes & Glasses; and a most Valuable Family Picture by Sir Peter Lely, in the best preservation. It is of Sir Edward Hales, in James II Reign, with his Wife, daughter of Sir Francis Windebank, and 4 sons, Children—The Second, a very handsome Boy with a mantle flung over His Shoulders, became Sir John Hales and my great Grandfather. I never saw a Family Picture so pleasing, but no

Portrait Painter was ever better to my taste than Sir Peter Lely.

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COSSEY, 28. *August.*
JOUR DE S^T AUGUSTIN.

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I had not yet made my Reconciliation visit, we found the Lord, and Lady Wodehouse, two daughters, Mrs. William Wodehouse, Mr. Wayland and his daughter, and were graciously Received.

But our visit the day before to the good Bishop was the most Cordial. From the Castle Medow (where Lord Kenmare was quite pleased to find you so well) we went to the Palace. The Servants gave us what the French Call a *not at home*, and we proceeded to the Cathedral, having given in the parcel of Cards written on your table. After a few minutes Looking about at the tombs (Edward making the Man stare at his abuse of the Ceiling white washing etc) I perceived the good Bishop walking in haste up the Isle towards us. He said He had just then heard of our visit, that Mrs. Bathurst and his Eldest daughter were out, but that He entreated we would Come and stop a Little while at the Palace and take something. When He first arrived Lord Kenmare was with Lady Mary Ann, and his Son in the Cloister; so I took that opportunity of saying that Lord Kenmare had a particular wish of paying his Respects to Him, as indeed every Catholick must have, for his great goodness and Liberality, and for the Benefit his enlightened way of deffending the Cause must produce.

He replied that He had had it for a Long time at Heart to Speak his Sentiments on the occasion, and should never repent what He had done; that He had the Pleasure of knowing many Catholicks and had ever had reason to know them. In fine we went by his short way to the Palace and talked of Ireland, Killarney, Ditchley; and soon Lord Kenmare was much Satisfied with Him. He knows all the Cootes and it Seems that Mrs. Bathurst before her Marriage was several times at Killarney.

From Edward Jerningham (the Poet) to Lady Bedingfeld.

DEAR CONGELIATY, (sic)

I have Taken a very long draught of silence, But I can assure you that in the large leaden goblet there was not one drop of oblivion, you have been frequently present to my best Eye of the Three—I mean the mental one. Meeting Sr. Richard so unexpectedly yesterday at Dinner stirr'd you up in my Recollection, and I woke this morning with a determined intent of writing a few Lines.

The Length of Time That has passed (like an ocean rolling between us) has, by the favor of Heaven, been calmed and soothed by the halycon wings of Health and content: some finalcian (sic) difficulties have occur'd, but the dear Halycon Bird still perched on my shoulder—I have pursued my Inclination, or rather Appetite, for reading; and if I have not extended the Limits of my Intellect I have

kept up my mind to a certain elevation: and Tho' I cannot Boast of the caducity of Age, yet the old cottage, a little Batter'd and Decay'd—

Lets in new Light thro' Chinks which Time has made?

Scot's Last Poem, has not been read with the same Avidity as the Lay's last Minstrel: I must own the Length, and the Ballad *mould* in which it is cast, deterred me from perusing it: The same objection adhered to the first Poem, but some interesting passages and The additional Inducement of being your Lecturer was irresistible.

I attended at the Royal Institution the Lectures of Colleridge upon Shakespear and Milton: I need not observe to you that He is Southey's Friend—My opinion as to the Lecturer is that He possesses a great reach of mind; That He is a wild Enthusiast respecting the objects of his Elogium; That He is sometimes very eloquent, sometimes paradoxical, sometimes absurd. His voice has something in it particularly plaintive and interesting. His person is short, Thick, his countenance not inspirited with any Animation. He spoke without any Assistance from a manuscript, and Therefore said several Things suddenly, struck off from the Anvil, some of which were entitled to high Applause and others Incurred mental disapprobation. He too often Interwove Himself into the Texture of his Lecture. I formed an Acquaintance with Him: that is, I generally spoke to Him at the End of the Lecture—with which He appeared much pleased. He was in some respect, I told Him one day, like Abelard: His

Lectures were attended by Ladies of the first fashion, by Judges, and Bishops; and I could have added since another Resemblance to Abelard, by the Disgrace his course of Lectures concluded with. In one of his Lectures upon Milton, who wrote a short Treatise upon Education, He Abandoned the Treatise of Milton to abuse the plan of Education Instituted by Lancaster, of which plan He spoke in Terms of the utmost Asperity.

Being Ignorant of Lancaster's mode of Education I went along with the Lecturer and silently Approved. On the day, however, of the next Lecture He appeared much dejected; his voice assumed a more plaintive sound while he told us That his last had given great offence in speaking Truth. He cou'd hardly at Times refrain from Tears: long pauses sometimes Intervened—and he seemed as if He did not well know how to proceed.

I hastened to him immediately after the Lecture. He said that some of the proprietors of the Institution were much Displeased with his previous discourse; That Sir Henry Englefield had made an attack upon Him in company, without any preparation, and had said so many harsh Things, That He was obliged to Leave the room. Great Expectations were raised for the Day of the next Lecture and a crowd attended; but He had sent a Letter to the secretary to Inform him That coming out a Boat the Day before He fell back and hurt his head, and the Continuance of the Pain obliged Him to defer his Lecture. A common personage would have been satisfied with this Information that He had convey'd

to the Secretary; But Mr. Colleridge goes on in this manner (I read the Letter—and These are the very words):

'The pain however will soon subside, for it does not rise from so recent an Event as yesterday, but from a more distant period. It was when I was at Malta, Two years ago: a person rushed into my Apartment and abruptly announced to me the Death of a dear Friend, this occasioned my falling backwards and gave a contusion on my head which Brings back the pain occasionally upon any Exertion or Accident.'

To continue the History of this Lecturer: He appeared among us again in about three weeks after —He looked sullen and told us that He previously had prepared and written down Quotations from different Authors to illustrate the present Lecture. These Quotations he had put among the Leaves of his Pocket Book which was stol'n as He was coming to the Institution. This narrative was not indulgently received, and He went thro' his Lecture heavily and without advancing any Thing that was spirited and animated—The next Day He received an Intimation from the Managers that his Lectures were no longer Expected—

I did not Think the royal Institution would have Taken up so much of my Paper—Sr Richard yesterday said that I must contrive to come to Yarmouth which would make me quite happy—*nous verrons.* My old friend Ld Carlisle has been for three months in a return of his odious complaint and which almost reduced Him to invisibility: I had a Letter from

Castle Howard yesterday in a state of serenity if not of chearfulness. I have a copy for you (*from Him*) one of his little poems.

'Poor Mrs. Dillon' is the almost invariable formula when any mention of Colonel Henry Dillon's wife is made in the letters. She generally comes forth as an object of wonder to her indulgent, but decidedly disapproving, relative. She seems to have been extravagant and foolhardy, but what other causes she gave for the universal family disapproval do not appear.

The account of the treatment she professed to have actually experienced at the hands of British sailors is no doubt extraordinary, if quite veracious. Possibly the ungallant tars looked upon her as a 'mere Frenchwoman,' and the decree of Berlin concerning British vessels being at the time in full force, were above all anxious to sheer off as soon as possible from the enemy's coast.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

COSSEY.
Monday, 14. *November.*

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Poor Mrs. Dillon is arrived in Holland, but with most shocking disasters. She wrote to Mr. Palmer, her Brother's friend, desiring Him to Let Trant know her situation, and also to tell me she was arrived on the other Coast. But it is dreadful! As her Letter was to be returned I took down this note:

'Peut être aurez vu déjà dans Les papiers, Car j'ai Lu moi meme L'article à Amsterdam, que j'ai été jettée à La mer, par des indignes matelots qui m'ont debarquée, que deux fois j'ai touché Le fond et que

sans ma femme de Chambre, qui fit voir à un Homme du Rivage mes pieds audessus des vagues, j'étois morte. Il a exposé ses propres jours et en a reçu une médaille d'or, du *Roi d'Hollande.*

'Point de détails Car il serait trop Long et trop pénible a repeter: j'existe et mon Enfant se fait sentir aussi déjà quatre jours, ainsi c'est plus que je n'avois droit d'espérer. Ajoutez à cela que toutes mes malles, ou plutôt tous mes effets ont été volés, pillés. Je n'ai pas sauvé une Chemise ni ma femme de Chambre non plus, je ne sais ce que je deviendrai. Me voila sans un sols, ayant emprunté de tout le monde, Linge, et argent. Le *Roi,* dès qu'il a appris mon malheur a envoyé un Chambellan avec un Yacht et des ordres de tout faire pour me tirer de Là. Mais je n'en ai pas moins souffert, gardée a vue trois jours par les Gendarms et sans plumes ni encre. Pas La permission d'avoir recours à Personne! Quel malheur! Quel voiage!

'Je vous en prie, que mon Frère Sache que je n'ai plus une harde. Je suis nue et dénuée de tout argent, ayant mis quelque guineas dans ma malle. C'est une Côte de Brigands. Je ferai ce que je pourrai pour Continuer samedi ma route. Le Roi m'a envoyé un Yacht pour aller a moitiér Chemin d'Anvers.

'Nous avons été huit jours sur La mer par des tempêtes Eternelles et ce joli petit évènement a eu Lieu jeudi 20 entre dix et trois heures. Les Dames ont été portées souvent par des Hommes. Mais Les gendarmes arrivant, Ces sailors prennent mes pieds et me jettent pardessus le bord à 300 pas du Rivage et me disent: "make the best of your way, good

Woman! and now row off." Moi, tombant au fonds, par des vagues affreuses qui par trois fois rendirent mes efforts pour revenir inutiles.'

It is a dismal Romance!

LONDON.
Novber 26.

. . . . . .

I have just been reading in a Magazine that Sheridan and his Brother, when very young, appeared to their Mother remarkably dull; and, when they were sent to a School in Dublin, she tells the Master that She fears her Sons will make a trial of his Patience: 'These Boys will be your tutors in that Virtue. I have hitherto been their only instructor and they have sufficiently exercised mine: for two such impenetrable dunces I never met with!' At eleven years old Sheridan went to Harrow, and then began to Show Genius.

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On his arrival in England Louis XVIII. declined to proceed to Holyrood—the only place of residence offered him by the Government—but accepted the offer of the Marquess of Buckingham's seat at Gosfield. A few months later the French King, with the Duchesse d'Angoulême, moved first to Wanstead, then to Hartwell, where the Court remained established until the first restoration in 1814.

LONDON.
30.

. . . . . .

I have had great accounts from the French who go to Gosfield, and of the Court there. The Queen's

Rapetissement seems to Cause universal astonishment: it Seems that she is no longer of a Common Stature, walks about half doubled, with her arms akimbo, Elbows out, and when sitting is doubled in two, with her hands holding her knees, a tabouret under her feet. Thus she is placed, working at something, by the King.

On the other side is the interesting Duchess d'Angoulême, tall, well made, but not handsome; not seeking to talk *mais ne s'y refusant pas*, and always something pleasing to address to every one; naturally disposed to be Chearful but visibly checked by melancholy images from memory; most extremely Pious, and every one Looking up to her. For a year and half that She was Confined in the Temple she never saw a human Being; her victuals were put in a turn, Like at a Convent, and she swept her own room and made Her Bed. She has now two Ladies, the Duchess de Lorrant and her daughter, Madame de Narbonne, to accompany Her. But what a destiny her most early years were to go thro! I should Like very much to See the Court. The Queen is said to have *beaucoup d'esprit* and the King is uncommonly agreable. They are soon to Remove to Heartwell, Sir. Wm Lees House in Buckinghamshire. The King is allowed 20,000^L^ a year.

John Joseph dined with us yesterday. He is now quite important, Lives with Princes, Compassionating their foibles, yet feels their good Quality. The Duke of Sussex is his Patron, but He is partial also to the Duke of Kent.

Charles Dillon dined with us a few days since,

and talked to me a good deal of his deceased Patron, Mr. Pitt. He has many Letters from Him. For they were a whole winter *tête à tête* at Dover, with the volunteers. Mr. Pitt had proposed giving Him a Place when He re-entered the ministry, but inexorable Death Called Him away. He says that nobody Could be more easy and Chearful than Mr. Pitt was, alone with Him, but that his Sister-in-Law, Lady Chatham, Could not bear Him. I suppose she wanted more from Him as minister than He thought Honest to grant, for Lord Chatham has totally ruined Himself by Play.

. . . . . .

Charles Dillon was the son of Charles, twelfth Viscount, by his second wife.

At this period of the excerpts, for the sake of chronological sequence, must be inserted a part of Lady Bedingfeld's Diary concerning her father's last illness. Sir William's death occurred in August of the following year. The account which I now select was written a considerable time afterwards ; but it was added by Lady Bedingfeld, as a kind of preface, to the notebooks which she filled during this period.

My dear Father's death was the 1st loss by death that I experienced. I had lost some other relations before but I knew them very little. My Grand Mother Lady Jerningham died when I was 15, but I saw her very little after she left Cossey, when I was only 4.

My dear Father was always delicate and subject to a Cough, though with a fresh Colour that looked like health—He had been the handsomest man of his day, and was handsome to the last moment of his Life. In the Autumn of 1808, being at Cossey, he was seized with a considerable Spitting of Blood just before dinner.

I had been recently confined at Norwich with my 8th. Child (Felix) and was just arrived at Cossey and Shared in the general alarm this accident gave rise to. However, the Symptoms Subsided and in a few days we had the Comfort of seeing him again in the drawing room, and looking over his Prints in the Library. The Physicians were of Opinion that

he should not pass the Winter at Cossey. It was therefore determined that he should go to Bath and the house in Bolton Row was let for a Year to Lord Robt Fitzgerald. It was settled that my Br William and his wife should accompany My Father and Mother to Bath, and that, when they came away, Sir Richard and I should replace them. It was done accordingly. Putting our 3 little Girls to the Convent at Bodney, we went to Bath, taking with us our 2nd Son, Charles who was then a beautiful and engaging Boy about 5 years Old.

My Father had a house in Pulteney Street and gave us rooms. I found him weak; but he dined at table and walked out a little. He had Mass said in his house by the Abbé Dourlians, a Worthy Emigrant Priest, who after Mass on a Sunday used to give us an excellent little discourse in French. Several Catholics then at Bath used to come, among others the Cte and Comesse Etienne de Damas. The Cte was taking the Waters. They belonged to the Household of the Duchesse D'Angoulême — I made several new acquaintances, whom I enumerated at the time in this book. I was then in good Spirits about my father! and was pleased with Bath.—in the Spring he was ordered to Clifton, and we accompanied him thither, his weakness increased and he wished to return to Cossey.—We set off first, and Stopt a few days in town as may be seen in the following pages.

Portions of these diaries will appear at the proper dates in this volume. Meanwhile I may reproduce an account of the

'Acquaintances made at Bath 1808 (when on a visit to my dear father),' which Lady Bedingfeld, in her methodical way, entered in one of her notebooks.

COMMANDEUR DE THUISY. 64. grave, sensible, slow.

(CTE ETIENNE DE DAMAS.—50. Very agreable well looking.

(CTESSE ETIENNE DE DAMAS. 34, daughter to the Duc De Cerant. Small lively, clever. The couple belong to the Duc D'Angoulême's Household. He is here for his Health.

CHEVALIER DE BOISGELIN. 51, uncommonly handsome head. Lame from a broken leg, and one hand rather paralised. Agreable and clever but rather overbearing in Conversation; an Author.

MAD^LL DE SOMMERIE. and her Sister, a pretty pleasing Girl of 20. Her parents I knew before. Her Sister Pulchérie is 11, a little red haired Brat of 8.

M^DE DE BEAUREPAIRE. A Miniature paintress, her family in France. She came over with M^de le Brun, since the Revolution. A good sort of woman, Comely, looking, about 45.

CTE DE NANTOUILLET, came down to see his Cousin M. de Damas. About 45, tall, Ugly just pleasing enough and not conceited.

CTE DE NARBONNE PELET. the Husband of M^de de Damas's Sister, but not living with her. A Strange looking man more the tournure of an Organ grinder than of a gentleman. His age 39.

The DUC D'HARCOURT, a little erect man about 55, quite French.

L'ABBÉ DOURLIANS says prayers for my Father. A clever and Pious Priest, with the Gout.

CATHOLICS.

BISHOP SHARROCK, 70, in a very declining State, with a Paralytic affection on his tongue, and a sore Leg.

REV^D MR. AINSWORTH 44 } good and pious and very
REV^D MR. BIRDSALL 38 } pleasing.

REV^D MR. COOMBES, 70, a large Wig and Spectacles. Seemingly a plain good man; moreover a very learned one. A great Grecian.

DOCTOR COOMBES, nephew to the former, about 39. A good Grecian and clever, agreable also and pious. Not conceited: always wears spectacles.

The WEBB WESTON FAMILY, two Younger Daughters, pretty Girls, well drest but not Smart. About 18 and 19.

LADY THERESA DEASE Sister to Ld Fingall, about 44. A most pleasing woman, with 4 good humoured daughters, 2 only come out.

MR. DEASE, her Son, 22, looks older. Clever and very agreable—with excellent Principles and a delicate mind. I hope he will find a Wife that deserves him.

MR. PLUNKET, his Uncle, little Short man between 40 and 50, plain and seems simple but good natured.

M^RS BUTLER, niece to Lady E. Butler. Very lively and pleasant, but something thick and uncomfortable in her articulation; about 40.

MR. B., her Husband, nothing—old.

MISS CAVANAGH, her Sister, 39. Fair, quiet and pleasing.

MR. ARCHBOLD, a well looking Youth in some regiment, nephew to Mrs. Butler.

MRS. TRAPPS, past 60, a worthy delicate looking old Lady.

MRS. SUNSTATT, her daughter, a tall Stout well looking person, past 40; a great talker. Her Husband in America. She hopes to join him, they have been Unfortunate in Speculations.

Two MR. TRAPPS, the Sons, both in the Army. Good natured but neither well looking or Smart.

The MISS TRAPPS', two laughing fair Girls, Stout and tall. The Eldest going to be married to a Mr. Tunstall, Nephew to Mrs. Messenger and her heir.

MR. EYRE, very infirm. Mrs. Eyre looking very ill, a protestant. Two Miss Eyres, the Eldest shewy and good humoured on a large Clumbsy Scale, the other with a dreadful sore eye.

MRS. TAYLOR, a well looking old Lady, daughter to Sir — Tancred, a Widow living with her Son and two Daughters. The Girls very weakly, the Son grave but not ill looking. Her Eldest Son is a Priest, their usual residence is Durham. Mrs. Taylor has been very Unfortunate in losing her Children by accidents.

MISS HUDDLESTON the translator of M^de^ Cottin's novel of Elizabeth, niece to the House of Tavistock, a pleasing young woman of about 24. She lodges and boards with a Mrs. Hyde and two Miss Hydes, persons of family but poor.

LADY BLOUNT, the Widow, by birth Biddell; very much out of health and spirits. Miss Lacon is staying with her: a sensible good humoured Squinting Girl, whom I formerly knew at Liege.

MRS. METCALFE, sister to Sir John Throckmorton, a widow. A very sensible, independent Woman, who has brought up her daughters with great care in the midst of the frivolity and nonsense of Bath.

MISS METCALFE is about 20, a most pleasing modest looking Girl, and at present a very Elegant figure.

The 3 MISS FRENCHS, not Young; Neices to Mr. Nagle, the Eldest fat; seem good humoured. All three very negligent of their Dress.

MISS TALBOT, Sister to Lord Shrewsbury, uncommonly ugly, chearful.

MRS. FERRARS, a good and pleasing Old Lady living since her Widowhood at Bath with Several of her Children.

MISSES FERRARS; the Eldest not Young, very sensible and pleasing; another cracked. Another the Widow of Mr. Willoughby with her child, pretty little Madeline, aged 7. Miss Anne Ferrars a fine Girl of 20. Mrs. Court Dews another Daughter married to a liberal protestant. She was only on a Visit.

MR. DEWS, The Husband, is good natured but looks foolish.

MR. HOWARD OF CORBY, a fine Old Man of 80. Staying with his Daughter, Mrs. Gartrick, who seems a pleasing, plain looking woman. Her Husband also. He is infirm, and a Protestant.

MR. CLIFFORD AND FAMILY I knew before.

LADY FITZGERALD introduced her daughter to me. A capricious girl, well looking.

MR. AMHERST, a Youth of 19 brought up a Catholic by his Mother with some difficulty, on account of the Guardian; very pleasing and Well looking, delicate Health. Doctor Coombes is with him at present.

MR. FLINIGAN, a gay good humoured Young Man with a handsome person; his Sister a pretty Girl with a bad Voice.

MR. AND MRS. CONOLLY. He is agent to Lord Shrewsbury; a pleasing well-bred Man; his Wife clever and quick; one daughter grown up nothing particular. They have a pretty House near Bath like a Castle.

MR. MERVIN DILLON, a worthy good man, Slow. His Wife tiresome but clever, always ill; the Daughter extremely Clever and pleasing, singing delightfully.

MR. KNAPP, a Handsome man (married), nephew to the Priest.

M^DE CATALANI, the Singer, A most interesting Woman, pensive and naive. Her Husband an ugly Frenchman, vulgar.

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS WELD, afterwards Cardinal, from Clifton. Most agreable and pious people; he very well looking, she also if more upright and better drest. They have one little girl about 10, a healthy Strong child with fine black Eyes.

MR. O'BRIEN, an old officer of the Irish brigade in France, retired at the beginning of the revolution and married Mrs. Weld of Lulworth's Sister. He

is the most pleasing Elegant old man I ever met with; people find him too Slow and formal; I think him quite fascinating. His Wife pleasing and infirm.

MISS O'BRIEN, about 20; a Clever, excellent Girl; a good Musician.

MR. GEORGE BLOUNT, Uncle to the Young Baronet; a handsome well-bred man, but I fancy his outward appearance is what he has best. His Wife a little fair, crooked, lively creature, Sister to Mrs. Clifford, much beloved by her family; of course amiable.

LADY BLOUNT, Mother to the Baronet, plain and dreadfully ailing; liked by those who know her, but not pleasing.

LADY CHARLOTTE DENYS, extremely singular in her person and manners, does not seem happy.

MR. DENYS, her Husband, was formerly her drawing Master; a grave looking Man in Spectacles, fond of music and of his Children.

Two MISS DENYS'S, one 16 or more, the other about 8. Not pretty but looking clever. A Son, a tall well looking Young man, at Cambridge.

LADY DALRYMPLE HAMILTON. I knew her formerly as Miss Duncan. Very beautiful and uncommonly pleasing; in a bad State of Health, one little Girl of 6 with fine eyes.

MISS DUNCAN AND MISS D. HAMILTON, fine looking Girls enough but not prepossessing in their manners.

LADY CULL, a very imperious looking old lady; Sharp but Civil, neat in her Dress.

MISS WROUGHTON, the famous Evergreen of Bath; not at all pleasing but certainly wonderfully well looking for her age.

MR. BURGESS and his Lady, Irish. Well-bred people of the World.

MRS. BROWNE OF CASTLE M'GARRET, a buxom Lady with all her Worldly wits about her. Her Husband a plain Excellent Country Gentleman.

GEORGINA, MARY ANN, LOUISA, 3 good humoured awkward Girls. Charlotte an overgrown Child of 10 years Old.—Dominic, the Eldest Son, a good humoured clumsy Cambridge Student. Two fine Boys of 14 and 12. Eaton Students, and the Governess, a Melancholy, pleasing English woman.

From Lady Jerningham (at Bath) to Lady Bedingfeld (at Oxburgh).

13. PULTENEY STREET, BATH.
December 24.

. . . . . .

Christmas Day.

We have had Prayers at home, for it is impossible to get into the Chapel. I was Last Sunday the whole time on the Stairs. I offered Madame Catalani to Come to Mass here; which she accepted; and she arrived with Monsieur de Valabregue, Her Husband. She was brought up in a Convent and is very devout: he appears to be a vulgar *Bon Enfant.* She is with Child and was near

fainting during Mass. She has a Little Boy of two years old with Her.

. . . . . .

January 19. 1809.

I Let Williams Letter go unnoticed by my *doléances* yesterday, and to-day I must ressume my own right of Correspondence.

I hope they will amuse themselves well here, for the dissipation of Bath is Continued and extreme; and, as the poor little Woman is in general so retired and reasonable, I am quite glad She should have an opportunity of enjoying her years. The fact is that every Night there are two or three private Balls, besides the Rooms, frequently private Concerts; in short an increased London for dissipation, and tho the public amusements are yet restrained to good Hours, the private meetings Last till five and six in the morning.

Bath

Mrs. Metcalf, (Sr John Throcmorton's Sister) gave a Ball on Tuesday, at which People were Stifled from numbers. William and his Wife returned at five and Left Company dancing at the Master of Ceremonies' Ball; there were 1900 People in the Room. The morning Running about in different Color'd Pelisses Looks very Picturesque, but Bath is so encreased in Size that most People have Coaches who formerly only went in Chairs. I have not yet had Spirits to go out in an evening. I have felt myself so entirely under Lady Mary Duncan's exclusion, of being neither useful nor ornamental, that Home seems the welcomest Place.

Sunday being an *idle* day I Can have a few evening visitors; but no one has time for a stupid fireside in the week.

. . . . . .

I have at Last been able to get Fox's History,* and am really so out of patience with it that I feel quite disturbed. Cromwell and the Duke of Monmouth are his Heroes, and he appears to write to defame the Stewarts. His own Character will Suffer by this Publication; the Style is weak, Common Place, not a Syllable of any thing that was not before known of, and Shows Him to be what the King said Lately (on his being mentioned) 'a Rebel.' The notes, or rather extracts from the foreign office, are very Curious, and I admire with you the Duchess of Portsmouth's Sollicitude for the poor King's Salvation, which Showd her real Regard for Him. She was Great Grandmother to Fox, of his Mother's side. My Father Rememberd her very well, and used to go to Her, from Plessis College, to dine there on the *Jours de Congés*.

. . . . . .

Sunday, February 5.

. . . . . .

You will Certainly See a town more filled with People than is usual, that is with idle people who are all day about, filling up every visible vacant Place, 14 or 1500 Persons always at the Room, 32 Private Balls in one week, and what not!

. . . . . .

* History of James II.

Madame Catalani generally dines with us on Sundays, and is very Complaisant in Singing.

. . . . . .

Lady Waldegrave is overwhelmed with affliction, Miss Diana Langley who is her intimate Friend is gone to Her. This is the Second Son she Loses by water; for her eldest, Lord Waldegrave, was drowned at Eaton, or Westminster.

Cap^tn Ferrars, of the 9th., of a very old Catholick Family is just Returned to his Mother, who Lives in the Town, from Spain. He is Litterally half dead with fatigue. What the troops suffered is beyond the usual tribulations of War. Mrs. Ferrars is an old Blue Nun Pensioner (Miss Bird). She has six daughters, three married and three unmarried ones, and is the emblem of a Patriarchal Happy Mother, all her Children seeming to pay Her a tribute of affectionate Respect.

. . . . . .

The Browne Family dined with us yesterday, and Lady Teresa Dease and her daughter. Lady Teresa is Sister to Lord Fingall, a Widow with four daughters and two Sons, the eldest now of age and the other at Old Hall Green. She is, without having ever been handsome, the most genteel pleasing Woman that Can be imagined. She was brought up at the *Abbaye aux Bois*. The match the most proper that Could take Place would be Lady Teresa and Lord Kenmare: Birth, age, everything Suitable. I wish some *entremetteuse* would arrange it.

The 'tribulations of War' to which Lady Jerningham alludes were those experienced by Sir John Moore's army during the retreat of Coruña. The British troops embarked on January 17, 1809.

In a previous letter (November 30, 1808) Lady Jerningham has given some account of the exiled French Court during its stay at Gosfield. Edward, writing to his mother, now depicts the Royal circle at Tylney House, Wanstead. This mansion (originally built for the first Earl Tylney, hence its name) had been rented by the Prince de Condé, and offered to the King as a temporary residence, pending the final move to Hartwell.

Thomas Hood lived some time at Wanstead, and there wrote a novel, which he called 'Tylney Hall,' where he describes the house and the parks in great detail.

Louis XVIII. stopped but a very short time in this place.

Edward's letter is addressed :

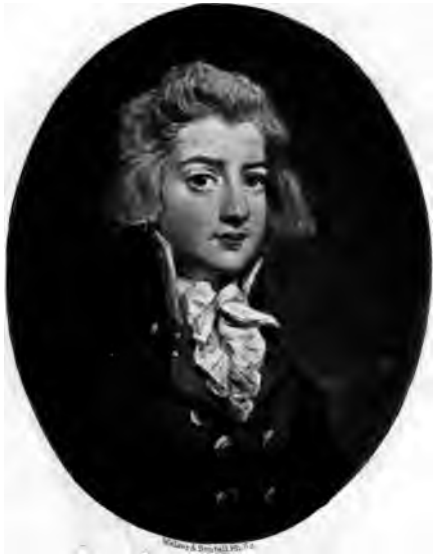
'To the Honble Lady Jerningham,
13, Pulteney Street, Bath.'

LONDON,
March 14th.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

On Saturday last, having heard that the King left Wanstead this week, I ordered a pair of post horses to my chaise, and reached Tilney House at twelve o'clock—I immediately saw the Prince of Condé who said that the King was gone out, but desired I would stay for dinner, and be presented to the Queen.

I accordingly remained, and about ten minutes before five (having previously been presented to M^de^ de Narbonne, the Queen's Lady), I went up into an anteroom where I found Monsieur de Barantin and several other French gentlemen from London, waiting to pay their court—Suddenly a folding door was



William Charles.
Second Son of Sir William Jerningham
from a miniature at Cossey.

[illegible]

opened by Madame de Narbonne and a large bedroom appeared, at the door of which stood . . . Sister Agnes . . . She came so near the door that we could only just get into the room. Nothing could be more gracious, more pleasing, and even more facetiously agreeable than she was during about ten minutes audience.—A long pale face with uncommon clever black eyes, no shape whatever before and a very crooked one behind—bending and bowing forward, a little little old Nun.

Having retired, we met the King coming out of his apartment and going thro' the great salloons to dinner, just as I remember Him going through the Galerie at Versailles. We first assembled in the Drawing room. The King was most gracious, inquired after all my family &c. and then added:—'*Mais, Monsieur Jerningham, vous avez surement grandi depuis l'été!*'—He then enquired after news and spoke indignantly of Mrs. Clarke &c. &c.

At dinner I sat facing the King and Queen. He mentioned the Stafford Barony, said to the Queen that it was one of the most ancient Baronies in England and then added (to the Queen): '*C'est la mère de Monsieur Jerningham qui a eu tant de bontés pour la soeur de Madame de Narbonne à Bath.*'

The Queen ate meagre, the King *grâs*. After dinner, coffee in the drawing room, and immediately after most of the men went into the adjoining room for billiards, leaving the King, Queen, Prince du Condé, Duke de Bourbon, Madame de Narbonne, Ma^{dme} de Reuilly, Monsieur de Barantin and myself in a circle. Here we sat half an hour, the King

reading aloud the English papers in French, as if it had been in the latter language. At eight o'clock the King looked at his watch and said :—'*Il est huit heures*,' upon which the whole party retired upstairs to their respective apartments.

The Princesse de Condé, you must know, was confined to her room with *the gout;* and during this interval, therefore, she sent a message to desire I would pay her a visit. I was told that this was a favour no person had yet had since her confinement, so I marched on, very proud, and was ushered into one of the five State bedchambers, very dark, where I found the Princesse in a low armchair by the fire, and the Prince of Condé upon a stool still lower and close to her side. I stood before her about ten minutes and she was most gracious, thanking me particularly *pour toutes mes bontés pour Monsieur de Grimaldi.* I then retired and remained alone in the drawing room until nine o'clock, at which hour the King came into the room, followed by all the rest. A whist and a Loo party were formed. At the former table the King, Prince de Condé, Duc de Bourbon, Duc de Cognée.

The Queen sat by and talked very agreeably with all near her. At ten o'clock the door opened and entered the Duchesse d'Angoulême with the Duke. They had dined in London with *Monsieur.* Everybody got up, the King kissed her hand as did the other princes and the Queen *reached* up and kissed her forehead.

The Dutchess instantly sat down by the King (who continued his game) and pulled out her work bag and

began working tapestry. In the mean time a lady said something in her ear, upon which she got up and approached me and said:—'*Je connais bien le nom de Jerningham, c'est une des familles catholiques d'Angleterre*'—and then (coming nearer to me):—'*Etes vous catholique?*' To which I said: *Oui Madame.* She then talked of several things and said she had been in the morning to see the ruins of Drury Lane Theatre.

I was then presented to the Duke, who said:—'*Vous êtes parent de Sir Richard Bedingfeld.*'—'*Oui, Monseigneur, c'est mon beau-frère.*'—'*Il a une charmante petite maison a Yarmouth; j'ai entendu la messe chez lui, dite par l'abbé Pareville.*'

He then talked of a variety of matters. At eleven the King retired, and at twelve I was in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The Dutchess is uncommonly like the poor Queen, with a fine colour, and excessively pleasing and interesting; she neglects her dress, and her eyes are swelled and red as if from recent affliction.

I am happy to hear from Sir Richard a good account of my father.

Adieu my dear mother,

E. JERNINGHAM.

About the middle of May, Sir William's health taking a turn for the worse, the family at his desire made preparations for bringing him back to Cossey, where three months later he was to breathe his last. In June Lady Bedingfeld began the diary of which the following pages contain a large portion.

DIARY.

Written during the last illness of My Dear Father, who died the 14. of August 1809.

R. I. P.

1ST PART.

1809.

We arrived in London on Thursday June 1st and took possession of a small House which Miss Betham had taken for Us in Wimpole St. n. 70—After Speaking to a Char Woman to come to Us by the day, I prepared to go to Mrs. Compton's Who had invited us to dine. Sir Richd preferred seeking his fortune elsewhere.—It rained and I had no carriage and I felt alone and helpless, but at last set off in a Chair.—Mrs. Compton was a Miss Gobbet of Norwich, a former protegée of my Mother. She used to have me on her knee when I was a Child and tell me Stories, and I have retained a kind of regard towards her, tho' we have Seldom met since.

Mr. Compton, who is a Doctor of Laws, wears long ruffles, a Wig with a queue, and has such strange features and odd manners (the Old beau Stile) that I could hardly help Smiling. I had never seen him before. He received me with a Gallant Speech, introducing me to the Company which consisted of my friend Miss Betham and her Sister Mary, Miss Jane Martinez a Niece of Mrs. Compton's, Mr. Burney of Norfolk, a very gentlemanly Young man & another, less so, Who turned out to be an Apothi-

cary. The Dinner was Coarse but good, and about 9 o'clock I came away, having passed rather a pleasant day.—To be anywhere out of our own empty unsettled home was an Object.

Friday. I set forth about 3 in our chaise with Job Horses to visit my relations. Thomas had a very shabby hat, and I wished him a better, but I no longer suffer from such calamities as I used to do. I found Lord Dillon, Lord Kenmare, Lady M. A. Gage out. Mr. E. Jerningham, the Poet, at home. I had never been in his House before. It is dirty, but well filled with Books, & contains some interesting pictures and drawings—One of himself, a Small full length in pencil; and, as a Companion, one of the late Miss Brereton, daughter to the drawing Master and a long time so great a favourite of my Uncle's that it was Suspected they were married—I saw there a drawing I did many Years ago, which I entitled '*Night prayers in a Convent.*' A number of Children are praying by Moonlight round a large Cross raised Upon Steps in the Convent Garden. I was surprised at *its merit.* The smoke and Dirt had harmonised it into looking like an Old Sketch of a much superior pencil to mine—I found my Uncle grown fat and Sleek and could not help wishing that some part of his Superabundancy in health and Spirits could be bestowed upon my poor Father.

Sunday 4th. I walked in Kensington Gardens with Miss Wodehouse after hearing high Mass in Warwick St and a good sermon by Mr. Wilde.—The Gardens were much more crowded than they used to be in my time, but Miss W. hardly knew anybody,

so I Suppose the Company was chiefly from the City. Dined at Lord Kenmare's the company consisted of his Daughter Lady M. Ann Gage, Sir Thomas, Mr. John Gage his Brother, Lord Carthrope, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Renting and old Mrs. Aylmer, My Uncle Edward J., John Bedingfeld, and the good Abbé Griffin. Lady Mary Anne looked very handsome and pleasing. Sir Thomas put me out of patience by talking of pulling down Hengrave Hall to Sell the Materials. Neither his Wife or Brother seemed to like it. In the Even^g I went to a small party at Mrs. Compton's: badish Company, Miss Ducass the actress, Miss Guilette the Singer, (the Miss Betham good but not high) Mr. Beney and the family. I heard a few ballads prettily sung and then went home to Bed.

Monday. The king's birthday kept.

YARMOUTH. 1809.

Saturday Night 2^d of July. I received a Letter from my Mother with so uncomfortable an account of my Father, that I resolved to Set off next morning for Cossey.—I sat up late, making my arrangements.

Sunday. At a quarter past 6, I set off in a hack Chaise quite alone without a Servant. I might have taken Burgess, but I wished her to stay and look after Fanny who had been very unwell for some days past. I got to Acle at half past seven, took another Chaise and proceeded. I did not hurry the Driver or express in any way Why I travelled so alone and so early, but the Man seemed to guess it all, and the

attentions I received from him Without interchanging a Word gave me an Opinion of his heart that affected me.—How Susceptible we are of kindness when we are unhappy!

This Post Lord drove thro' all the Turnpikes without stopping, looking back at me every now and then as if he wished to Say we shall soon be there. At last I began to fancy that he might know worse news of my Father than I did myself but I dared not question him.—Driving thro' Norwich I saw the Abbé D'Eterville, overtook him, the Post boy looked back: I Made him a sign and we stopt. 'Allez Vous à Cossey?' 'Oui, Milady'—'Montez donc dans la Voiture.' He did as I bid him and we proceeded rapidly to Cossey. It was half past 9 when I got there.

My Mother had not breakfasted—I went to my Father's bedside, he said chearfully, 'Oh Lady B. are you there?'—My heart was at ease in a moment; surely nobody's feelings are so foolishly biassed as mine, a look, a word, a nothing depresses me for a Whole day, and a trifle in the same way raises me up again to hope and animation.

Poor Michette pleased me by his attachment to My Father, which he evinced very clearly that Evening,—He was kneeling in a corner praying and Crying most bitterly.—

Tuesday 4. My Father was much better. Mr. F. went in the morning at seven, and administered him; he was perfectly composed and easy. When My Mother went to him he made no allusion to it whatever.—George was present and when the Cere-

monies were over My Father took his hand and said, 'What a good man You are.' He seems all day quite placid and easy.

Wednesday 5. I am surprised at my tranquility: My Father has been administered and I can talk, and read, and feel quiet. Am I without feeling or do I not believe in his danger? He is so free from pain, and Speaks so quietly, that I cannot imagine it.—I believe what the Doctor says, but I cannot image it in my Mind—My Mother is perhaps in the same State; she seems at times chearful and full of hopes and Yet compares his Symtoms to those of persons She has lost, which proves she sees his Danger.—Her attention is unceasing,—her Legs swell at night and I dread her having the Gout.

The change his Death will make in My Mother's mode of living, is what hurts me most,—I hinted at something of the Sort the other day to George, My Father not being able to make a Will. He said immediately: 'Oh Edward will manage about My Mother; he understands best what ought to be done.' I felt as if a Load was taken off my mind.

Generous and careless as she is, what will she do, even with a handsome income?

Friday 7. In the course of the Morning I went to his bed side and gave him a Rose and a little Sprig of Thyme. He smelt at it with pleasure but afterwds returned saying, 'It is lost upon me.' It hurt me to hear him say so, but I believe he only meant that they were scarce, for on my saying there were thousands, he kept it. He asked me if the Lawn was mowed.

Saturday 8th. My Father had a better night, that is he took more nourishment for he is always quiet. George told me after Breakfast that Mr. Fountain, at the instigation of Abbé Fleuri, had spoken to my Father about making a Will. George did not approve of this Step, and I also felt most excessively hurt about it:—My Father cannot make a Will, according to the Strictness of the Law, because his debts exceed his personal Estate. It is therefore dreadful to torment him with the prospect of Death when it can be of no use. George is good and Just, and will take proper care to Supply what is wanting in my Mother's settlement.—I expect and wish for nothing, William and Edward neither; and for Servants my Brother knows best what they ought to have.—What a pity it is that these good Priests cannot confine themselves to Spiritual Matters! And, in this instance, when they see my Father Surrounded by his children, they might suppose that we should look to what was necessary in temporal affairs. G., at my entreaty, desired Mr. F. to mention the matter no more.—My poor Father said that he would make his Will when Edward came.—

Letters came while we were at dinner, Mother received one which I saw was from Emily, she read a few lines looked much Struck and left the room. My Heart sunk within me, for I felt that if Emily wrote instead of Edward, it must be to say he was ill.—We all remained in a Consternation, at last I got up and with hesitating step went in search of her, I looked into the Library, my Father's room, her own room, the Chapel, nobody had seen her. I returned

to the Hall, Frederick came running in a Minute and said she was in the Armor closet reading a letter, I went up again, and found her gone into my Father's room, she gave me immediately the Letter to read, it was worded in a foolish way, with a long melancholy preface about afflicting her, but She thought it her duty to acquaint &c. in short that Edward was laid up at Stafford and could not travel.

I was happy to get her into a placid state before she saw my Brothers, for I am always afraid of her Shewing too much the great partiality She has had for Edw. ever since his Birth.—There cannot be 3 better Young men each in their way than my 3 Brothers, or more united. I am as the only daughter a thing by myself, and the whole business of my life, has been by prudence and Silence to soften off every little Edge that might endanger the general Harmony, a little address sometimes on these occasions is I think allowable.

Tuesday 11th. A little before 8, I set off with Sir Richard in his Gig for Yarmouth. Left my Father in a deep Sleep—We arrived about one. I found the children untidy in their dress which did not please me, but what gave me much more serious concern was to learn that Fanny had been out with Mrs. East, whose husband is Major of the Berk. Militia, quartered at Yarmouth. I watch over my dear girls with such jealous care, least anything should injure their young minds, that I actually shed tears when I heard this, Mrs. East is of all persons the most unfit to have very Young people with her. She is well bred, certainly and well born, but I fancy

a lurking Coquetry about her, with an affectation of Simplicity which in my opinion renders her bad Company for an Artless, tall, pretty girl of 13.—I entreated they might all 3 be sent again to Bodney, to which my kind husband consented and the rest of the day, was spent in preparing their Clothes for removing them to the convent, which I let the Children Suppose was on account of the continued illness of my father, which prevented my attending to their Education—Next morning I set off to return to Cossey, with a bad headache having had a very restless night—I could not help thinking of that provoking Mrs. East, Surrounded by the Officers of the Regiment and my blooming, artless Girl there! I am never quite at ease with Mrs. J.* there is a little Coldness about her that awes me, and yet she pays me great court—I prefer Mrs. William and Mrs. Edward also.

Monday 17th. My father was up ¾ of an hour, he desired to be wheeled to the window to see the Chapel he seemed upon the whole a little better.

George, Mrs. J. and I, walked in the Evening to Wm's Cottage, drank tea there, and looked at a little walk they have cut along the Hill behind the House among the trees, everything in this pretty dwelling is pleasant and comfortable — the sweet temper of its Mistress would render any place so. Mrs. J. praised all she saw, but her approbation never seems to come from the Heart, she is resolved from principle to do what is right on all occasions, she cannot help feeling cold. I love warm-hearted

* Some years after writing this I was surprised to read it for when this Lady came into Power, she was all right.—*Note in Lady Bedingfeld's hand.*

rash people with a thousand faults better than this kind of character perhaps because I am too much so myself. Another kind letter from Sir Rich[d], the 4th. since we parted. Few hearts are like his. My friend, Miss Betham, is going down to visit the Poet Southey by the Lake of Windermere, I envy her the visit and the tranquility of Mind that allows her to enjoy it.

Wednesday, 19th. George and Mrs. J. were consulting with the Workmen how to terminate the glass passage leading to the new Chapel (That end joining to the House), she called to me to give my opinion. I said I thought a square Gothic tower would look best, with a Gothic arch from it into the passage, and an arched doorway to the Lawn, the roof might have a skylight (which would be hidden behind the Battlements) to give light to the Hall. George seemed inclined to have it all glass like the rest of the passage, or higher on account of the Steps. Mrs. J. did not seem to like delivering her opinions, and was silent. I gave mine in a careless manner and then left them. My Uncle's Leg is not well, the original hurt is healed, but I understand there are two other places broke out. I fear this is the Avenue through which Death sooner or later will destroy his hitherto invulnerable constitution—he seems at times to be a little uncomfortable about it.

Thursday 20th. Mrs. Jerningham came to me in the morning with my plans of the Tower cut out in paper and asked if it was as I meant. I said: Yes, and that I thought looking thro' a Gothic Arch into

the greenhouse (passage) would have a much prettier effect, than seeing the shape of the Glass frames like a Cucumber bed. She agreed quite with me and I guess it will be done.

Monday, 24th July. Yarmouth. Took Charlotte, Charles and Edward with me, into the town at an early hour to buy them Shoes—Miss Mayes called upon me and I let her in, she talked of Mrs. East's taking Fanny out, and said how surprised she was about it, and that she suspected and told her she did not think it would meet with my approbation. In the Evening Miss Sewell came by appointment and brought me Miss Harriet Howell a Young Quaker who is going all over the Kingdom setting up schools upon Lancaster's and Dr. Bells method combined. The prejudices of the established Church have opposed her in some places, but in general they have given way to her enlightened Plans, and she has succeeded in organising a School for 104 Girls at Norwich; also one at Lynn, and I hope we shall have one at Yarmouth. Our Committee of Ladies for the School of Industry were not so unanimous in wishing her success as I could have wished; but we (her friends) have carried the point, and if we can find a proper room, we shall have 60 Girls instead of 30 taught according to this new method. Miss Harriet Howell is 24, very pleasing in her appearance particularly when she smiles, which she often does with much meaning. I understand she was not always a Quaker but have not learnt any particulars of her embracing this Religion. She is Welsh. Upon the whole I was much pleased with

her, though in delivering her sentiments there is a slowness of pronunciation, and a clear steadiness of Voice, that in another sort of person might appear rather pedantic. She expressed herself much gratified in making acquaintance with me. I felt as if it was flattery, though I doubt not but Miss Sewell's partiality for me has set me off in very prepossessing Colours.

Wednesday, 26th. My Father certainly better, he did not get up but he appeared more awake and stronger. I wrote letters in the Morning then took a little walk with Mde de Sevigné. At Dinner Mrs. J. was alarmingly grave and disappeared the moment we left the dining room. Sir Richard and I set off for the Cottage meaning to drink tea with Mrs. William, but we met her at the head of the River, and so returned to the House with her. We compared notes about Mrs. J. but could not make out what occasioned her change of humor. Anne said that on Sunday at Dinner she cried and left the room, but nobody knew why—what a pity it is she should be subject to these changes, she has everything to make her happy, Beauty, Youth, an excellent Husband, pretty Children, and every prospect of becoming in time [*illegible*].

Thursday, 27th. My Uncle Edwd came to my room, and talked to me a great deal about the Poetical beauties of the Scriptures and said that independent of the Inspirations, Isiah's book was the finest poem that could be read. I do not like to touch upon any Subject with him leading to Religion. At Dinner I found he had never read

Mrs. Grant's delightful Letters from the Mountains, and he seemed resolved not to do it. but at last I talked him into wishing to see them. and I am to write for them to Yarmouth that we may read them together. My Mother neither. has, or will read them, how much pleasure we sometimes lose by this sort of prejudice—if my Mother once entered into this Work, she would be quite delighted. My Uncle told us a good bon mot of Sheridan's. Kelly the Musician, who is supposed to steal a great deal from other authors. told Sheridan that he was going to commence wine merchant as well as Music seller, but was at a loss for a proper Inscription to put over his door. "Why" says Sheridan, "nothing is so easy—put Kelly importer of music and composer of wine."

In the Evening I talked with my Uncle of his Boyish days. He remembers very accurately the life he led at Cossey with his Father and Mother previous to his going to Douay College at ten years old. He told me the Neighbourhood was then much better than at present and that Norwich furnished a great many Visitors so that hardly a day passed without Company. What a difference now, for if it were not for my Brothers and Myself, My Father and Mother would be totally alone, though probably in that case they would seek and encourage many People to come, who are now not thought of.

I took a walk with my Uncle E. in the Morning he talked a good deal of Pulpit Eloquence and says, he will read me an essay he has written upon it, he seemed much elated with Mr. Fountaine's

approbation of it—poor Man! he cannot help harping upon Religion, and tho' he has left us appears always particularly flattered by the approbation of our Clergy—he never talks to me of the particular dogmas of Religion, but in general terms as if we were both of the same—I wonder what a Sharp illness would produce in him. I doubt much, if he would think his Protestant Buckler a sufficient guard against the Arch-fiend. He has many amiable points about him, is good-natured in the extreme, but so thoughtless in Conversation, that he often makes as much mischief as an ill-natured Man—unsteady in his resolutions, or rather making none but acting according to the impulse of the moment—By this he is for ever drawn into pecuniary difficulties, from which he expects my Father to Extricate him, without reflecting how many Children and grandchildren my Father has who would be glad of assistance if there was any to be had—He has had his share of the family property over and over again, but he has never made this Calculation and if he were rich he would be very generous to us all—No Man in Society is so pleasant; he has a playfulness of Mind that is delightful. Mirth is his Element, and he avoids any scene or any thought that can molest it. We walked to the Church-Yard to see if the Epitaph he made was put on poor Mrs. Claxton's gravestone. It is not—she lies buried next her Husband, and several other old Servants of the Family lie near—My Uncle talked to all the People he met particularly the Children and gave them halfpence, this is the Jerningham way. I have it quite. Now Sir

Richard will walk twenty times thro' his own or another Village and never speak a word, not from Pride, but he does not observe the People: while a little Curled head with a fat face and innocent Eyes staring at me is quite irresistable to me; so are grey Hairs or pale faces, in short all faces peeping out of Cottages—The Bedingfields have a kind of reserve about them originating in Shyness but they have excellent hearts—and no man is so Universally beloved as Sir Rich[d].

Lord and Lady Primrose called in the Morning but were not let in.

Saturday 5th. In the morning before breakfast I went into the new Chapel, and there I found 4 persons 2 men and 2 women, with old Lilly the Shoemaker they looked like small farmers and had flaming Cockades of ribbon pinned at their breasts. I went up to the fattest of the Group and asked him how he liked the building he answered '*its* very neat indeed Miss.' To call our fine Gothic Magnificence *neat*, and the Mother of eight Children *Miss*, made me laugh and look if the Man's Eyes were in his head. After a few more words, I left them, but soon perceived my fat friend running and puffing to overtake me. I immediately stopped, and he now accosted me with many bows, and many Your Ladyships, enquiring after Sir Richard &c. In short it turned out to be a Miller who lives near Oxburgh and who is returning from Norwich, in all the Exultation of Triumph at having gained his cause against a man who had brought an action against him for beating him—the flaming Cockades were his Laurels!

12th. Last Thursday, My Uncle E[d] who appears very light and thoughtless, considering the present circumstances of things, went up to my Father's room after Dinner (he appeared a little elevated) but when he saw my Mother sitting by the bed side suffering with the gout, and his Brother lying as he does, silent and weak—he was suddenly so struck with the melancholy of the scene, that he burst into violent and loud weeping. Edward who was in the outward room with Frederic, rushed in dreadfully alarmed supposing my Father was gone and that the screams came from my Mother. He dragged my Uncle out, who was in a perfect hysteric, but after a few minutes, and drinking a glass of Water he returned to the Library quite recovered, nor should I ever have guessed it by his manner. Edward told it us, and my Mother says she was in terror least he should alarm my Father, for it seems he made a dreadful noise. However my Father did not appear to notice it at all.

Oh, how shall I trace the rapid progress of those Symptoms that brought on the sad Event which has plunged us into the deepest Affliction—how shall I record the many many bitter tears I have shed since I last wrote in this Book! My dear, my good my kind Father is no more! In this Moment were I to open my door I should hear the knocking of his Coffin! Can I sit down under such circumstances and write? Am I callous?—God knows I am not, but I feel a melancholy comfort in marking down the circumstances as they arise, in the hope that

they may recal Us to the minds of those who may read these Lines when I am mingled with the dust.

My Father had been ill so long that I thought I had got accustomed to being without him, and that I could see the rooms below, the Plantations and Surrounding Woods with calmness, as I had begun to do so during his confinement—But, alas! now that he is quite gone, his long tedious illness seems like a dream, and when I think of him it is as he was in health, cheerful, gay, delighting in all that was elegant, kind and generous, with a heart that knew not how to refuse, his fine countenance beaming with benevolence!—And now! Oh, Religion, religion, without thee what are we?

Monday 14th. The fatal day! Mrs. Bonus when she opened my shutters, said my Father seemed rather more cheerful, when I went to him he was sleeping, breathing loud, after Prayers I went to my Mother, and found her better in health, but appearing very low, and not wishing for my Company, so I went down to Breakfast.

I determined to avail myself of the opportunity of the Chaise's going to Norwich, to go to Confession, thinking if I put it off later, I might not be able to go. I went and said my prayers in my Father's outward room about 12 o'clock, and he was in a deep sleep breathing so hard that I became alarmed, and asked Mrs. Beck if he were not worse, she said nothing but shook her head—I was undetermined whether to go to Norwich or not—at last resolved to act by Paul's opinion, he came about one o'clock and told me I might safely absent myself for a few

hours, that he did not find the Pulse worse &c. according I set off for Norwich with Frederic, we drove first into the Swan Yard, where we found the Expedition Coach quite ready to set off, poor Frederic got into it, in tears—he is ignorant poor child how much cause he has to weep; tho' going to School, appeared to him I suppose a great Evil—from the Swan I went to Mr. Beaumont's who heard my Confession and then I hastened home, my heart misgave me all the way I went; but on approaching the Lodge, I felt revived at the sight of the Abbé Fleuri; walking along the Drive in the Park, for tho' he was not my Father's confessor, I thought he would not be walking about if my Father was much worse—this comfort was soon taken from me, for when I approached the House, I saw the Housekeeper and several other Servants standing in the Porch seemingly waiting my arrival, I heard from them that my Father was much worse—I was up stairs in a moment, in passing Sir Rich^ds dressing room (the Porch closet) he came out and said my Father was then getting better, I rushed on into the outward room, where I found my Brothers their Wives and my Uncle—I leaned against the wall quite breathless and stunned.

When Dinner was served we went down, I hastily swallowed something and returned quite overcome with sorrow. I dreaded entering the Room, and sat down on the passage window—the Housekeeper (Clarke) came to me good-naturedly but I could not speak to her, a minute after my Mother was wheeled out of the room down the other passage to her own

Apartments she took no notice of me—I entered my Father's Chamber, and she soon returned also, my Father saw me in the Room, and held out his hand, I took hold of it, but turned away my head to hide my tears, he held my hand tight—I thought my heart would have broken.

Just as I got down the two steps in the Passage Paul came out of the outward room, and rushing by me exclaimed—'Go and take leave of your poor Father!'—I set down the tea cup and entered the apartment I know not how—the whole seems to me now like a shocking dream, on entering the room, I fell on my knees the bed seemed a blaze of light, because my Br. G. was kneeling on a chair at the feet, holding the blest Candle, in the Bed. My poor Father seemed sitting straight up, breathing very loud, or rather groaning, Mr. Fountaine was holding the Crucifix and repeating very loud, 'Jesus! Mary! Joseph!' My Mother sat within one Chair of the Bed, and now and then pulled back the Curtain, then let it fall again. I dragged myself on my knees from the door where I had first knelt till close to the side of the Bed near the feet—I looked round at every body, as if somebody could administer relief I gazed on the altered countenance of my Father, then at my Mother to see if she was aware of it, I saw my sisters and Sir Rich[d] kneeling at the door Michette and Le Loire, behind George. My Father said not a word, he strained his Eyes to fix them on the Crucifix, once he opened his mouth wide and shut it again but I saw no Convulsion, in a few minutes he dropt his head on his chest breathed once or twice,

and expired, I know not the Moment. Paul was kneeling in tears by me, I heard him say, 'He is gone!' or I should not have known it. My Mother heard the words also, and flung herself out of her Wheeling chair into that next the Bed, and now a most aweful pause succeeded. My Mother being assured that all was over, which assertion she could not at first believe, held her tongue and holding my Father's left hand wept in agony upon it. I remained with my head resting on the bed, my Brothers on their knees on the opposite side. After some time during which not a word was uttered, I felt impelled to go to the Chapel, I rushed out of the room up the Chapel Stairs but was stopped by seeing lights and hearing the Servants answering the Litanies, I knelt down in the dark on the stairs, soon after Mrs. Jerningham came and knelt by me and said pray go to your poor Mother—My first feeling prompted me to answer no I cannot! but I did go, and found her still by the Body. I again knelt down, then held his left hand, kissed it again, again, his countenance was no ways altered, and my Mother desired he might not be moved before morning.

As soon as I was up I visited the chamber of death: the Body remained in the same position according to My Mother's orders, I knelt and prayed by the side of the Bed next the wall, but I began to feel a secret horror within me, I saw no alteration in the Countenance, but the same expression of extreme Gravity, the Head leaning forw^d^ a little upon the Breast, the outside Curtains towards the Window were closed which cast a Shade upon the Bed and

prevented my Seeing the change of Complexion. Edward came while I was looking, and on my observing there was no change, he pulled back the Curtain, and exclaimed 'Oh, you may see that this is not Sleep!' these words made me shudder—I returned to the outward room and began my Prayers for Communion—George came in, and thought I had better receive then, as waiting till Mass was said might be too much for me.

I felt he was right and went up to the Chapel, and my Brother with that plain unaffected Goodness so peculiar to him, laid the Communion Cloth after going down stairs for a Light, called Mr. Fleuri, himself saying the Confiteor, I felt a kind of comfort in all this, tho' I could not see to read through my tears.

I hoped in the midst of all my affliction that he poor Man, my uncle, might be touched by the Awefulness of the event and return to the Ancient faith —but he did not.

Wednesday past much as Tuesday, in much sorrow, and in much conversation about the Virtues of the Object of our deep regret.

Thursday, 17th. The Bishop (Milner) arrived. Edward had written ten days before to hasten his coming to dedicate the Chapel, and it was now determined that he should Perform this ceremony on the Tuesday following and that of the Funeral on the day after. My Mother could not prevail upon herself to see him—he called G's wife Your Ladyship twice during Dinner. The sound hurt me exceedingly, every Body appeared to feel it. I saw William Colour very much; she looked uncomfortable herself,

and I believe she told him that it was not customary to assume a title while the late possessor was still on Earth, for he never called her so again while he staid. The dinner hour was always to me the time most sorrowful, My Brother and his Wife presiding while my Poor Father lay a breathless corpse in one room, and my Mother a Solitary heart-broken Widow in another. Not but my Brother is most dear to me, and his Wife has my warmest approbation, but the contrast always overcame me—I should indeed have remained up stairs but as we had all sustained the same loss I did not like to seem particular.

Friday, passed much in the same way as Saturday.

Yet every Day from the Death to the Funeral was marked by some mournful Circumstance that shewed the Loss we had sustained in a still plainer View—first, the removal of the Bedding, and the laying out the Body on the Bedstead with a Sheet flung over it, covering the face, and shewing that air was no longer necessary! then the removal of the body into the Shell, then the knocking and soldering of the Leaden Coffin, its removal down stairs, and then the final ceremony of placing it in the Vault!

The whole of that Day they had shut the bedroom door, and were busy sorting flowers in the outward room, Mrs. Beck said she had had them gathered by poor Downes the under-Gardener, because he was the Oldest Servant in the Family, she seemed poor Woman to attach much importance to strewing these flowers in the Coffin, and in the particular sorts she should chuse. I liked the Sentiment that dictated this, and listened to her with

Melancholy pleasure. When I saw my Father in his Coffin he looked so white so diminished, that I should not have known him, his Mouth was much altered—and nothing remained of his former Countenance but his dark eyebrows, tho' 73, he was to the Moment of his death surprisingly handsome, his features so noble and regular, and his colour so brilliant, his eyes beautiful. The change I now beheld pierced me to the Heart, and is still continually before my Eyes.

As we sat at Dinner Michette came (outside) to the glass door leading to the Chapel, and tapped against it, upon which one of the footmen immediately drew the Curtain close. I sat facing the door and immediately judged that something they wished to conceal was going to pass by—George did not perceive Michette's signal, and though the servant had shut the Curtain against the Sun, he asked twice why he had done so—not a word was answered, and looking at me, and those who sat next me, he saw by my tears and their countenances what was going on—the truth struck in the same Moment on every body at table, and a most mournful, aweful silence ensued, in a moment we heard the Leaden Coffin pass up the Stairs, its ponderous weight required 12 men to carry it, the noise of which both upon the Stairs and along the passage directly over our heads, was more shocking than I can describe—I felt my Blood chilled in my veins, I wished to fly to my Mother, I dared not leave the room, after some time my Brothers returned, nobody said a word, at last I forced myself to say to Edward, 'Can I go up stairs to My Mother?'—'You can' he replied, significantly.

I immediately left the room, and ascended the staircase, the dust still hung on the carpet, which had fallen from the feet of those that had carried my Father's Coffin!

My Father was 72 when he died, the ages of his family were then as follows.

My Mother.	61.
Myself.	39.
My eldest Br Geo.	38.
My Br. William.	36.
My Br. Edward.	35.
My Eld. Girl Fanny.	13.
My Youngt Ch. Felix.	1.
Mrs. Jerningham.	31.
Mrs. Wm Jerningham.	29.
Mrs. Edw. Jerningham.	21.
Frederic Dillon.	10.

Three months later we hear of the Dowager Lady Jerningham's departure from the family seat, where the unavoidable result of primogeniture had established a new mistress in the person of her daughter-in-law.

The widow set up her lonely penates in London, from whence for a long period she dates her letters to her daughter.

This letter from the Poet to his niece is docketed in Lady Bedingfeld's hand: '*My mother's departure from Cossey, three months after my father's death.—C. B.*' Its date would therefore be some time in November, 1809.

DEAR LADY B.

You will not be incurious or uninterested in the Annals of yesterday, and of this morning:

Lady Jerningham fatigued herself so much yester-

day that she was apprehensive of the gout: But the symptoms diminished in the Evening—I dined in the Hall yesterday; I was particularly desirous of sitting down at Table with her, the last Time she was to grace it with her presence as the Mistress of it. She was silent, and had a difficulty, or rather a Disinclination, to speak Till she was relieved by a Flood of Tears. She kept however at Table and Gradually grew better even up to chearfulness: I had some conversation alone with her in the Evening in which she said a number of amiable Things that overpower'd me.

. . . . . .

I write in a great Hurry but I must not omit saying That L^dy J—n after Breakfast went to Her room where she remained a long Time, she Then came down and went to the Chapel—She came from Thence softened but not subdued and went into the carriage with a calm, Edifying and religious composure.

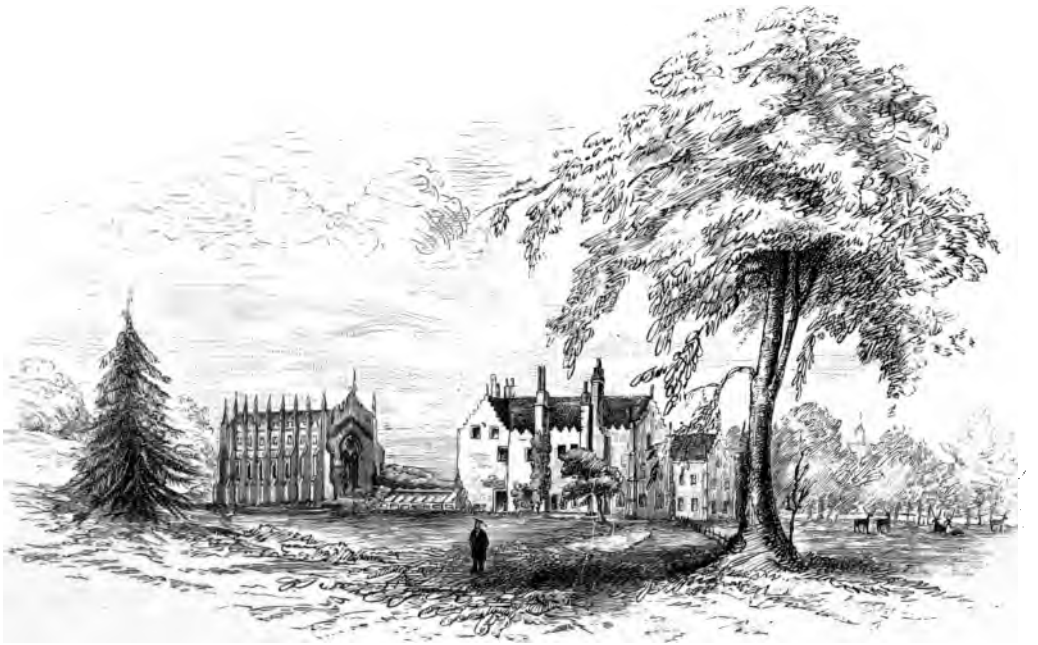
From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

HAWLEIGH PARK.
November 29.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE.

I took Leave yesterday of my Long known dwelling! and Came with Edward and Emily to Hawleigh where, if I did not endeavour to See only the present moment and feel your Good Brothers attention and Kindness, I should be bewildered in Melancholy Reccollection of the Past.

. . . . . .



A VIEW OF COSSEY.

From a pen-and-ink sketch, probably by LADY BEDINGFELD.

To face p. 362, *vol. i.*

Horse Guards acquired the opprobrious nickname of 'Piccadilly Butchers'; this preposterous *sobriquet* was only forgotten after the splendid services of the corps in the Waterloo campaign.

Friday, April 13.

. . . . . .

My Good Son George thinks we have been in danger of our Lives, from the Rabble, and, from the fear we must have been in, wonders I did not go off to Lincoln's Inn. It shows how differently Matters are, to those present, and those afar off. All now Continues quiet and Sir Francis Burdetts Letter appears to have made his Friends ashamed of the Cause.

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Yesterday Morning I saw a Baron's Carriage at Mrs. Grattans and the footman Crossing the way to my door. The Lady in the Coach following proved to be Lady Bradford, who had Called upon her East-Bourn acquaintance. She says that Mr. Grattan is a very odd Man, so absent in Common Conversation that *words* are not at his Command, and in short, that no Person ever disappointed Her so much.

Lord Dillon has just Left us. He showed me a Letter from Lord Westmoreland in 1793 (then Lord Lieutenant in Ireland) offering Him to be an Earl and enquiring if He chose to have it annexed to Dillon, or take another appellation. Lord D. answered that being at the Head of the Viscounts (Ld Gormanston was not then Restored) He should only take Place of Himself, and be the Last of many

whom He had Seen before they were even reputed Gentlemen.

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Good Friday.

Edward is in a dreadful Warfare with Bishop Milner, whom I am quite vexed about, as He (Milner) is writing violent Letters to Lord Grey and Mr. Grattan. The Latter I hope soon to have a near view of. He Called upon Edward, who returned his visit Yesterday & was most graciously received. Ed. told Him that I had for many years felt the obligation the Catholick Body had to his sympathy and admired the Elogium with which He had defended an unpopular Cause, and that, having so Long thought of Him, I was particularly desirous of profiting by the Chance of Neighbourhood we were now in.

He said that He should have the Honor of waiting upon me and that He intends to be zealous and eloquent when the Catholick Petition is Presented. Both He and Lord Grey are quite reasonable about the *Veto*. It is to be given up; but some other method is to be prepared, such as chusing among themselves their own Prelates. It is singular that all should be reasonable except our good *Mauvaise tête*.

Lady Charlotte Nelson is going to be married to a younger Son of Lord Hood's, and the old Vulgar Peer proposes giving Her 20,000L. This is Mrs. Compton's news.

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John Milner, D.D., F.S.A., Bishop of Castabala *in partibus*, whose name occurs frequently in these letters, was an uncompromising champion of the Roman Catholic claim. What the 'dreadful Warfare' was about, does not quite clearly appear, unless it be that the learned antiquary and theologian was then endeavouring to push the cause forward faster than Mr. Edward Jerningham, in his younger wisdom, thought advisable.

May 21.

. . . . . .

The Catholics are all assembled to day at Lord Clifford's, and the Peers are to attend Lord Grey about the Catholick Business.

The poor Princess Amelia is Reprieved, by the Abscess on her Back discharging its Contents. She was before hourly expected to go off and her Sufferings were extreme. The Prince having asked the Quaker Physician (Pope) how She was, Pope answered "I will tell thee in thy Room, how thy Sister is."

. . . . . .

June 2.

The Chevalier d'Eon (for it is now positively declared to have been a Man) had a femme de chambre who had Lived with Him 25 years and supposed the *thing* always to be an old Woman, as did Père Elisé who attended upon Her Likewise.

A Large parcel of Papers were found, tied up and sealed, in her Bureau, and wrote upon them: *Pour Le Roi Louis* 18. SEUL. So they were delivered up to the Comte de La Châtre who immediately

Carried them to Hartwell; I have not yet heard that what they Contained has transpired.

It is a most extraordinary event. Père Elisé, who Called upon her every day during her illness, made his visit, about 2 hours after She had expired, and, going up to the Bed to Look at Her, and reflecting upon all the past Historys about Her, Lifted up the Sheet *Machinalement* and Screamed out to the dismay of the Femme de Chambre: *C'est un Homme!*

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6.

On the 4 June the Catholics had a great Dinner at Griffon's Hotel. George and Edward were Called out a few minutes before they sat down at table by the waiter, saying that a Lady up-stairs wished to speak to them. This Lady was my poor Sister in Law, Mrs. Dillon, who had arrived the night before with her Daughters, and Little Boy Charles, 18 months old. George Came yesterday morning to tell me of it and I am, as you may Conceive, much distressed about it. I sent however immediately Le Loire to Her with a note, to say I had a bad head ach but wished she would Let her daughters Come back with Le Loire to make a visit.

Maria is tall, tho' not so much so as Fanny, has a very modest pretty *maintien*, but is not at all handsome. She is Like Frederick, but not so well for a girl as He is as a Boy; a good deal freckeled. The second, Charlotte, is very pretty, darker Hair and eyes, a pretty mouth, and Like her poor Father but with darker eyes.

They were to have made their first Communion on Corpus Christi Day. What a Pity They are thus disturbed! But I hope that Mrs. Butler will now write to Mr. Trant to entreat of Him that He will have them placed in a Convent here. New Hall is I believe very expensive, but the Convent at Hammersmith is very good; so is Taunton, or Winchester. . . . Pray acquaint Mrs. Butler as soon as you Can with this Contretems. I have asked Her to dine with me to day, but I do not dare have her in the House as I never should again be quiet; and her Mother, Brother, and Sister Mrs. Hill being here, they must determine upon helping Her, if I do not take the trouble off their Hands.

Mr. Windham had Called upon me once since I Came to London, and was saying that He had understood Long before the sad 14 August that there was no hope Left. Poor Man, He did not then think his own Lease would be so soon at a stand. What a Melancholy desolation of Norfolk Families; the under Generation has rushed in, upon its antecedant Inhabitants! Lord Bayning has Left an encumbered Patrimony; the younger Children will have very Little and it is said that Lady Baynings Jointure is 900^{L} a year. Adieu my dear, Always your affectionate Mother.

WORTHING.
SUSSEX.
August 12.

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Lord Berkeley's death will I think Cast a Gloom, on Brighton. He was much attached to the Prince,

and was there all Summer, generally with the Gloucestershire Militia who have a fine band of Musick. There will be a sad and difficult Business in the House of Lords, about the primogeniture of His Sons.

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September 6.

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Madame Bertrand and Her Mother, are residing in a pretty villa, given to M^de^ Bertrand *du tems de Josephine*, very near Malmaison, as it is the Husband who is Bonaparte's favourite. I hope things will go on agreably for Her, notwithstanding the change of Empress.

. . . . . .

It will be remembered that the maiden name of Madame Bertrand was Fanny Dillon. Her mother was Marie de Girardin, a cousin of Josephine de la Pagerie, the late Empress.

As frequent mentions of this remarkable man, General Bertrand, occur in these letters, a few short biographical notes may not be out of place here.—Henry Gratien Bertrand was born in 1773 at Chateauroux, where his father was *Maistre des Eaux et Forêts*. He served in the Engineers, went through the Egyptian campaign, and played a conspicuous part at the Battle of Aboukir, after which Bonaparte selected him as Aide-de-camp. He came back to Europe with the rank of Brigadier; was present at Austerlitz, Friedland and Wagram, after which victory he was raised to the rank of General of Division, and created *Comte de l'Empire* by Napoleon. In 1813 he was appointed Maréchal du Palais. He fought during the whole of the 'Campaign of France,' and with his wife followed the Emperor to Elba, as also, later on, after the Hundred Days, to St. Helena. He only returned to Europe after the death of

Napoleon, that is, in 1821. He had been condemned to death in 1816 by the Royalist Government, but on his return Louis XVIII. annulled the decree, and restored him to his rank in the army. In 1830 he was elected deputy for his native town, Chateauroux. Ten years later he accompanied the Prince de Joinville to St. Helena, and brought back the remains of 'his Emperor' to Paris.

At Bertrand's death, in 1844, his own remains were buried in the Hôtel des Invalides, by the side of his beloved master and friend.

From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

PORTSMOUTH.
September 20.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE.

I Left Worthing with my *Bon Génie*, Edward, on Tuesday Last. Dined at Arundel, and slept at Chichester. Yesterday saw the Cathedral there and the Bishops Palace below stairs, and then proceeded thro Havant (where dwell Mr. Southworth, the Vice president of Douay, who has a Congregation of about 150 Catholics, and Mr. Knop, formerly of Old Hall Green, who now Lives as a Retired Abbot on his own fortune) to Portsmouth, where we arrived for dinner and propose staying till tomorrow morning. I have made two agreable discoverys, viz. that my own Horses Can travel 20 miles a day without detriment, and that I Can walk about on the *trottoirs* (which I think is owing to the warm Baths at Worthing) and thus this Little tour will not be more expensive than remaining at Home. I have only the Coachman and Le Loire with me and have got here by putting an interval of two Hours between

the days 20 miles. Portsmouth is Curious from being fortified on the Land Side, Like the Towns abroad. The Fountain Inn, where I am, is facing *Dister* Street, and I Could Suppose my self in an *Hotel Garni* at Paris: a very Lofty Room with three Windows, the Wainscot Colord in panels and three good Glasses. It is a very Large House, I made use of my new privilege of walking Last night and went Close by, on the ramparts, where the Guns are pointed. General Fox is Governor of Portsmouth and Lord and Lady Holland are now with Him.

There is but one Church, belonging to the establishment, it is an ancient Edifice but not a Large one. There is a monument behind the Communion table, to the memory of the Duke of Buckingham, who was stabbed in this Town by Felton, and it is Supposed that His Heart is kept here (tho I Cannot Conceive why). His Body was Convey'd to a Burying Place of His ancestors in Leicestershire.

I have not yet seen Portsea nor the dock-yard, as Edward is walking about: but I shall write again on the Road from Arundel to Chichester. Slindon Looks Beautiful, a fine white mansion, Surrounded by Wood. The Newburghs, are from Home.

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SOUTHAMPTON.
Sunday, 23.

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I have reason to think that traveling agreably is Conducive to Health, for I have been really well since my excursion. We left Portsmouth on Friday

after having been above two Hours in a Boat, Rowing round Tremendous Men of War. Ships full of French Prisoners, Convicts in Prison Vessels with the Windows, grated with Iron, and a most noble Spanish Man of War, who was at Portsmouth to get new stores and where every individual was Spanish, and understanding no other Language. Edward had been on Board the day before, and talked Latin, with the Chaplain, a spanish Priest. Mass is said in the ship every day, and it is really singular to english eyes and ears to See and hear them. They appeared to be numerous on Board, and in good spirits. The French Prisoners were all speaking French in their Ships, and the whole was a representation of the Confusion of Babel. From Sea we had the best view of the position of the dock-yards, as I was not Curious of the detail of the stores kept there but wished to view the outside Buildings, which are fine. From Portsmouth 19 miles brought us to Southampton which appeared Magnificent; a very wide, Long Street, Shops the whole way Light up, and a fine Inn, where the usual assembly Room, cut in three, Received us and two other Companys; in one part was Lady Mary and Mr. Singleton, returning to Worthing.

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READING.
Sunday 30.

I forgot to Say that I was much pleased and interested at Winchester by seeing the good Benedictine Convent from Brussels so well established

there. They are very near the Chapel, but have a French Priest residing at their House, whom they are much pleased with, a *Chanoine* from Paris. They have a very Convenient Conventual House, a Considerable Community, and 40 Pensioners.

From Salisbury we reached Amesbury, a retired Pleasant Inn in a Village; this Village belongs to a Place I have Long wished to visit, it was the Residence of the former Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, where she Received Gay and all the Wits of that time, and from whence most of her Letters are dated. The present horrible duke has unfurnished the mansion, Cut down a great deal of Timber, and not even a maid resides in the House; nor is there one Chair. The Nuns from Louvain were there 9 years and are much regretted at Amesbury, where They would have Converted the Village. Many have been to Spetisbury to visit them.

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LONDON.
October 12.

Did I tell you, that Edward went down on Sunday with Emily to Stowe, and that Little Mary Clementina* Came to me? They arrived there on Monday morning and were received as angels of Peace: the Ladies were in the most anxious distress for Edward's arrival, and Lord Buckingham's Importance was glad to Lean upon a Lighter versatility of Manner. After a Conversation of above two

* Who became Marquise de Ripert Monclar.

children delightful, with Nuns names, Agnes, Vict
&c. 'Every night,' said the above mentioned La
'does Lady Bedingfeld prostrate herself before
crucifixion, monstrously bigotted, but will walk a
in arm with her inferiors and affable and charital
to a degree'!

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From Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfeld.

LONDON,
November 1

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Some more Catholic News is that Mr. Blundel
Ince, the old Man, is dead and leaves 7000L a y
to his Eldest Son; 3000L a year to each of
daughters (Mrs. Stonor, and Mrs. Tempest) to go
their decease to their second Sons; a Little Est
of 500L a year to young Talbot, Lord Shrewsbu
Heir; and various Legacys to other Talbots, and
Mostyn, whom he was related to. John Bedingf
has now been here. He has shewn to me the p
King's Signature, and it would be impossible to R
in it *George Rex* if the paper did not announce it l
that official signature. This is a most moment
time; people hardly know what to wish for. T
Prince declared some days ago that it would be v
unpleasant to Him in this moment to have re
Power. I suppose He is hamperd with the Promi
he has made.

You will perhaps have heard that Lady Paget is positively to be married to the Duke of Argyle. She was to set off yesterday for Scotland with Lady Charlotte Campbell, and the Duke will receive them. It is a very odd affair and Lord Paget will not admire meeting his Quondam Wife with the higher Rank of Duchess and an obsequious Husband, for He has always treated her with the most shameful Contempt, and now He must be a Little more Careful in his expressions. At the same time it is in fact a most irregular proceeding.

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The 'French Queen,' who never sat on the throne, was Maria Josepha of Savoy. She died without issue at Hartwell.

LONDON,
22, *fog.*

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE.

As I cannot suppose you at poor dear Cossey! without wanting to Converse with you, this Letter, written in the *dark* (tho at three in the afternoon) must endeavour to find the way I am doomed not to Seek, till I travel as the poor Queen of France is Coming from Hartwell. This Melancholy Reflection is perhaps too much, forgive me for it! But I cannot help sometimes going back to the Past, and then on to the future, tho very thankful for my present portion of good, which is great when I look towards my four excellent Children.

The French are all much occupied about this poor

said Queen, and the funeral is put off till Monday. Government is at the expence of it, and I hear that 15 mourning Coaches will go from King Street to Westminster Abbey. The nobility are variously Marshalled. The Last order seems to be: four Cordons Bleus, two Duchesses (Coigny and Pienne) the Comtesses de Narbonne and Mesnars for to Stand immediately by the Coffin. Madame de Narbonne and the archbishop of Rheims attend the Corpse to London, and ever since her decease, a Priest has Constantly been in prayer by Her both Night and Day. Masses are said in King Street Chapel all Morning, and, at the half hour after eleven, by a Bishop every day since her decease. I went yesterday to the Bishop of Angoulême's, as I wished to Show my Respect for the memory of so great a Personage whose death marked the Comfort of the Catholick Faith—for she spoke to every one in the most edifying manner, and particularly to Monsieur on the most Pious and happy Change He had adopted.

. . . . . .

26.

The poor Queen of France has within a few minutes passed before my eyes to her Lonely habitation in Westminster Abbey. The Service was this morning performed in the French Chapel, where she arrived yesterday. Government defrays all the Expence. From the Chapel she came by South Audley Street into Curzon Street, and turned into Half Moon Street to gain Piccadilly. I saw the whole without

moving from my Chair. The Melancholy Hearse went first with six or eight Horses (I am not sure which), then 15 Mourning Coaches and four, the English Royal Coaches and six, Marquis of Buckingham's ditto and six, various others with four; and, when it Came down to two, *mine* with Antonio behind.—I had not courage to go to the Chapel but was informed it was a mark of respect to send a Carriage.

This poor Queen's death has given great Edification; her Calmness and piety in her Last moments was very great. She had, it seems, always had a great fear of death; but, on being informed by her Physician that it would be *Right* to see her Confessor, she desired immediately to do so, and a *Grand Vicaire* of the Bishop of Boulogne Came to Her with whom she had a Conference of two Hours. In Coming from her Room he said '*La Reine demande à être administrée*,' and the Archbishop of Rheims' Grand Aumonier performed the Ceremony. She asked forgiveness of all whom she might have offended, and after the Ceremony was over again spoke to all the Royal Family and to her private attendants. She said to Madame de Narbonne who was Crying by her Bedside: '*Ne m'aimez pas tant;*' and to La Duchesse d'Angoulême '*Qu'elle esperoit se Rétrouver un jour auprès d'elle, dans le Ciel.*'

. . . . . .

Your Hero, the King of Sweden, interests and surprises People by his unaffected manner. He went on Saturday by appointment to the Prince Condé's

at Wimbledon, where the King of France has been staying since the Queen's decease. He arrived alone in a hack-Chaise, and an hour after came his only attendant, a Swede of 18, in another hack Chaise. Your hero went up to Louis XVIII Closet (the two Kings are very intimate together) and soon after they were informed that the Duke of Kent and Duke of Sussex were in the Salon; so the French Monarch Came forth, holding the other by the Hand, and named Him. The English Dukes were very polite, and the Duke of Sussex in particular was *très aimable*. This account I had from an eye witness of the interview, the Chevalier de Grimaldi.

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December 6.

Edward and Emily dined at Wimbledon on Friday at the Prince Condé's with two Kings France and Sweden. Duc and Duchesse D'Angoulême, and all that set. Your Uncle is better in this moment, but very stedfast in His erroneous opinions—thinking He shall be of Service if He Can persuade People out of the Belief of original Sin. Nothing Can be more Severe than the mention made of his Alexandrian School, in the 4 Number of the Quarterly Review.

The reigning King of Sweden was then Charles, Duke of Sudermania (son of Alphonse-Frédéric), who had been elected, in 1809, under the name of Charles XIII., in the place of his own nephew, Gustavus IV. Having no children, and being advanced in years, he had adopted as his successor, first the Prince of Holstein Augustenburg, then (on the death of this young man),

the French General, Bernadotte. Bernadotte's election as Prince Royal of Sweden had taken place on August 20 of this year.

'Your hero' and 'the King,' to whom Lady Jerningham refers, must, of course, be Gustavus IV. (a very poor Prince, by the way), who had been exiled for life from Sweden. At that time the Swedish Government, entirely under French influence, had issued a decree of non-intercourse with Great Britain.

END OF VOL. I.

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